FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division SCC

Section 10212

v. 2

JAN 30 1936

THE

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

IN

PROSE and VERSE

OF

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

THE

Greater Part now first published, by her Order, from her ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,

By Mr. THEOPHILUS ROWE.

To which are added,

POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

By Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

And to the Whole is prefix'd,

An Account of the LIVES and WRITINGS of the AUTHORS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for R. HETT, at the *Bible* and *Crown* in the *Poultry*; and R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-mall*.

MDCCXXXIX.

WORKS

IN

Prose and Verse,

OF

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

CONTENTS.

IALOGUE I. *Againſt ridiculing perſonal defects,* - - Page 1
Dialogue II. *Againſt gaming,* - 5
Dialogue III. *Againſt a life of pleaſure,* 11
Letters under fictitious names, - - 17
Letters to the honourable Mrs.——— - 24
Letters to the right honourable the Counteſs of—— 36
Letters to Mr. Thomas Rowe, *and to ſeveral of his relations,* - - - - - 184
Letters to various perſons, - - - 219

POEMS *on* SEVERAL OCCASIONS, *by* *Mr. THOMAS ROWE.*

Horace, *Book* I. *Ode* XII. *imitated,* - 245
Tibullus, *Book* I. *Elegy* III. - - 248
An ode on Virtue, - - - 253

CONTENTS.

An epiſtle to a Friend; written in the ſpring, 1710. 266

David's *lamentation over* Saul *and* Jonathan; *from* 2 Sam. *chap.* I. - - 272

To Daphnis. *An epiſtle, giving an account of the moſt celebrated writers in poetry of the fair ſex*, 276

An epiſtle to Climene. *Imitated from the* French *of* Madame Des Houlieres, - - 283

The Caprice. From the ſame, - - 286

Pindar's *ode to* Proſerpine. *Tranſlated from the* French *of* Monſieur de la Motte. *Inſcrib'd to the reverend Mr.* John Ruſſel, - - 289

An ode to Delia, - - - - 297

An ode on Liberty, - - - - 303

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

OF

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

VOL. II.

DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

LOUISA.

HOW could you be ſo barbarous, ſiſter, to ridicule Mrs. *Moliere*'s ſhape, and mimic her limping ſtep, when ſhe was hardly got out of the room?

MARIA.

THIS reproof from you, Madam, is really unexpected. I thought to render myſelf agreeable, by imitating Mrs. *Moliere*'s airs and graces: I never yet heard you own that ſhe was either crooked, or lame, or had any deformity in her perſon, or mien.

LOUISA.

IF there was not a greater deformity in your mind, than in her perſon, you could never ridicule thoſe natural defects, which a generous and humane temper would pity; eſpecially in one of her affable diſpoſition, and excellent underſtanding. Inſtead of deſpiſing ſuch a form, you ought to thank God that yours is not like it.

MARIA.

THAT I do moſt heartily! My devotions on this head are very ardent and ſincere, whatever they are on other occaſions.

LOUISA.

IF you had her mind, tho' with a worſe figure than hers, it would be no diſadvantage to you. There is ſuch a beauty in her whole conduct, ſuch a conſtant calm and ſweetneſs in her temper, that one muſt be very malicious to overlook ſo much merit, and make cruel remarks on the defects of her form. I wiſh you would take this generous advice of Mrs. *Barber*'s:

On vice your hum'rous vein diſplay,
'Tis meritorious there;
Or tow'ring vanity allay,
But oh! misfortune ſpare.

It will not over-burthen your memory to learn this excellent rule by heart.

MARIA.

I HAVE no poetical taſte.

LOUISA.

I WISH you had; it might give a more gentle and harmonious turn to your mind, and ſoften that ſevere diſpoſition, that makes you uneaſy to yourſelf, and all your acquaintance. You ſeem to be in a ſtate of hoſtility with all human kind: Nothing contents you. Some people are too tall, and ſome

ſome too ſhort, ſome too fat, and others too lean, and nothing is as it ſhould be. You can find no excellence in all the works of God, excepting your own fine perſon; which one would think ſhould be the model of all perfection, or you could not be ſo critical on every one elſe.

MARIA.

Why really, ſiſter, I ſee no reaſon to be diſcontented with my own ſhape, or features.

LOUISA.

And Miſs *Squinny* is as well ſatisfy'd with her own beauty as you are with yours; and yet you have mimick'd the odd caſt of her eyes ſo long, that a little more practiſe will make you downright ſquint: And if you imitate Mrs. *Moliere*'s ſtep much longer, I am afraid you will be quite lame.

MARIA.

Who is ridiculing natural defects now?

LOUISA.

No, ſiſter; 'tis not natural, but acquir'd and voluntary imperfections, that I am expoſing.

MARIA.

You are my elder ſiſter, and have my mother's partiality to ſupport you; but really theſe admonitions are a little too aſſuming.

LOUISA.

I don't uſe to talk in ſo ſevere a ſtrain, but, Miſs *Molly*, you have touch'd me on a tender point. The vaſt eſteem I have for Mrs. *Moliere*, will not ſuffer me to hear her expos'd; nor can I be unconcern'd for your character. It would be want of natural affection, to ſee you make yourſelf hated and ſhunn'd, as the peſt of ſociety; which muſt be your lot, if you carry this cruel cenſorious temper into all companies. What pleaſure can you take in contemplating only on the blemiſhes of your own ſpecies? I ſhould think the beauties and graces of human nature a more elegant and agreeable ſpeculation.

MARIA.

SISTER, are you almoſt come to the concluſion of this judicious lecture?

LOUISA.

As ſoon as I have recall'd to your memory one or two inſtances of the juſtice of divine providence on this crime of mocking natural defects. You know *Jenny Flounce* broke her leg, in the very action of mimicking her lame miſtreſs; and Miſs *Titter* has ridicul'd her purblind ſiſter, till ſhe is grown ſtark blind herſelf.—— My dear ſiſter, I perceive by the remorſe and confuſion that appear in your looks, I have ſaid enough: I will only repeat a few lines that may give you a true notion of beauty, from a fine poem call'd *The Art of Charming*.

What is the blooming tincture of a skin
To peace of mind, to harmony within?
What the bright ſparkling of the fineſt eye
To the ſoft ſoothing of a calm reply?
Can comelineſs of form, or ſhape, or air,
With comelineſs of words or deeds compare?
No, thoſe at firſt th'unwary heart may gain,
But theſe, theſe only can that heart retain.

DIALOGUE II.

TRIFLE.

DEAR Lady *Harriot*, how am I rejoic'd to find you able to bear company again after your long illneſs? I have engag'd a charming party for *Quadrille*, as ſoon as ever you will appoint the time for their attendance at your own apartment.

HARRIOT.

You are very obliging indeed, Mrs. *Trifle*, in taking ſuch care to divert me; and the vanity of my paſt life has given you too much reaſon to believe I ſhall ſpend my future time to no better purpoſe: But this ſickneſs has put my mind in another ſituation, and given me a quite different opinion of what I once call'd pleaſure, and innocent amuſement.

TRIFLE.

I HOPE you are not grown ſo ſuperſtitious, as to be afraid of gaming, or to think there can be any thing criminal in a pack of cards——Why, my dear, you are quite ſunk in ſpleen and vapours. ——Pray did your grandmother ever teach this notable rhyme? that

Cards and dice
Are the devil's device.

HARRIOT.

PERHAPS there's more truth in this rhyme than you imagine. It appears to me a ſort of infernal ſtratagem, by which ſome evil genius was leading me on to my own deſtruction, and the ruin of my family.——When I married my Lord, he was in free and eaſy circumſtances. By my attachment to cards, attended with conſtant ill-luck, I involv'd

the tendereſt and beſt of husbands in a thouſand difficulties. The natural liberality of his temper was reſtrain'd, to ſupply my extravagance. Thoſe generous actions that adorn'd his ſtate of proſperity, are now ſunk in a gloomy anxiety how to anſwer the numerous debts my vanity had contracted. This thought ſate heavy on my heart, when I ſaw his concern for me in this late illneſs. It touch'd me with exquiſite remorſe, to find him ſo tenderly ſolicitous for a life ſo deſtructive as mine had been, to the peace and tranquility of his ſoul; that had clouded his gayeſt hours, and ſtain'd all the luſtre of his former conduct. ———

TRIFLE.

I MUST interrupt you now, in my Lord's defence. No man has a fairer character, he has never reſtrain'd your expences; whatever ſums you loſt, he had ſtill the generoſity to diſcharge your debts of honour.

HARRIOT.

My debts of honour, as you call them, were indeed punctually paid; would to heaven my debts of equity and conſcience were half ſo well diſcharg'd! That juſtice might have ſav'd many an honeſt tradeſman, and his family from want and miſery. But this curſed attachment to cards harden'd my heart againſt all the ſentiments of juſtice and compaſſion, and even effaced the tender impreſſions of nature from my heart. My children were neglected, and left wholly to the care of mercenary ſervants. My Lord, the beſt of men, found me always cold and inſenſible to his merit and tenderneſs. Inſtead of ſoftening the perplexities of life, I plung'd him into new diſtreſs. His fondneſs would not ſuffer him to be ſevere, and his gentle remonſtrances were inſignificant. An ardor for gaming poſſeſs'd all my ſoul, *Ombre* and *Quadrille* engroſs'd my whole attention;

attention; these were the subjects of my waking thoughts, and of my nightly dreams.

TRIFLE.

And what more agreeable subject could employ your thoughts? But for the dear diversion of cards, life would be an insignificant thing, a mere blank. Were I debarr'd from that dear amusement, breathing would be a fatigue, and I should contentedly make my exit from the world.

HARRIOT.

And pray what do you propose to entertain yourself with in the next? What schemes of diversion have you contriv'd, in which to pass the tedious length of eternity?

TRIFLE.

That's a concern so distant and uncertain, that it gives me no manner of trouble. These sort of chimera's never enter my brain; or if they did, I should find some little diversion or other, to banish such gloomy subjects.

HARRIOT.

But a time will come, when these gloomy subjects will press with their full energy on your mind. The not thinking of death will not make us immortal.——I should have talk'd just as you do now, before my last illness, but that conquer'd all my gayety. The physicians durst not flatter me with life, nature seem'd to be making its last efforts to retain my flying breath. I thought every moment would be the fatal period of all my future hopes, and that death would immediately land me on some bleak and desolate shore, a naked, un-embodied spirit, shivering with horror and guilt among ghosts and gloomy spectres. My apprehension in this interval was more quick and penetrating than usual. I cannot express with what an energy these terrors were fix'd on my imagination. Had I been possessor of the whole world, I would have given it,

for ſome of thoſe ineſtimable hours I had laviſh'd away in guilt and vanity.

TRIFLE.

I SUPPOSE the parſon of the pariſh put all theſe whimſies into your head: I hear he was very officious in attending you.

HARRIOT.

HIS attendance in this exigence was indeed my greateſt bleſſing He acted becoming the prudence and ſanctity of his character: nothing could be more plain and ſincere, and at the ſame time more gentle and compaſſionate. I believe he thought me paſt hopes of recovery, and was embaraſs'd how to expreſs himſelf in ſuch terms, as might keep me from the oppoſite extremes of preſumption, or deſpair.

TRIFLE.

WHY you are quite in the ſpleen. I begin to find your diſorder contagious; if you talk on theſe ſubjects much longer, I ſhall be in the vapours. But, dear Lady *Harriot*, are you reſolv'd to bid adieu to *Ombre* and *Quadrille?*

HARRIOT.

I AM yet but a young penitent, and dare not ſpeak too confidently; but I hope, by the divine aſſiſtance, to keep my reſolution: And to free myſelf from this enchantment, by flying the temptation, next week my Lord will carry me into the country.

TRIFLE.

AND there I hope you'll live like Lady *Grace*, in the *Provok'd Husband*, ſpend your time in reading, in walking by a canal, or ſitting under a great tree. O the inſipid life! I can't imagine how you will paſs the tedious ſummer, unleſs 'tis in catching butterflies, or making cowſlip-balls for your children.

HAR-

HARRIOT.

IF my time had never been worſe imploy'd, I had been freed from the inquietude that now diſtracts my mind; while I reflect on my own guilt, and the perplexities in which I find my Lord involv'd by my extravagant conduct.

TRIFLE.

THIS is ſuch a ridiculous way of reaſoning, ſuch an unfaſhionable manner of thinking, that I can't bear it. Indeed, Lady *Harriot*, this ſickneſs has hurt your underſtanding. You are good for juſt nothing, but to retire with my Lord to his old manſion houſe in the country; for with theſe odd ſentiments, theſe ſingularities, you would make a ſtrange figure in the *Beau Monde*. Your retirement will be very ſeaſonable. Without interruption you may there go to church, and ſay your prayers; and inſtead of loſing your money politely at cards, you may give it away in alms, and procure the inſignificant bleſſing of the poor and needy with it, and get yourſelf the laudable character of a very good Chriſtian.

HARRIOT.

I WISH I may deſerve it! that glorious title is now all my ambition. It was but a few weeks ſince, I would have given all that mortality can boaſt, for the privilege of ſuch a character. A fine lady—— a toaſted beauty, gave me little conſolation, when I thought myſelf entring the dreadful dominions of death, turning into a pale and ghaſtly carcaſe, confin'd in a gloomy vault among ſkeletons, worms and corruption:—— Theſe were diſmal ſcenes, to one that never before had a ſerious thought of dying.

TRIFLE.

THESE are diſmal ſcenes indeed! I ſhall dream of nothing but ghoſts and ſpectres this whole night.—I beſeech you, Lady *Harriot*, let us quit this whimſical

whimſical ſubject, and talk no longer of death-beds and ſepulchres.

HARRIOT.

Do you really believe you ſhall ever die? or if you ſhould live thirty years longer, are you ſure that you ſhall be no older than at this preſent inſtant?

TRIFLE.

I HAVE not thought enough of theſe diſtant events, to give you a poſitive anſwer. I am but a ſhort-ſighted mortal, and never preſume to pry into futurity. At preſent I feel myſelf in perfect health, in the bloom of youth, without the leaſt inclination to meditate on death, or old age, as I have no ſymptom of either. Paſſing the preſent hour gaily is my grand concern.

I'll ſeize the jocund moments as they fly,
And all the ills of future fate defy.

HARRIOT.

A PRUDENT reſolution; could you ſtop the revolutions of time, and command the ſun to ſtand ſtill.

TRIFLE.

WELL, my dear, I have had a ſufficient *Memento* of mortality for once. And when I come to viſit you in the country, I ſhall expect to find you in your cloſet, with a *Practiſe of Piety* in your hand, and a death's head and an hour-glaſs before you; or if your devotion ſhould take a more romantic turn, perhaps you'll retire to ſome grotto, beautiful in the height of negligence, with your own fine flaxen hair falling over your neck, like *Mary Magdalen*, in that picture that hangs by you.— But I forget myſelf; you look as if you wanted reſt, and ſo, dear Lady *Harriot*, I'll leave you *ſans ceremonie*.

DIALOGUE III.

CLERIMONT.

I AM ſurpriz'd, ſiſter, to find you have ſpent this whole day at home, and more, to hear you have no evening engagement. Are balls and aſſemblies prohibited? or is the play-houſe lock'd up? or was you frighted with the ſight of a ghoſt in your laſt midnight ramble?

ARABELLA.

NOTHING of all this; I am only trying the novelty of retirement. I have been running one dull circle of vanity theſe five years, in which every week, and almoſt every day, has paſt without any variety, a mere tedious repetition of the ſame follies.

CLERIMONT.

BUT, my dear ſiſter, why would you put yourſelf to the trouble of ſo many experiments, before you would yield to the conviction of this great truth, that all below the ſun is vanity? However, I am pleas'd with the change, but a little ſurpriz'd to find you grown ſo wiſe in an inſtant. This ſudden illumination looks more like the effect of caprice than of reaſon. Pray, Madam, from what hour laſt night may I date this glorious reformation? or what was the occaſion that you parted from the aſſembly ſo diſguſted, and ſo tir'd of the world?

ARABELLA.

TO diſguiſe nothing from you, brother, I fancy the world grows tir'd of me. I have appear'd ſo conſtantly at all public entertainments, that people ſeem weary of ſeeing me; and every new face, tho' perhaps not ſo handſome as mine, ingages the attention of all the pretty fellows. I may be as contemplative as I pleaſe, no body troubles his head

about

about me, nor makes the leaſt pretence to interrupt my meditations.

CLERIMONT.

THEN, Madam, I may hope for the honour of your company, in ſome of theſe vacant hours.

ARABELLA.

REALLY, Sir, you have little obligation to me, for making your houſe a ſanctuary from the contempt of mankind.

CLERIMONT.

'TIS only the too great delicacy of your temper, that makes this ſuppoſition; time has not yet impair'd a charm in your face. But I have no deſign to compliment you with perpetual youth; nor would I have you fancy yourſelf quite ſo young at ſix and twenty, as you was at ſixteen.

ARABELLA.

YOU would ſooner perſwade me to reckon my age, like the *Egyptians*, by lunar years, and fancy myſelf fourſcore.

CLERIMONT.

THERE is a greater decorum in ſetting yourſelf forward, than in going backward in life. For certainly the ſun does not ſtand ſtill, nor the year roll backward, nor will old ruſtic Time with his ſcythe and hour-glaſs be perſwaded to ſlacken his ſpeed in compliment to a fair lady. Declining autumn will ſoon overtake your youthful bloom; and however the fields again renew their verdure, a beauteous face, once decay'd, never regains a ſecond ſpring.

ARABELLA.

WELL, my dear brother, you ſhall place me in what ſituation you will. I have no reluctance to be thruſt back to the laſt broken arches in *Mirza*'s viſion; the gravity of my preſent temper ſuits very well with that period of life. You ſhall forget I am your ſiſter, if you pleaſe, and fancy I am your great grandmother.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

WHY really, Madam, I begin to have a great veneration for you, and am delighted with the ſagacity of your temper; you are mightily improv'd with one afternoon's ſolitude.—— But, dear Miſs *Bell*, let me aſk you one queſtion: On what terms did *Carlos* and you part, at your laſt interview?

ARABELLA.

WHY, we parted never to meet again.—— This is a nice ſubject, and I beg you would drop it, and never name him to me for the future.

CLERIMONT.

I AM, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, and ſhall punctually obſerve your commands. If you keep this reſolution, you will eaſe my heart of its weightieſt care.

ARABELLA.

PUT yourſelf out of pain for my reſolution. You know great alterations ſometimes ſpring from trivial accidents, in the moral, as well as the political world. Indeed my conformity to the *Beau Monde* was often diſſembled, and inſincere: half my follies were rather the effect of affectation than nature. I durſt not preſume to appear wiſer or better than other faſhionable people.

CLERIMONT.

I FIND then, 'tis ungenteel for people to be in their right ſenſes, and that 'tis a ridiculous thing, to be wiſe or good beyond the ſtandard of the mode.

ARABELLA.

WHY really, brother, with your ſobriety of diſcourſe and behaviour, you would make a very unpolite figure in ſome ſhining aſſemblies; and you would find it neceſſary to make ſome apology for being a reaſonable creature, and muſt certainly excuſe your intruding yourſelf among well-bred company, in your right ſenſes.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

You give me a fine picture of the modish world; and when I frequent those shining assemblies you describe, I'll take care to ask their pardon for not being out of my wits, and make the best excuse I can for coming among them, without being stark mad: but then I shall expect some apology from those gay animals, for presuming to walk erect, and putting themselves out of the class of their four-footed brethren who act by instinct, and sport, and fight, and feed, and sleep, and die.—But, my dear sister, let me ask you, how, with your good sense and strict education, you have been able to spend these last five years in gaming, dancing, dressing and sleeping? Did you think this the end of your creation, and the grand concern of a rational and immortal being? or could you ever, at night, reflect with satisfaction on one of the days spent in such a wild chase of vanity and extravagance?

ARABELLA.

Since you will take on you the office of my confessor, I think myself oblig'd in conscience to speak the truth. I have been so far from reflecting with satisfaction on my past conduct, that as soon as ever I found myself alone, and at leisure for thought, the review of my daily follies and indiscretions made me the most unhappy creature on earth. Sometimes my own ill address, at other times the fancy'd neglect of the company, sunk me in the vapours; and often a secret remorse for the guilt of so much time misspent, banish'd sleep from my eyes and peace from my soul.

CLERIMONT.

And yet, like the sun, you could rise again in the morning, and with fresh vigour begin the glorious toil, and run your diurnal race in the same circle of vanity.—But after such a train of disappointments, what could you promise yourself from

from the enſuing day, beyond what you found in the paſt?

ARABELLA.

I ALWAYS flatter'd myſelf, that ſome nice circumſtance, ſome fortunate concurrence of events, which never happen'd before, would render the next entertainment more complete than the laſt.

CLERIMONT.

IN this ſucceſſion of vain expectations and blaſted hopes, the generality of mankind waſte their lives.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has ſtruggled with continual ſorrow,
Renews his hopes, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate bet upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies;
Yet on he runs to ſeek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies. Prior.

HOWEVER, this caſtle-building, this ſelf-deluſion, is more excuſable in the firſt than in the latter part of life: That declining ſeaſon ought rather to be ſpent in a ſerious reflection on paſt errors, than in a viſionary expectation of new enjoyments.—— You find I am growing grave, why don't you interrupt me?—— What pamphlet is that lying in your lap?

ARABELLA.

O, a very moral treatiſe, call'd the *Toy-ſhop*. If I did not reſolve on a thorough reformation, I ſhould be quite angry with the author, for placing me in ſuch a ridiculous light to myſelf. *Veny* is quite out of favour; nor has my footman carried a compliment to any lap-dog of quality this morning.—— You will give me leave to read a ſpeech of the maſter of the toy-ſhop on this ſubject.

Here's

Here's a dog now, that never eat but upon plate or china; nor ſet his foot but upon a carpet or a cuſhion. Here's one too; this dog belong'd to a lady of as great beauty and fortune as any in England; *he was her moſt intimate friend and particular favourite; and upon that account has receiv'd more compliments, more reſpect, and more addreſſes than a firſt miniſter of ſtate. Here's another, which was doubtleſs a dog of ſingular worth and great importance; ſince, at his death, one of the greateſt families in the kingdom were all in tears, receiv'd no viſits for the ſpace of a week, but ſhut themſelves up, and mourn'd their loſs with inconſolable ſorrow. This dog, while he liv'd, either for contempt of his perſon, neglect of his buſineſs, or ſaucy and impertinent behaviours in their attendance on him, had the honour of turning away upwards of thirty ſervants. He died at laſt of a cold caught by following one of the maids into a damp room, for which ſhe loſt her place, her wages, and her character.*

I SEE, brother, you are delighted with this ſatire.

CLERIMONT.

NOR can you be angry, my dear ſiſter, to find this folly ridicul'd in a manner ſo genteel and ſprightly.

ARABELLA.

I AM rather pleas'd.—— Affectation is more eaſily cur'd than nature. This is a folly I can eaſily put off. I was only a mimick to Miſs *Modiſh*, being unwilling ſhe ſhould outſhine me in any part of a fine character. She liſp'd ſo prettily, and talk'd ſuch charming nonſenſe to her little *Shock*, that it rais'd my ambition to equal her in thoſe nice accompliſhments. But I was never ſincere in my civilities to lap-dogs and monkeys. I may own to you, without detriment to my underſtanding, that I had always a ſecret contempt for the whole animal race.

Left unfiniſh'd.

LET-

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To ———

A PERSON of your merit, Sir, need not wonder if you leave unknown friends in all company, and that you find one intereſted in your happineſs, to whom you are almoſt a ſtranger. Some time ſince I happen'd to be one of the company, where your good humour and wit was the greateſt entertainment: your ſentiments were juſt and agreeable on every ſubject, but one, and that (among a great variety) chanc'd to be the immortality of the ſoul. I was concern'd, I confeſs, to hear your (in every thing elſe ſo reaſonable) employ you arguments againſt the dignity of human nature, and the brighteſt privilege of mankind; without which reaſon is our greateſt curſe, an inſeparable plague, and renders our lot leſs happy than that of the brute creation, who purſue pleaſures proper to their faculties, without the tormenting remonſtrances of conſcience.

WHAT advantage can you men of pleaſure propoſe, in diveſting yourſelves and the reſt of mankind of this privilege of immortality? The proſpect perhaps of a future hell may moleſt your tranquility:

quility: But after all, will confidence and raillery leſſen its certainty? Are you arriv'd at a demonſtration that there are no burning lakes to puniſh the vitious, nor celeſtial crowns to reward the virtuous? Are your principles grounded on unqueſtionable evidence? Or do you pretend to no more than an equal hazard that things may, or may not be as you wiſh them? Grant but this, and there is no excuſe for your extravagance. Were a future ſtate but a mere poſſibility, 'twere madneſs to ſtake infinite ages of bliſs againſt the pleaſures of a day: Even that ſhort time is more than you can ſecure; you are altogether uncertain of the next moment's fruition of theſe trifles you value ſo much for being what you call viſible and preſent; and of this you are as uncertain, as you think the pious man is of all his viſionary hopes and fancy'd paradiſe. In one ſenſe yours is as much a life of faith, as his; for whatever you boaſt of the preſent, you are ſeldom pleas'd with it; the greateſt part of your happineſs, as well as his, conſiſts in expectation and diſtant proſpects. Yet the good man has this advantage, that his agreeable reveries will laſt as long as his life; and death, which alone can rob him of the glorious fiction, puts him for ever out of a capacity of lamenting his loſs: While the libertine's golden dreams are perpetually broken and interrupted; every new attainment convinces him too ſadly of his deluſion; fruition diſſolves the pleaſing error, and leaves him in deſpair of ever reaching that point of happineſs which his imagination forms. And if religion is a deluſion, 'tis the moſt laſting and fortunate one in the world. But if there are indeed fields of bliſs and ſhades of love, infinite pleaſures and immortal day, you men of the world will find you have made a fatal bargain. Or ſhould all theſe fine things prove the tales of mercenary prieſts, you are ſtill the loſers; for it muſt be

be acknowledged; that a licentious life is attended with greater mortifications than a religious one. How eaſy are all the difficulties that virtue exacts, to thoſe which our own unbounded paſſions impoſe! The moſt nice and refined luxury is accompanied with exquiſite vexation, and the ſofteſt idols of our ſenſe are our greateſt plagues. Thoſe toys, the women, Sir, that you and I ſo much admire, ſoft or ſevere, are our neceſſary tormentors; and we are greater ſufferers by their kindneſs than their cruelty. 'Tis true, I have not much reaſon to complain of their favours, *mais*; *Monſieur*, *vous êtes une homme fait a charmer les belles*, *& joüir les bonnes graces des femmes*. This is your ſnare, and that which damns half the race of men. Could you eſcape but this, you might yet attain the skies, and bid fair for a celeſtial preferment. Nor need it coſt you ſo dear, as wholly to renounce the charming ſex; you are not forbidden an honourable and lawful engagement, which has infinitely more charms than the mercenary careſſes of a wh—re. To forfeit an immortal paradiſe for the undiſtinguiſhing favours of an impudent coquet, is the moſt deſperate madneſs; 'tis to anticipate the torments below, and double one's own damnation.

Believe me, Sir, I have not written this from an enthuſiaſtic zeal. I am no bigot, nor fanatic; and if you knew me, you would eaſily take my word, that I am no blind votary to the prieſthood. What I have ſaid is from a generous and humane ſentiment, with a deſign worthy of that ſincerity and friendſhip which one man of honour owes another. I beg you on this account to pardon the length and freedom of my letter; for I think it would be no ill-breeding to moleſt a fine gentleman, if he had a mind to damn himſelf. However, I'll impoſe no longer on your patience, but leave you with this quotation from one of the greateſt

men in the world, *Monſieur* PASCAL *contre l'indifference des Athées.*

ENTRE nous, le ciel, & l'enfer, ou le néant, il n'y a que la vie, qui eſt la choſe du monde la plus fragile; & la ciel n'etant pas certainement pour ceux qui doubtent ſi leur ame eſt immortelle, ils n'ont à attendre que l'enfer ou le néant. Faiſons tant que nous voudrons les braves, voilà la fin qui attend la plus belle vie du monde. C'eſt en vain qu'ils détournent leur penſée de cette éternité qui les attend, comme s'ils la pouvoient anéantir en n'y penſant point. Elle ſubſiſte malgré eux, elle s'avance, & la mort qui la doit ouvrir, les mettra dans peu les tems dans l'horrible néceſſité d'etre éternellement ou anéantis, ou malheureux.

I am, Sir,

with all imaginable ſincerity,

your humble ſervant,

CARLOS.

LETTER II.

ALCANDER *to* CLERIMONT.

I MUST reproach your unaccountable delay in an affair of ſuch importance, as I intruſted you with, and which you are engag'd to accompliſh, or loſe your life in the attempt. And what is your life, that you ſhould deliberate on ſuch a glorious occaſion? What is your life, that you ſhould ballance it againſt your honour and conſcience? againſt the preſent ſafety and perhaps immortal happineſs of the fair *Lucilia?* Is it ſuch a glorious thing to breathe, to eat, to ſleep, that you ſhould prolong your

your hours to ſo little purpoſe, and lengthen your exiſtence for ſuch inferior ends?

You can but die, my Lord, and conſidering death abſtractly as the period of human action, a violent or natural death is juſt the ſame; but conſidering death in another relation, a man that falls a ſacrifice in the defence of virtue, and the cauſe of truth, has infinitely the advantage of one who reſigns his breath to the neceſſity of ſome fatal diſeaſe.

Let the event be what it will, you are abſolutely oblig'd to attempt the reſcue of my fair proſelyte from the tyranny of her bigotted and ſuperſtitious guardian, and to carry her into ſome proteſtant country. If you ſhould abandon her in this exigence, ſhe will be reduc'd either to deny the faith to which her ſoul aſſents, and hazard her eternal ruin; or, by confeſſing the truth, to expoſe herſelf to the fury of blinded zeal.

To this, you know, I fell a victim, and that in the moſt baſe and treacherous manner. 'Twas, I confeſs, my Lord, with the utmoſt reluctance, that I accompanied you in your travels to *Rome*, and nothing but the abſolute commands of my father could have compell'd me to it. Such an abhorrence had I for holy fraud and tyranny, ſuch a contempt for the ſolemn fopperies of the popiſh religion, that I knew to what the openneſs of my temper would expoſe me. I had ballanced the hazard, and reſolv'd upon no conſideration to part with my integrity. I was unpractis'd in the arts of evaſion; my tongue always ſpoke the language of my heart, and would not for all the ſun encompaſt have utterr'd a known falſhood. In the common forms of converſation, I never deviated from the rules of ſincerity; but where religion was concern'd, I would not have purchas'd life with all its joys, by the ſhadow of a lie, by the leaſt equi-

vocation. This was the reſolution I made, at my entrance on the popiſh dominions. You was often an uneaſy witneſs of the hazard I ran, by ſhewing an open contempt of their idolatrous proceſſions. Yet, perhaps, I was to blame, in treating their ſacred vanities with an offenſive levity, when a ſerious conviction had been more ſucceſsful. But I could not view their conſecrated trifles with any manner of gravity, nor conceal my contempt of their holy legends: Nor durſt I incur the guilt of ſuch diſſimulation as I ſaw practis'd by my own nation. I had many preſages of the fatal event, while I ſecretly defied hell and all its agents, their flames, their racks, and every infernal engine. A thouſand illuſtrious witneſſes had trod the arduous path, and led the way to glory. I rather courted than avoided the happy deſtiny, and ſpoke and acted with the ſame liberty as I would have done in a proteſtant country.

The freedom, however, which I took in converſation with the Cardinal ***, was with the greateſt ſecurity. My frequent viſits to that generous man gave me an eaſy acceſs to his beautiful niece, who from the gentleneſs of her uncle's diſpoſition found more liberty than the *Italian* cuſtoms allow'd. From the moment I ſaw her I lov'd her, and could not but obſerve the attention with which ſhe liſten'd to my diſcourſes of a religious nature, with a freedom becoming the innocence of her thoughts. She gave me frequent opportunities of converſing with her: By this I diſcover'd that the virtues of her mind anſwer'd all the promiſe of her face, and animated her outward form with ſuch unrival'd elegance and beauty, that even I, who have ſeen celeſtial perfection, ſtill think her lovely. But 'tis her heavenly diſpoſition that has kindled that divine affection, which I dare avow in theſe ſerene and holy regions, where nothing impure ſhall ever enter.

She

She is not more the care of her guardian angel than mine.

As Heaven gave my arguments ſucceſs, and brought the gentle convert from the darkneſs in which ſhe was educated, I have a particular concern to ſecure her tender mind from any temptation to a relapſe into her firſt ſuperſtition. Her own fears, with my importunity and aſſurance of the moſt honourable protection, prevail'd with her to conſent to the plan I had laid for her ſecurity; which I entruſted to your care, when I found the wound was mortal, which I receiv'd from the treacherous fryar, at the entrance of a monaſtery.

Believe me, my Lord, your conſcience, your honour is engag'd to diſcharge the truſt I deliver'd to you with my expiring breath; and I renew my importunity, that you would protect the helpleſs maid, and tranſport her to ſome place where ſhe may enjoy liberty, ſafe from the terrors of the infernal Inquiſition.

She is worth the care of angels, and 'twill be a noble ſatisfaction to your mind, when you reflect that you have protected ſuch virtue. Theſe are actions which muſt meet with approbation in the empyrean courts, and are ſubjects worthy the admiration of the ſplendid ſocieties of heaven. Theſe beneficent ſpirits intereſt themſelves in the affairs of mortals, and give every generous attempt its juſt and full applauſe. Adieu.

ALCANDER.

LETTER III.

To the Hon^ble Mrs. ———

Madam, 1697.

I COULD not hold my pen to write to any person in the world besides your Ladyship; but I am so transported to hear from you, and have such a mind to say something to you, that my soul exerts its utmost force, as resolv'd to conquer the weakness of my body——. I have been a long time hovering on the very edges of the immaterial world; and tho' the prospect look'd all dark and formidable, yet my soul could not fancy herself on the very precipice of the invisible world, and cease to be inquisitive, any more than she could cease to be a soul. My curiosity was so great to know how unembodied spirits act, and what regions they inhabit, that I could willingly have taken a leap in the dark to be satisfy'd.

We see the waves, and hear the billows roar,
The dashing rocks, and hollow whistling wind.
'Tis a wide leap to that dark, dreadful shore,
And none come back to tell us what they find.

I CAN hold up my head no longer, but yet, Madam, I'll stay to tell you (for perhaps I may never write to you more) that the cold embraces of death shall never freeze up the kindness I have for you: No, the sacred flame shall glow in my breast to eternity. I'll be your guardian angel, and leave paradise to converse with you; and when fate shall call you away, I'll be the first kind spirit that shall greet yours, and with a thousand celestial songs welcome your arrival to the blest land of love: and to indear myself the more to you,

My

My soul I will so much conform to thine,
Thou scarce shalt know thy own bright soul from mine.

And now, Madam, farewel; if I die I shall resign my breath as calmly as infants fall asleep, and with a spirit becoming

Your friend and servant.

P. S. 'Tis too much, that Mr.—— should be concern'd for my illness. My service to him, and tell him I'll find him out among his brother angels, and entertain him with my songs in requital.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

Madam,

JUST as your letter came, I was going to take the air, instead of *steel*, for the spleen, as you call it; but I rather flatter myself, that this chagrin is the pure effect of reason and reflection. I am tir'd with whatever I have yet enjoyed in the world, and expect no greater satisfactions here. And, for my part, I can't amuse myself with trifles, nor relish those insipid things, that, with the greatest part of the world, pass for the very essentials of happiness; and were I never to enjoy pleasures more sublime and rational, methinks, I could this moment throw up my title to immortality. I am cloy'd with all the impertinences that attend human life, and long to know what novelties the invisible regions have to entertain me with. I can find no gust in any thing but the thoughts of being plung'd in immortal pleasures, and being regal'd with infinite beatitudes.

I hope,

I HOPE, Madam, I need not aſk your pardon for growing ſerious on a ſubject like this; ſince to be otherwiſe, when I believe myſelf upon the very borders of eternity, would be a levity that my own reaſon would reproach me with for ever.

YOU may call it ſpleen, or fancy, or what you pleaſe; but I think it more reaſonable to believe it the impulſe of ſome friendly ſpirit, to prepare me for the important part I am ſhortly to act.

IF you never hear from me again, be aſſur'd, I ſhall carry my affection for you to the regions of peace and amity, and cheriſh the gentle diſpoſition till we meet again.

And if on earth we taſte ſuch ſweets of love,
How boundleſs will its raptures be above?

Adieu.

MY ſervice to Mr.———; he talk'd of reading *Charnock*'s ſermons; but not knowing whether he'll carry them to *L*——, I did not ſend them now; but tell him, if he will, he may ſend for them to-morrow, and keep them as long as he pleaſes. 'Tis pity, when there's ſo much divinity in the world, people ſhould be forc'd to read *Ludlow's Memoirs* on Sundays.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER V.

To the ſame.

1697.

WELL, Madam, you ſhall e'en have it your own way: I have the ſpleen; for what elſe could put ſuch odd conceits into my head as theſe, that I am mortal, that the date of my life is uncertain,

certain, and that perhaps I may never see another rising sun, or before the close of another evening

My soul may leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing its way.

Mr. NORRIS.

Future securities are indeed very impertinent cares, and a box of pills is, without doubt, an excellent remedy for such melancholy whimsies as these.

BUT without raillery, Madam, should I recover my health, and get rid of these dangerous symptoms, you cannot tax me with superstition, for making the best provision I can in a matter of so vast consequence. While people are in their right senses, it cannot be an indifferent case to them, whether they are to be happy or miserable in an endless duration.

NOT that I think it necessary to a future happiness, to quit all the innocent enjoyments of life, or that I am contracting such intimacies with celestial beings, as to grow indifferent to my earthly acquaintance. I am not yet so mortify'd as you imagine to human passions. There is an eternal propensity in my soul to love and beneficence: I receiv'd the generous principle with the breath of life, and find it inseparable from my existence; nor can time or distance blot from my memory the intervals of pleasure I have enjoy'd in your conversation.

BUT I have no more to say to your Ladyship on this subject, for I don't desire to engage you against me too; therefore I desire your leave, Madam, to say the rest to Mr.——— for I have recollected myself now.

SIR, I am unwilling to lose an opportunity of telling you, that my inclinations to solitude are neither the effects of melancholy, or ill-nature, or the

narrow

narrow principle of believing I was born wholly for myſelf; much leſs do they ariſe from any affected delicacy, or ambition of being thought better and wiſer than other people. I aſpire to no character above that of a reaſonable creature. But you know, Sir, there are nobler inducements to retirement than theſe; and if I tell you, that I chuſe it as the greateſt improvement of my reaſon and morals, and the beſt method I can find to be happy, I hope you'll grant I have given you a very fair account of thoſe reſolutions, which you are pleas'd to think ſo fantaſtic and unreaſonable. I confeſs, Sir, one may think in a crowd, and make ſome imperfect reflections; but 'tis *alone* that you form your moſt exact and impartial notions. 'Tis then you examine vulgar prejudices, and reject the little principles of the bigotted and ſuperſtitious; 'tis then you fortify yourſelf againſt the tyranny of cuſtom, and the impoſitions of perſons, who do a thouſand unreaſonable things themſelves, and gravely tell you, 'tis ſingularity and ill-breeding not to imitate them.

But then you tell me, 'tis poſſible to think too much. This, Sir, from you is an extraordinary caution; yet I as little fear being too thoughtful, as being too wiſe or good: I am ſure the more we exert the force of our underſtanding, the more clear and ſublime our ideas are. And ſuppoſe the worſt, that theſe intenſe operations of the mind ſhould waſte the ſpirits, 'tis in doing the buſineſs of life apace; and when our parts are acted, we are ready to quit the ſtage. Nor is it a long, but happy, life which I would chuſe; and I am convinc'd that privacy is the moſt likely way to make mine ſo.

——Nor e'er by me ſhall you,
You of all names the ſweeteſt and the beſt,
You muſes, books, and liberty, and reſt,

You

You fountains, fields, and floods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

COWLEY.

Here my hours are absolutely at my own disposal, nor am I oblig'd to devote any part of my time, (that invaluable time which flies, and never again returns) to trifling and ceremonies. Here I need not flatter the vain, nor be tir'd with the impertinent, nor be confin'd to a certain set of insipid subjects, that have been drain'd a thousand times over. But here my thoughts can entertain me with endless variety; and when I am weary of reflecting on the impertinent hurry that mortals make in passing to their graves, the sordid designs of some, and the splendid follies of others; with the last contempt I e'en bid mankind farewel, and launching out into the other, entertain myself with much more noble and lasting speculations.

I view the spangled wonders of the sky;
Where I observe, with an admiring sense,
Their motion, magnitude and influence.
Ranging thro' heaven's vast tract, methinks, I hear
Th' harmonious music of each heav'nly sphere,
Swarms of new worlds discover, and survey
The sparkling glories of the milky way.
Now thro' th' empyrean heav'n I freely rove,
And feast my senses on the throne of Jove,
View those eternal mansions, where the blest
Are rapt with joys too great to be express.

I HAVE done, Sir, now, which I believe you'll think very good news.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

I Receiv'd your Ladyſhip's long letter, and another ſince; they were both extremely welcome, but how welcome I want words to tell you. According to your Ladyſhip's order, I writ a letter, and ſent it to *Frome*, to enquire for ſomebody that went to *Sherborn Fair*, but could hear of none, that deſign'd to go. However, if they had, I ſhould have order'd the bearer to have left it at philoſopher *Fox*'s ſhop, to have ſav'd *Michael* a few ſteps. For the truth of it is, your Ladyſhip had ſet him a pretty odd kind of a taſk; and I warrant he ask'd every fellow that ſtood with his mouth open, his back againſt a poſt, and one of his legs croſs'd over his ſtaff, whether he liv'd at *Frome?* and if he did, whether he had no letter about him for his lady? —— However, the worſt of it was, *Michael* loſt his labour; for which I am very ſorry, and ſhall never be eaſy, till I think your Ladyſhip has receiv'd this, to inform you that I was not only diſappointed then of ſending to *Sherborn*, but likewiſe the Saturday after to *Bruton*. For I am vain enough to meaſure your Ladyſhip's friendſhip by my own; and if I am deluded, I would not be undeceiv'd for the world; no, I'd rather indulge the bleſt fiction till I die. And now I think of dying, I deſire your Ladyſhip to ſpeak to Mr.— that, when he prays for long life for himſelf and his friends, he'd be pleas'd to leave me out of his petitions, for I don't intend to ſtand to them; no, nor to your Ladyſhip's neither, tho' I muſt confeſs ſixty years is a more reaſonable time than an hundred. However, I'll add my prayers to your Ladyſhips, for

for double the time for you. You are happy, Madam, and will be ſo, I hope, when I am lodg'd in a ſilent grave; therefore you may wiſh for long life; but

They merit not to live at all,
Who care to live unbleſt.

I FANCY I have more news to tell you beſides this; and ſome of it is, that *Sbud* was here yeſterday, and lodg'd here one night. He's ſet up for a quack now, and keeps all the markets. *Dinah* got a copy of verſes from him, that was to be ſent to his miſtreſs; and to give you a taſte of his poetry, I'll repeat two of his verſes to your Ladyſhip.

Then do but think, dear Madam, how I ſmart,
When all your darts ſtick hiſſing in my heart?

MUCH ſuch another piece of poetry came yeſterday to kiſs my fair hands; 'twas brought by a man in a blue coat, the colour of your livery. He would deliver the letter himſelf, and before I open'd it, I ask'd him whence it came? he told me from *L*——; ſo I broke it open with all the impatience of love. The hand was very much like your Ladyſhip's, and before I look'd on the letter that came with the poem, I fell to reading the verſes, and wonder'd at my heart what had put your Ladyſhip into ſuch an unlucky verſifying humour; for I muſt needs ſay, that I did not like it, no, tho' I thought it your Ladyſhip's; and if any thing could have made me partial, that would. But I had not read much of the poem before I had the curioſity to look over your letter (as I then thought it) but when I found a gentleman's name ſubſcrib'd to it (tho' I neither knew, nor car'd a ſtraw who the gentleman was) it put me into a rapture, and I began to thank the ſtars that your Ladyſhip was

ſtill

ſtill in your wits. And becauſe you ſhall pardon theſe impudent thoughts of mine, ſee how the mighty bard begins:

When Ver *began to peep from* ether's *coaſts*
On the terraqueous globe, and num'rous hoſts
Of arid, puddling objects all around-
Encompaſſing the frozen ground.

I'll ſhew it you, if I don't die of a broken heart before I ſee you again: But you ſhall have a little more of it now.

Lo! Philomela *does prepare to ſing*
Her warbling anthems to the joyful ſpring.
She peeps her radiant head
Up from her graſs-green bed,
And among circumambient notes,
She's known from all their charming throats, &c.

Poor *Pegaſus!* thou waſt never ſo wretchedly rid before, except when *Sbud* got aſtride thee.

I THINK it will be convenient to leave room to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

IF you knew the ſentiments of my heart, you would find no reaſon to complain of me. Can you think me ſo ſtupid, as not to prefer ſuch converſation as yours to muſing away my hours in a chamber, if I really thought myſelf fit for ſociety? but

but my ſoul is perfectly untun'd, and you have more reaſon to pity than reproach me. You may imagine, that converſing with a man of Mr. *Rowe*'s elegant taſte and good ſenſe, muſt have given me a perfect diſguſt to all the ſociety this country affords. I own it has had that effect, and I love the town very well: but a gloomy turn of thought gives me ſuch an averſion to company, that all the importunity of Mr. *Rowe*'s relations cannot make me reſolve to go back to them; tho' I have an affection for them more tender than all the ties of nature.

I am extremely pleas'd with the fine characters the world gives of Lady —— and Lady——: How much muſt you merit, whoſe example has given ſuch perfect patterns of virtue to the world! I never read the *Spectator*, but I apply all his characters of a fine woman to you. I don't uſe to make ſpeeches of this kind, you know, therefore you may depend on the ſincerity of,

Madam,

Your, &c.

P. S. I hope by this time you have procur'd Dr. *Scot*'s works; for I am ſure you'll be extremely pleas'd in reading them. I read lately, in one of his books, a diſcourſe call'd *Chriſt's regal acts*; where he treats of the laſt judgment in ſuch a ſurprizing manner, that no poetical deſcription can go beyond it. I know you will be tranſported with it, and I ſhall ſcarce enjoy myſelf till you have read it. 'Tis in the ſecond volume of his *Chriſtian life*. Pray make me eaſy, and read it as ſoon as you can.

LETTER VIII.

To the same.

1717.

MY letters ought to be call'd epistles from the dead to the living, for I know nothing relating to this world, to entertain my surviving friends with; nor are people very fond of keeping a correspondence with ghosts and phantoms, or receiving intelligences from another world; and as there are no shades in these desolate regions of greater consequence than myself, nothing happens remarkable enough to bear a recital. When I was alive, I never was very fond of talking of myself; but being the greatest novelty in this place, I am now forc'd upon the subject, for want of something more considerable. 'Tis possible, I find, to be happy in the absence of all that people call amusement and diversion. When the mind is in a situation superior to the changing scenes below the sun, in pursuit of boundless and immortal bliss, the soul with a noble freedom ascends the celestial heights, in search of its great original, the fountain of its existence, and centre of all its hopes.

All other joys are visionary bliss,
But here is all substantial ecstacy.

But were these gay speculations a delusion, let me be thus deceiv'd, till death shall end the pleasing dream. Were the Christian heaven as great a fable as the poets *Elysium*, 'tis a fable so well contriv'd, that I would not exchange it for the gloomy scheme of the most sagacious free-thinker: rather let me indulge the charming delusion, and entertain myself with the transporting fiction, till that and my existence meet their final period.

If

If I liv'd among mortals, I ſhould certainly know how to direct to Lady ——; but being in a ſtate of ſeperate exiſtence, this ignorance is excuſable: Yet whether I am dead or alive, I am always,

Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

Madam, 1720.

I Can't forbear expreſſing my concern for you under this ſevere affliction of the death of my Lady——. 'Tis impertinent to reaſon, and againſt the dictates of nature, or elſe you might ſatisfy yourſelf with the extraordinary character ſhe has left behind her, and her reſt from the misfortunes of life.

Thou beſt of all thy ſex! impiety
Itſelf would drop a ſacred tear on thee;
Had ſavages thy gentle aſpect view'd,
To ſoftneſs all their rage had been ſubdu'd.

My concern is too ſincere and tender, to ſay any more upon this ſubject.

I am, &c.

LETTER I.

To the Honourable Mrs. ——.

Madam, 1712.

I SHOULD be very happy, if I could perſwade myſelf that you can be half ſo ſenſible of the want of my company, as I am of the loſs of yours: and I certainly make my ſelf a greater compliment than I do you, when I tell you, that I find your early wit and pretty turn of thought perfectly agreeable and entertaining.

Your growing wit ſhall gain immortal fame,
And ev'ry muſe ſhall learn Mirtilla's *name;*
Nor leſs ſhall be the conqueſts of your eyes,
When all your charms ſhall to perfection riſe.

I OUGHT to take more pains about every thing I write to you, than I have done about theſe lines; but I know, Madam, you have good-nature enough to excuſe

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

To the Right Honourable the Counteſs of ——.

1716.

I AM extremely pleas'd to hear you expreſs ſuch a tender concern for my Lord——. I am glad you are ſo well acquainted with the power of a juſt and innocent paſſion; and I hope public diſorders will never interrupt your happineſs, and that

that all your Ladyſhip's fears will ſoon vaniſh. Virtuous lovers are the care of heaven, and the guardian angels will protect a man of my Lord ——'s merit.

This grave way of writing, I am afraid, is not very agreeable to your taſte, and you will think it the diſmal effect of my ſober contemplations; but it will be impoſſible for me ever to be more gay, unleſs I could forget Mr. *Rowe*, and I ſhall ſooner forget myſelf and all the world.

For him all thoughts of pleaſure I forego,
For him my tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow,
For him at once I from the world retire,
To feed in ſilent ſhades a hopeleſs fire.

But I muſt, in charity to your Ladyſhip, leave this ſubject, and deſire you to believe, that

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Madam, 1716.

THE loſs of ſuch letters as mine does not require much apology. If I could have wrote any thing entertaining, I ſhould not have been ſilent, after ſo agreeable a letter as that I receiv'd from you; but I was not willing to put you in the ſpleen, in recompence for the ſatisfaction you gave me. However I ſhall do it now, for I can't be eaſy till I have fill'd my letter with theſe melancholy lines out of the tragedy of *Jane Grey*:

My ſoul grows out of tune, it loathes the world,
Sickens at all the noiſe and folly of it;
And I could ſit me down in ſome dull ſhade,
Where lonely contemplation keeps her cave,
And dwells with hoary hermits; there forget myſelf,
There fix my ſtupid eyes upon the earth,
And muſe away an age in deepeſt melancholy.

IF this finds you full of the ſame tender fears you had for my Lord——— when I ſaw you laſt, 'twill but indulge your grief; but I hope you have now more gay expectations.

IF you come to *Witham*, I beg you to remember your engagement to ſee me, which, however inſipid all other kinds of pleaſure are to me, will be a great ſatisfaction to

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

1719.

THERE is not in the *Engliſh* hiſtory a more beautiful character than that of Lady *Jane Grey*; and I am not ſurpriz'd to find you charm'd with the ſhining figure ſhe makes in Mr. *Rowe*'s tragedy. You ſeem to have an equal ſoftneſs of temper, and a reſembling delicacy in your way of thinking. Your ſentiments had certainly been the ſame with the young heroine's, if you had the ſame part to act, that of a martyr, which I hope you never will. Not that I ſhould envy you that illuſtrious character, or am at all unwilling you ſhould loſe your head, on condition you could ſet it on

again

again with as much dexterity as St. *Winifred*, without the leaſt diſadvantage to your fine perſon.

I SHOULD have been too modeſt to have troubled you with the enclos'd, if I had known how to have directed to Lady———. This ignorance would be inexcuſable in any other part of the world; but the honeſt people here know ſo little where to find Lady——, that they could not inform me where King *George* himſelf reſides. If I liv'd in a cave, I could not be more ignorant of what paſſes in the *Grand Monde*. I have indeed ſome imaginary regions of my own framing, ſome poetical dominions;

Where fancy in her airy triumph reigns,
And ſpreads her gay, deluſive ſcenes.

BUT I believe you will leave me to the unenvy'd enjoyment of theſe viſionary worlds, without the leaſt curioſity to know what paſſes there.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOUR letters never fail to give me ſome intervals of pleaſure, be the ſubject what it will; but the pleaſure is heighten'd to hear you expreſs ſuch a generous ſatisfaction on a public account, and the proſpect of the future happineſs and welfare of your country. I hope your fears for Lady ——— are vaniſh'd by this time, and that heaven will long continue an example of ſuch early virtue to the world. But how uncertain are human things!

——————O empty name
Of earthly bliſs! 'tis all an airy dream!

I CANNOT but own, I am ſecretly pleas'd that you find the gay expectations from this world all deluding and treacherous. You know, Madam, this is not from any malice in my temper, for I wiſh you all the happineſs that would not be prejudicial to pleaſures more noble and laſting. The juſtneſs of your ſentiments from ſuch early reflections, and amidſt all the inchanting appearances of life, confirms me much more in a contempt of the world than all *Seneca*'s morals.

Grant me, O virtue! thy moſt ſolid joy,
Grant me the pleaſures of the mind,
Pleaſures which only in purſuit of thee we find,
Which fortune cannot marr, nor chance deſtroy.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I SHOULD have wrote to your Ladyſhip before now, but I thought your concern too juſt and ſincere, to be treated with ceremony. Indeed I am ill qualify'd to write epiſtles of conſolation. The wiſe, doleful things, that people vex their friends with on thoſe occaſions, appear to me more like a farce than a juſt ſenſe of their grief. People may talk like good Chriſtians at their eaſe, but pretty ſentences and formal ſpeeches are very trifling remedies to a real and unaffected ſorrow.

You

You ſee, Madam, I am ready to juſtify all your concern for Lady——. Not that I think there is any thing melancholy in an early death, after a life ſo virtuous. Your charming ſiſter has, in my opinion, quitted the ſtage very gracefully; and in all the decorum of youthful charms and piety. Mr. *Collier* tells us in his *Eſſays*, that if the ſun was never to riſe again, it would be much more glorious for him to fall from the ſkies with all his light and heat, than to gain a few hours only to languiſh and decline.

My thoughts are not at preſent entirely conſiſtent.—— I have been reading my Lord *Shaftsbury*'s *Moraliſt*, which has fill'd my head with beauties, and love, and harmony, but all of a divine and myſterious nature. However ſuperior his notions may be to my capacity, I have been agreeably led on thro' I know not what enchanting ſcenes of happineſs. I wiſh you would read it, for it would make you the moſt charming and agreeable enthuſiaſt in the world. Whether I am in my right ſenſes at preſent, I cannot tell, but you may be aſſur'd

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I Can hardly read your Ladyſhip's letter for tears. In the circumſtances you are in, I can diſpute none of your commands, eſpecially one ſo agreeable to myſelf, as that of waiting upon you, if in your gayer thoughts you ſhould inſiſt on it. If (as you fancy) I yield with ſome reluctance, 'tis only

only on a ſelfiſh conſideration, becauſe I am unwilling to convince you, that all your thoughts to my advantage are without any foundation: for you will find ſo little vivacity in my converſation, that I believe this will be the laſt proof you will exact of my obedience; but whatever be the event, you may command me.

I AM afraid I ſend the * enclos'd too ſoon, to renew your grief, but not too ſoon, to expreſs my gratitude and eſteem.—— I dare not talk on this ſubject.

I am, &c.

* An Elegy on the death of the Hon.ble Mrs.——

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

WHAT ſhall I ſay? I would attend you, I would ſee and hear you, tho' in a deſart, if I knew where to find you, or how to attain the happineſs; but alas! the whole earthly globe is between us, and the poles may as well meet. A horſe or a ſtage-coach would be ſure deſtruction, and ſhatter my frame to atoms, nor was I ever alone on the road. Yet I would refuſe you nothing, and if my Lord could ſpare his coach—— But I am afraid the project is impoſſible, and I ſtill hope I may have the happineſs to ſee you at—. But you may command me to follow you where you pleaſe; your converſation is a pleaſure which will ballance every thing.

THO' I never would perſuade people to forget their mortality, I hope your remembrance of it is only

only the ſpleen. I would fain believe you have many happy years to live; and may heaven crown them with as many bleſſings as you can wiſh.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU will find, by the hurry I was in to leave *Hampſtead*, how little reliſh I had for ſociety, after I had left your Ladyſhip. Your converſation gave me a perfect diſguſt even to the people I moſt valu'd. In this impatience, I follow'd the dictates of my own ungovern'd imagination, and left the town and all its joys this morning: After this, I need make no apology for writing a ſhort letter. If I had leiſure, I ſhould ſay a thouſand fine things to Lady——, (I may call them fine things in juſtice to myſelf) but I am ſincerely griev'd that I loſt the happineſs I promis'd myſelf in her converſation: Yet where-ever I am, ſhe may command me for writing or drawing what is moſt agreeable to her.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

To the ſame.

Madam, 1719.

YOUR ſentiments are perfectly juſt, that 'tis more glorious to deſpiſe the world in the midſt of all its gay temptations, than to gain the victory by a cowardly flight; but I am only a mere mortal, and can't pretend to thoſe celeſtial heights of virtue. However, if I had been a Roman Catholic, I might have got the reputation of a ſaint by this retreat; but being of a more reaſonable religion, people will ſooner impute my retirement to diſtraction than devotion. I begin to fancy I grow as humourſome as *Moliere*'s *Miſanthrope.* If I had many viſits from the good gentlewomen hereabouts, I ſhould raiſe the price of hartſhorn, to keep me from fainting fits; for oh! I ſicken, I die——or ſleep and dream, and am perfectly ſtupify'd at their approach. I would fain reaſon myſelf into more patience and compoſure of mind; but this nicety of temper grows upon me, ſo that I ſhall never be fit for the ſociety of mortals again. Your Ladyſhip's letters are my only entertainment, in a place where there is an abſolute vacancy of common ſenſe; and they give me a pleaſure in my own way, which is unmingled with fatigue. I ſhould blame myſelf for being given up to ſuch a careleſs ſort of tranquility, but 'tis almoſt neceſſary to my temper. I am impatient of all the converſation which happens in low life; and in a higher rank, I have ſuch an averſion to every thing that appears ſervile and dependent, that even the neceſſary formalities, that people are oblig'd to pay, grow tireſome and ridiculous. Whether this proceeds from ſome unconquer'd pride in my heart, or from a conſcious

conſcious greatneſs of mind, I am not willing to determine; becauſe I have an inclination to be partial to myſelf, and to make my faults paſs for virtues.

My letter is of a proper length, and after that,

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XI.

To the ſame.

YOU will find, by the *enclos'd, how my thoughts were employ'd in the little fit of ſickneſs which lately confin'd me. My thoughts were on this occaſion very gay and ſerene; but the caſe was only imaginary; when it comes to be real, and in a more gloomy interval, thoſe unknown regions may have a different appearance. But as to human things, my concern for your future happineſs will be the laſt care I ſhall reſign. As for this world, you have as great a ſhare of felicity as the moſt beneficent temper can wiſh you, if wealth and grandeur can yield any real joy, and have any thing in them beyond a fleeting viſionary appearance; as they have not, if you believe the poet.

Short is the date, and narrow is the ſpan,
Which bounds the little life of fooliſh man.
Gay ſcenes of bliſs the raviſh'd ſoul ſurprize,
Raiſe his vain hopes, and glitter in his eyes;
Of ſwelling titles he ſupinely dreams,
Vaſt are his projects, and refin'd his ſchemes:
But when his morning views of joy are paſt,
The melancholy ev'ning comes at laſt;

* The following letter.

The

The tyrant death a haſty ſummons ſends,
And all his momentary glory ends.

Mr. DANIEL.

You will not be diſpleas'd, if I leave you now to your own more gay ſoliloquies. Adieu.

LETTER XII.

To the Right Hon. the Counteſs of——

Madam,

WHETHER I have weeks, or days, or but a few hours to live, heaven only can determine; but as from ſome dangerous ſymptoms, I think my time very ſhort, I find a great deal of pleaſure in taking my leave of my friends in this ſolemn manner. You may be aſſur'd the eſteem I am now expreſſing for you is ſincere. I am paſt the ceremonies of the world, and therefore I cannot treat you with the leaſt formality. My thoughts have often viſited the manſions of the dead; the part I am now to perform has been ſo frequently acted over in my imagination, that I am not diſcompos'd to think, that in a few days the circumſtances may be real.

PEOPLE have generally a curioſity to know the thoughts of their friends, when they are on the borders of thoſe ſtrange and unknown regions, from whence there is no return. 'Tis indeed a ſerious thing to die; but virtue diſarms the gloomy king of all his terrors, and brightens the proſpect of futurity.

I HAVE read the *Spectators* on this ſubject with conſtant pleaſure, and have been charm'd with ſome inſtances of the *Roman* fortitude; but the Chriſtian

Christian religion arms the mind with a resolution more just and noble, while it assures us with the clearest evidence, that an immortality of happiness is the reward of a pious life.

If you hear no more from me, my dearest friend, a long adieu, till we meet in the triumphant seats above.

E. Rowe.

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

Madam,

NEVER was there a more exact imitation of Mrs. ——'s style and way of thinking than the paper you enclos'd; every line appear'd like the product of her unguided imagination. I hope his Lordship will never take it into his brains to mimic any of my essays, either in verse or prose. The very apprehension sinks my spirits. However, I am resolv'd to stifle all these motions of modesty, and go on thro' sense and nonsense to fill up my paper, defying any peer in the realm to imitate my style, unless his imagination takes as many shapes as *Proteus*.

How many unsuccessful attempts I shall make in translating *Pastor Fido* is yet uncertain. I condemn in one moment, what I admir'd but just before: I write five or six verses, and think them perfectly fine and harmonious, and worthy of *Apollo* himself, and never to be excell'd. I read them with approbation and rapture, and do myself the highest justice; till on a more deliberate view, I sink from my elevations, and grow exceeding humble, to find every line dull and impertinent.—— I wish

wiſh the Pope would confer on me ſome ſhare of his infallibility, that I might make an unerring judgment of myſelf; tho' I am afraid ſuch a judgment would not raiſe my vanity.

I PERCEIVE I am the heroine of this epiſtle, except the honour I have done my Lord—— in mentioning him. I continue to do myſelf honour by ſubſcribing myſelf

Your, &c.

P. S. I have juſt receiv'd a long and agreeable letter from Mrs———, but my integrity has no effect; for ſhe will retain the word, *ſweetly*, to her laſt breath, and give up her life in the dear harmonious ſound.

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I AS ſincerely thank you for wiſhing me ſo many new years, as a ſlave would for wiſhing he might long enjoy his fetters. Not but nature recoils at the gloomy paſſage, without the ſupports that the great truths of Chriſtianity afford; and even with theſe, the fatal darkneſs has often a thouſand imaginary terrors, which are deſcrib'd with great emphaſis in the following lines by an unknown hand:

The ſoul convuls'd,
Trembles in anxious doubt, and ſhudd'ring ſtands,
Afraid to leap into the op'ning gulph,
Of future fate; till all the banks of clay

Fall

Fall from beneath his feet: In vain he graſps
The ſhatter'd reeds, that cheat his eaſy wiſh.
Then the gay glories of the living world
Shall caſt their empty varniſh, and retire
Out of his feeble view, while riſing ſhades
Sit hov'ring on all nature's various face.
Muſic ſhall ceaſe, and inſtruments of joy
Shall fail that ſullen hour; nor can the mind
Attend their ſound, when fancy ſwims in death
Confus'd and cruſh'd with cares; for long ſhall ſeem
The dreary road, and melancholy dark,
That leads he knows not where.——

THESE grave reflections are not perhaps a-propos to a fine lady in the bloom of youth, and amidſt all the blandiſhments of a court. One would think I was writing to ſome ſober Diſſenter, mortify'd to the gaudy vanities of the world: But really, Madam, my entertaining you on theſe ſubjects is the greateſt compliment I can make you, and an unqueſtionable evidence of a friendſhip that forms wiſhes for your happineſs beyond all the advantages this treacherous world can give you. The flattering dream of life will ſoon be over, and all beyond is boundleſs and immortal.

Eternity, thou dreadful, pleaſing thought!
Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
Thro' what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs?

ADDISON.

HOWEVER, you may have no curioſity, at preſent, to try what enjoyments the inviſible region can yield, and are too well pleas'd with your preſent ſtation, to grow impatient to be above the ſtars: But if you ſhould forget that you are mortal, and born to die, it will not be the fault of

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

'TIS well your Ladyſhip has given me a full diſpenſation from all forms and ceremony, and that I have your permiſſion to be as free and licentious in that point as I will. If I was writing to any other perſon of your quality, 'tis likely, I ſhould be as formal as your mantua-woman, and might tack your title to every ſentence; but in addreſſing myſelf to you, I am apt to forget every thing but your real merit, and can't help talking in a manner perfectly unaffected and ſincere. 'Tis quite different in my intervals of politeneſs. I find myſelf ſo embaraſs'd with your dignity and titles, that it coſts me more trouble than all the reſt of my letter; it gives me a world of anxiety, where to place the word, *Ladyſhip*, in its proper ſituation, without ſpoiling the muſic and cadence of a period; which would be a great affliction to me, who am as fond (and perhaps a little more fond) of ſound than of ſenſe. However, if I ſhould forget that I am writing to a Counteſs, I ſhall not forget a thouſand other advantages which give your character a ſhining diſtinction.

YOUR Ladyſhip will eaſily excuſe me for venturing to let you paſs a thouſand times thro' my imagination, with no other circumſtance of grandeur than your own innate merit. The charming idea, unencumber'd with the vain parade of ſtate, entertains my thought with the beauty of virtue and unaffected goodneſs.

I AM afraid you will think I am turn'd Quaker, and am going to abſolve myſelf from all human rites and ceremonies, both of a civil or religious nature; and that for the future I intend to live at large,

large, in defiance of all rule and method. But I hope this apology will be an excuſe for the future irregularities of,

Madam, *Your*, &c.

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

I WISH with all my heart you had married a ſpiritual Lord inſtead of a temporal one. I might then have follow'd my own inclinations, and talk'd of nothing but good things to you. I am now in a very ſober diſpoſition, and yet, in my own defence, I muſt appear worſe than I am, for fear of paſſing for a fanatic with a certain Peer of *Great Britain*. But really one would not think it ſhould be a ridiculous thing to be religious, nor that ſubjects of this nature ſhould look like the effect of the ſpleen. If there is any conduct juſt and reaſonable, 'tis to purſue endleſs happineſs, and fly from unlimited miſery. There can be nothing whimſical in this ſort of caution; people may as well laugh at men for endeavouring to ſave their lives in a ſhipwreck, as think it a jeſt to be ſerious in an affair of infinitely greater conſequence than mortal life, with all its narrow intereſts. But, as the *Italian* Poet ſays,

Tanto ombra di ſenſi il cor oſcura,
Ch'ama il momento, e l'immortal non cura.

IF this letter comes to your Ladyſhip in one of your moments of vivacity, you will fancy I am very much at leiſure, to make theſe wiſe reflections, which I humbly conceive you are not always

diſpos'd to read, nor (to ſpeak but modeſtly) am I always inclin'd to write. However, if I had as little charity for you as you imagine, I ſhould be very unhappy; while I believ'd you in the paths of vice, it would diſturb all my peace in this world, and (according to my preſent apprehenſions) be an allay to my joys in the next.

If you were ruin'd, oh! could I be bleſt?
Tell me, ye guardians of eternal reſt.

Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

THO' it has been ſome relief to you, it has been a great mortification to me, to keep ſilence ſo long; and I muſt ſpeak or die: It would coſt me a fit of ſickneſs, not to utter my impertinence. I have been reading a diſcourſe on happineſs, and the pleaſure will be loſt, if I don't give your Ladyſhip a ſhare in it.

Tous les hommes deſirent d'etre heureux, cela eſt ſans exception; la volonté ne fait jamais le moindre demarche, que vers cette objet. C'eſt la motif de toutes les actions de tous les hommes, jusqu'a ceux qui ſe pendent.——— Thoſe that live in courts, that fly to deſarts; thoſe that chuſe the ſteep aſcent to the ſtars, or the eaſy paths to the ſhades below, have all the ſame deſign. I am purſuing my own happineſs now, but I am afraid not yours; unleſs it will be any ſatisfaction to you to know, that I am exceedingly intereſted in Lord———'s health, and hope he has got rid of his cold. I never tell lies

lies in compliment, nor in the gaiety of my heart; you may believe me when, I assure you, I have caress'd every little clean child that I have seen of his age, with the imagination it look'd like him.

I SHALL not be easy till you order Mrs.—— to let me know you are recover'd from the indisposition your Ladyship complain'd of in your last obliging letter. If you had not all the merit the sex can boast of, I should blame myself; if I am fond of any thing on earth to an excess, 'tis of you. If I could help it, you should not engage so many of my thoughts as you do; but the obligations of reason and virtue are unalterable, nor is it possible for me to express with what sincerity

I am, &c.

P. S. THIS letter is neither sense, nor grammar, nor legible; and I am undone if ever it falls into Mr——'s hands.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

Madam,

I WISH with all my heart you were sincere, when you tell me, that one letter of mine is worth twenty of yours; I would certainly exact the debt, without any conscience or modesty.

HAVE you made a vow, never to speak one word of Lord—— to me? You will not so much as let me know, whether he laughs or cries, sleeps or wakes; if he's airy and gay, or grave and serious; and yet you know I love him dearly, and wish him the height of happiness in the possession of his bells and rattles, and all the variety of his play-things.

MR.——— continues his design of writing a poem on the inscription of the *Athenian* altar, *To the unknown God.* Whether the Deity is known or unknown, Mr. PASCAL has made a very just reflection on this subject.

IL n'y a que deux sortes de personnes, qu'on puise appeller raisonnables; ou ceux qui servent Dieu de tout leur cœur, parcequ'ils le connoissent; ou ceux qu'ils cherchent de tout leur cœur, parcequ'ils ne le connoissent pas encore.

I DARE not determine to which of these ranks Mr.——— belongs; the giving him the character of a saint, I am sure he would take for a very odd sort of compliment. But while I am at a loss to resolve in what class he is to be plac'd, I may with great certainty subscribe myself,

Madam, your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

Madam,

NEVER was there a more agreeable letter than your last; if you always reason so justly when you are going to see a play, the diversion will never be dangerous. Of all public entertainments, a tragedy to me would be the most agreeable and enchanting; but I shall never repent that I have so strictly kept my promise, not to see any performance of that kind; unless my high delight the opera was a breach of it, as I am a little afraid it was.

THERE is a poem in blank verse lately printed, call'd *Winter*, by Mr. *Thomson*; 'tis very fine, so that

that I am perſuaded it will pleaſe the juſtneſs of your taſte. I muſt copy this deſcription:

THE year yet pleaſing, but declining faſt,
Soft o'er the ſecret ſoul in gentle gales
A philoſophic melancholy breaths,
And bears the ſwelling thoughts aloft to heav'n.
OH! bear me then to high-embow'ring ſhades,
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales,
To weeping grottoes, and to hoary caves;
Where angel forms are ſeen, and voices heard,
Sigh'd in low whiſpers, that attract the ſoul
From outward ſenſe far into worlds remote.

YOU'LL give me leave to make my compliments to Lady———, and to Lord———, if he is yet a reaſonable creature.

I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU command my paſſions how you pleaſe, and put me in the ſpleen, for no other reaſon, but becauſe you are in a melancholy diſpoſition yourſelf. I am not apt to flatter people that they are immortal, but I am fully perſuaded, that you will ſoon ſee your fears of death end in perfect health, and as much happineſs as this world can give you. I hope your Ladyſhip will write in a more chearful ſtrain by the next poſt, and I'll endeavour not to trouble you ſo often with my letters; but I can't grow indifferent to the pleaſure of

converſing with you: However, I'll attempt it, in charity to your Ladyſhip.

I HAVE not forgot Lady——'s ſparkling eyes and muſical voice, tho' I have met with nothing fair enough to repreſent her to my imagination; as I have for my Lord——, whoſe place is ſupply'd by a little child I have met with as fine as vanity can make it, and as fair and beautiful as a cherubin.

I SEND you this copy of verſes, becauſe I was pleas'd with both the ſenſe and ſound.

Vanita della vita preſente.

E fiume che ſcende,
E poſa non ha;
E mar che l'attende,
Il ſempre ſi fa.

E nave che paſſa,
Ne torna mai piu,
Et orma non laſſa,
Da dirſi, qui fu.

E rapido ſtrale,
Che appena ſcocco,
Che il punto finale
Veloce tocco.

E lampo che toſto
Che gli occhi feri,
Tra l'ombre naſcoſto
Da gli occhi ſvani.

Il ſol che ſovente
Ritrova occidente,
Dove hebbe la culla,
E non ſo che, che ſi riduce al nulla.

I am, &c. LET-

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

IF mortals invention was not limited, and I could write always ſomething new and entertaining, your Ladyſhip ſhould never reproach me for my ſilence; but unleſs I ſay the ſame things again, and tire you with eternal repetitions, I muſt relieve myſelf ſometimes, by managing my ſtock; for my genius is almoſt exhauſted, and as to any thing of wit I am ready to give up the ghoſt: Nor is it poſſible in this heatheniſh country to ſupply my indigence, and get freſh recruits. This is not your Ladyſhip's caſe; when you don't write, it is pure malice and deliberate ill-nature; you can write the hiſtory of the preſent age.

THE poem of the *Horn-book* is too wicked for you; but I am ſure it would have pleas'd my Lord ———, but 'twas too profane: And to put it out of my power to give him ſuch a criminal diverſion, I ſent it back to the perſon from whom I had it; and indeed it was not a ſmall piece of ſelf-denial to me. But when I have told you, I am extremely concern'd to hear my Lord has been ſo ill of the gout, I'll copy ſome moral lines to make his Lordſhip ſatisfaction for the very unchriſtian wit I would not tranſcribe.

What are diſtinction, honour, wealth and ſtate,
The pomp of courts and triumphs of the great;
The num'rous troops, that envy'd thrones ſecure,
And ſplendid enſigns of imperial pow'r?
What the high palace rear'd with vaſt expence,
Unrivall'd art, and luxury immenſe,

With

With ſtatues grac'd by ancient Greece *ſupply'd,*
With more than Perſian *wealth and* Tyrian *pride?*
LET lawrel wreaths the victor's brow adorn,
Sublime thro' gazing throngs in triumph born:
Let acclamations ring around the ſkies,
While curling clouds of balmy incenſe riſe:
Let ſpoils immenſe, let trophies gain'd in war,
And conquer'd kings attend his rolling car;
If dread of death ſtill unſubdu'd remains,
And ſecret o'er the vanquiſh'd victor reigns,
Th' illuſtrious ſlave in endleſs thraldom bears
A heavier chain than his led captive wears.

BLACKMORE.

I BEGIN to deſpair of ſeeing Mr. *Rolli*'s *Milton*. I am in a very probable way to make my exit, and hear the true relation of the fall of angels from ſome of the actors, before his ſtory is told.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I SENT your Ladyſhip a pacquet by the laſt poſt, which was not receiv'd, when you did me the honour of your laſt. Whenever I delay, 'tis only from a fear of being impertinent, and when I write, 'tis with a ſelfiſh deſign to procure an anſwer; for, without any compliment, your letters are the moſt agreeable entertainment of my life. I never read them without a generous grief, that the public does not ſhare in the pleaſure and profit they give me.

I SHALL

I SHALL never make a vow that will coſt me ſo dear, as converſing no more with you; 'tis too great a height of mortification, to break a friendſhip with one of the moſt generous and agreeable perſons in the world. I don't uſe to flatter people, but I am forc'd to ſpeak the truth in my own juſtification; for I had rather half the human race ſhould think me ſtupid, than have your ill opinion.

THE *Italian* tragedies your Ladyſhip has been ſo obliging as to ſend, will be a moſt agreeable entertainment in ſome of my peaceful hours. There is ſomething in tragedy ſo great, and ſo ſuperior to the common way of life, that in reading, tho' I can't fancy myſelf a princeſs, I very often wiſh for the regal dignity, that I might ſpeak in the ſublime, and act the heroine.

MR.—— will oblige me, to keep his elegy on my death till a more proper ſeaſon, becauſe I am at preſent alive; and yet I almoſt wiſh myſelf dead, to be lamented in his agreeable ſtrains; it really flatters my vanity. I intend to leave him a mourning ring with this motto, *Prepare to follow me.* He'll have patience to read ſo much divinity as may be comprehended in the poſy of a ring, tho' the ſight of a folio would fright him.

WHY are you ſo careleſs of your health, Lady ——? you don't conſider the conſequence of your life to the world——. You muſt take pains to get ſuch violent colds. I can't preſcribe doſes; but I am ſure, if my wiſhes are pious enough to reach the ſkies, you will be ſecure of every bleſſing.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER. XXIII.

To the ſame.

I AM not ſurpriz'd to hear that ſuch a life as Mr.———'s ſhould have ſuch a glorious concluſion; that after ſuch a ſerene day, his ſun ſhould ſet in ſmiles and beauty. I can hardly forbear congratulating his friends on the happy occaſion; nor is it poſſible to read your account, without envying ſuch a compos'd and graceful exit. Compar'd to this, what a mean and deſpicable figure muſt an infidel make, when juſt about to try that *grand peut-etre*, that important *perhaps*, on which infinite happineſs or miſery depends?

'TWAS a more glorious proſpect that calm'd the anguiſh of your dying friend, ſooth'd his pains, and brighten'd his face with a ſmile, in the laſt agonies of nature. But what was the next tranſporting ſcene, which open'd on the juſt unfetter'd mind? with what triumph was it introduc'd among the great immortals? with what enlargement is the gentle ſpirit now wandering

Thro' boundleſs realms of bliſs,
Where pleaſure bloſſoms with eternal ſpring;
Enjoyments made immortal by deſire,
And joys that flow on joys?

Theſe verſes are borrow'd from a tragedy of *Otway*'s; you'll pardon me for perverting them to a purpoſe ſomewhat more pious than the author deſign'd.

I AM my Lord——'s and Lady——'s humble ſervant; but at preſent my Lord——— is my hero. I am told he is the moſt beautiful thing under the ſun: Above it I ſuppoſe he has ſome rivals.

Where

Where ſmiling ſeraphs touch the golden ſtring,
And roſy cherubs ſoft reſponſes ſing.

A-PROPOS, now I am in the ſublime, I'll let you know how much I wiſh'd to converſe with you laſt night, while I was looking at the *Northern Streamers.* The skies ſeem'd all in a glorious confuſion. I muſt own the novelty of the ſcene pleas'd me beyond the regular beauty of the moon and ſtars. When time has run his courſe, ſuch a glittering diſorder, perhaps, will be the prelude to the general diſſolution of nature. However, I could not but form in my imagination the grandeur of that period, when the powers of heaven ſhall be ſhaken, and the wreck of the univerſe ſhall grace the triumphs of the day; and as I am exceedingly pleas'd with Dr. *Young*'s deſcriptions on this ſubject, I am glad of an excuſe to repeat them.

Heav'n op'ning all its ſacred pomp diſplays.
The triumph rings, arch-angels ſhout around,
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound.
Ten thouſand trumpets now at once advance,
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe;
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt:
Nor man nor angel moves—— The judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky.
Not guilty fear, not fancy's ſelf can draw
A meeting more auguſt: Of greater awe,
Perhaps, thro' all eternity has been
By God himſelf nought more tremendous ſeen.
HOW vaſt the concourſe! not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,

The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that guild the ſpangled vault above.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below;
And ev'ry age and nation pour along,
Nimrod *and* Bourbon *mingle in the throng:*
Adam *ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign*
Of all thoſe ages, that their birth diſjoin.

One would think this poem was not printed, or that I was willing to ſave you the expence of buying it.—— You will read my letters for the future, on no days but *Sundays:* However, I am very modeſt, and your commands will eaſily ſilence

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I AM under an unhappy neceſſity, at preſent, of diſobeying your Ladyſhip's commands. However, I am reſolv'd to make a virtue of this neceſſity, and be as ſtoical as I can on the occaſion. In order to this attainment, I have been reflecting on the uncertainty of human ſatisfactions, and placing you among the vanities beneath the ſun, I have nicely ballanced the pleaſure and fatigue, that attend every earthly joy, and fortify'd my mind with many a wiſe maxim in proſe and verſe.

'Tis expectation only makes us bleſt,
Enjoyment diſappoints us at the beſt.

But

But as Monſieur *Paſcal* ſays, *L'example ne nous inſtruit point; il n'eſt jamais ſi parfaitement ſemblable, qu'il n'y ait quelque delicate difference; & c'eſt de cela que nous attendons que notre eſperance ne ſera deceu en cette occaſion, comme en l'autre. Ainſi le preſent ne nous ſatisfaiſant jamais, l'eſperance nous pire, & de malheur nous mene juſqu' a la mort, qui en eſt le comble eternel.* 'Tis certainly nothing but this imaginary difference, ſome delicate diſtinction, ſome untry'd circumſtance, that makes us repeat the ſame experiment, and tire ourſelves with a fairy chaſe till life comes to a period: and tho' you are at a great diſtance from this, 'tis time for me to grow wiſe, on paſt experience, and fairly to give up my hopes, without the fatigue of any further trial.

YOUR Ladyſhip will tell me (for I am reſolv'd to ſpeak for you, as well as myſelf) that I might have excus'd my diſobedience to your commands, without this tedious moral lecture on the ſubject.

BUT with all theſe fair pretences, I am afraid I ſhall hardly keep the character of a reaſonable creature. There is ſomething in your converſation ſo elegant, ſo agreeable, that it looks like ſtupidity, to loſe the opportunity of enjoying it: and I muſt own the hours were wing'd with pleaſure that I ſpent at———. But this is only humanely ſpeaking, and with regard to the preſent world; for I can't carry the compliment ſo far as to ſay it made me more fit for the next, that I found myſelf mortify'd to the love of tranſitory things, and better prepar'd to die, while I was with you. It had quite the contrary effect; I was never more attach'd to earthly objects, nor more unwilling to leave them. I found a perfect complacence for things below, and loſt my reliſh for ſuperior joys. I begun to be in love with this vain world, and was very much diſpos'd to take up my reſt in it. Your converſation had entirely reconcil'd me to

life,

life, and given me a taſte for its enjoyments; and I am hopeleſs of conquering my inclinations for theſe ſublunary things, till you are forgot by,

Madam,

Your, &c.

P. S. If I aſſure my Lord——, that one reaſon of my directing my letters to him, is, the pleaſure of writing his name; ſuch a well-bred excuſe will, I hope, obtain his Lordſhip's pardon.

LETTER XXV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I Must expreſs myſelf very aukwardly, if any thing I ſaid could bear the ſenſe your Ladyſhip has given it. My words had certainly no reſemblance to the intention of my thoughts, on that occaſion; nor were at all agreeable to the eſteem I have for ſuch ſuperior merit as yours. Your letters are the greateſt entertainment this world gives me; and this is, perhaps, the only ſatisfaction I could not quietly reſign. Your ſilence would make my life ſeem like a perfect blank, and as inſignificant as ſleep.

Religion ought indeed to give the mind a greatneſs and equality in proſperous or unhappy events; but there are ſome inſtances, in which reaſon and philoſophy ſeem but empty names, when we come to try their force. I am afraid they would prove no more to me, if any unhappy accident ſhould rob me of the pleaſure and advantage of your letters; which have reflections in them ſo juſt, that

that they always give me a rational and elegant delight.

I MUST ſay ſomething about going to ——: I have no arguments againſt it, that relate to this world; and I intend to talk no more of the next, for fear you ſhould think me quite out of my wits: only I will tell you, that I ſhall be glad to ſee Mrs. ——, if ſhe comes; and will ſhow her the church and the meeting-houſe, and all the rarities of this fine town.

RUMOURS of wars do not much terrify me; I have ſuch a partial opinion of the *Engliſh*, that I can't but fancy they muſt ſtill be victorious, whatever wars they engage in.

I CANNOT help writing on this paper, for I ſent to *London* for larger; but they have confin'd me juſt to theſe limits, however flowing my invention ſhould happen to be.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

IT would be impudence in me to complain, unleſs my own innocence could better juſtify my reproaches; but I am ſo much greater a ſufferer by your ſilence, than your Ladyſhip can poſſibly be by mine, that my remonſtrance would not be altogether unjuſt.

I HAVE not, indeed, vanity enough to think, that nothing could have kept you from writing to me, but loſing the uſe of your hands; yet I am ſo diſintereſted, that I had rather any reaſon ſhould

keep you ſilent, than the want of health; and if you will but oblige me with the favour of telling me you are alive and happy, I ſhall aſk no more.

INDEED 'tis ſo long ſince I heard from you, that I begin to fancy you never had any but a poetical exiſtence; that my happineſs has been all a romantic ſcene of my own forming: Perhaps I have been only entertain'd with ſome pleaſing dream, and amuſing myſelf with a glittering fallacy; or elſe, between ſleeping and waking, a fairy viſion has ſmil'd on me, and then for ever vaniſh'd from my view.

YOU find I have put you into the claſs of dreams and ſhadows. If you don't write, and do yourſelf juſtice, I ſhall ſtill doubt whether you are a charming reality, or only the gay production of my own imagination. I long to know whether you are ſomething or nothing, that I may either be ſilent, or addreſs you according to your dignity.

I AM glad my Lord—— commends the *Critical Hiſtory of England*; the two firſt volumes are very entertaining, and I am poſitive you would like them. If I had children or grandchildren, nephews or nieces, they ſhould read them. I don't love hiſtory at all, I aſſure you; but theſe books are fit for all good Chriſtians, that love their country, and wiſh the happineſs and liberty of mankind.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

Madam,

COWLEY's essays must be entertaining to your Ladyship, if they are new to you. They will acquire new graces to me from your approbation, and when I read those essays again, it will be with double pleasure.

You are so good a judge of what is graceful and proper in the conduct of life, that you seduce me into an assent to your reasons for young people's frequenting Plays; but the same reasons, from any other person, would not have convinc'd me half so easily, after what Mr. *Law* has wrote with so much wit and piety on the subject. But in the view of the world and a public life, 'tis hardly possible to persuade one's self to be singular; and perhaps it might have an ill effect, and would dress up virtue in too rigid a figure.

I LOVE music to excess, and yet I can't help thinking it a perfect farce for reasonable creatures to make such serious quarrels for mere trifles, and seem more concern'd for the entertainments of the stage, than for the joys of paradise.

IT would be vanity in me to make an excuse for my short letters; my long ones need it much more.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I HOPE you think me dead, as I certainly ought to be in my own defence, ſince that would be an unanſwerable excuſe for my ſilence: Not but that I ſhall have things of greater conſequence to impart to you from the immaterial world, and I am perſuaded ſhall keep my inclinations of converſing with you unchang'd. If I retain the ſenſe of any paſt pleaſures, it will be the ſatisfaction that ſome of your reflections have given me; and at preſent I can't fancy a more agreeable entertainment, than the pleaſure of informing that juſt and noble curioſity, that you ſo often expreſs concerning a future ſtate.

I READ Mr. *Watts*'s ſermons with ſincere delight, but I did not commend them to you, for fear you ſhould think me more partial to the Diſſenters than I really am.

'TIS an eaſy tranſition from thoſe ſermons to Mr. *Rolli*'s ſongs, which are exceeding fine. This is a very good paraphraſe on St. *Paul* to the *Corinthians:*

Beviam, o Dori, godiam, che il giorno
Preſto e al ritorno, preſto al partir.
Di giovinezza godiamo il fiore,
Poi l'ultim' ore laſciam venir.

Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. 1 *Cor.* chap. xv. ver. 32. I have ſet down the verſe and chapter, becauſe Mr. *Rolli* may not know where to borrow a Concordance, and I am in hopes he will read the whole chapter, it will do him no manner of harm.

I SHALL

I SHALL exactly obey my Lord —— in returning the paper he has ſent, in letters to your Ladyſhip, on condition I may indulge my talent of impertinence, and not be ſtrictly confin'd to write common ſenſe.

IF there are fairies, (as I am not ſuch an infidel as to deny) they are certainly very happy beings, and poſſeſs'd of a great many privileges which unhappy mortals want: If you could convey yourſelf in a letter, I ſhould receive it with great tranſport; for my impatience to ſee you is much greater and more juſt than yours can be. But this world has no unmingled happineſs; and I'll endeavour, with as much tranquility as I can, to wait till death draws the curtain, and unfolds the ſcenes of immortal pleaſure.

HERE you will diſmiſs me, and give me leave to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To the ſame.

THE news of the King's death has given my thoughts a very ſerious turn. 'Tis impoſſible not to be affected with ſuch a melancholy inſtance of the vanity of all human joys.

Illuſtrious ſhadow! where are thy deſigns?
Thy glorious proſpects and heroic ſchemes?
Thou and thy thoughts, in one unhappy day,
Together periſh, and are ſeen no more.
The promis'd bleſſings, the unbounded hopes
Thy virtues gave, for ever diſappear.

THE deaths of monarchs ſpeak a thouſand ſolemn truths, and are the moſt pathetic lectures of mortality; yet ſtill the living are inſenſible of theſe ſacred *Memento*'s, and go on in the ſame vain purſuits. Grandeur and pleaſure appear in the ſame enchanting forms; till death diſſolves the ſpell, and puts the ſovereign and the ſlave on a level. All diſtinctions are then loſt, but thoſe which virtue gives; and thoſe muſt be great to ſuch as have been benefactors to mankind, and a nation's glory and protection.— But theſe grave reflections ought to give place to the public joy, in which I know you ſincerely ſhare, and juſtly deſerve to be long an ornament in the court of a Queen, who is the pride and pleaſure of a great and happy people.

WHAT a dialect am I got into? this is talking out of character, and wandering from my rural ſimplicity. The ſylvan ſcenes are much more ſuited to my taſte and language: Where, amidſt all the tumults of the world, I find repoſe in an inglorious ſolitude, which at once indulges the indolence of my temper, and gives me leiſure to reflect on the vanity of human life.

To your Ladyſhip's great conſolation, I have but juſt room enough to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I AM very fond of politics, when writ in ſuch ſoft and gentle language as yours. You have inſpir'd me with a public ſpirit, and charm'd me

ſo

so much with your description of the King and his Parliament, that I wish you were to attend her Majesty to the house on all important debates. My Lord——'s address and eloquence could not exceed the beauty of your relation.

I AM exceedingly touch'd with these fine lines of Mr. *Pitt*, on the late King.

So well he lov'd the public liberty,
His mercy set the private captive free.
Soon as our royal angel came in view,
The prisons burst, the starting hinges flew;
The dungeons open'd, and resign'd their prey
To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day:
The chains drop off, the grateful captives rear
Their hands unmanacled in praise and pray'r.
Had thus victorious Cæsar *sought to please,*
And rul'd the vanquish'd world with arts like these;
The gen'rous Brutus *had not scorn'd to bend,*
But sunk the rigid patriot in the friend;
And Cato *reconcil'd, had ne'er disdain'd*
To live a subject, where a Brunswic *reign'd.*

HOWEVER libertine principles would degrade human nature, I find there is such a thing as disinterested friendship, and a sincere concern for another's happiness, remote from any hopes of personal advantage or reputation: But this is a height of benevolence, which only religion can inspire; and without that, all the specious names of honour and beneficence are mere mockery, and insolent flights of vanity. My concern for you is perhaps the stamp of heaven on my soul, since it chiefly regards your future felicity. Whatever other change death may make on my mind, this disposition must rise to a more generous height in the regions of

perfect amity and bliss. I often please myself with the thought, that departed spirits supply the place of guardian angels to their friends; that they delight to follow them in their solitary walks, and watch their nightly slumbers, and make impressions on their sleeping fancy, to warn them of approaching dangers. 'Tis not unlikely, that the tempests of human passions are sometimes compos'd by the soft inspiring whispers of those propitious beings, while the seats of joy have open'd their glories in visionary scenes to their sleeping imagination.

One would think I were got into some golden dream, and fancy'd myself in paradise. I find some occasion to ask myself, whether I am awake or asleep, dead or alive? among the number of mortals, or departed spirits?—Whatever I am else, 'tis with great certainty that I subscribe myself

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

To the same.

Madam,

YOUR letter is but short, yet it discovers the anxiety of your mind. I hope my Lord——'s illness is not dangerous, and that your Ladyship's concern is only the effect of a tender mother's affection. However it is, virtue in distress touches the mind in its softest springs; and 'tis impossible for me to express how much I sympathize with you in this affliction. But how fruitless and vain are the good wishes of mortals to one another! The most beneficent disposition cannot relieve us in the least distress; all created things disappoint our expectations,

pectations, and vaniſh into nothing: 'tis all demonſtration then, that the world is vanity; every exigence of life proves it, without a dull chain of reaſoning.

'Tis Heav'n alone can then ſupport the ſoul,
And bear it up in all its native greatneſs;
Dependent only on that mighty pow'r
That fix'd the earth, that ſet the ſeas their bounds,
And bid the ſun in all its glory riſe.

PEOPLE may talk at this rate very much at their eaſe.—While I am writing, I am ſure you think in a much better manner; but 'tis a pleaſure ſometimes to inform people of what they knew before.

O purſue,
Purſue, the ſacred dictates of your ſoul,
Which lead you on to virtue! Let not danger,
Nor the encumb'ring world make faint your purpoſe;
Aſſiſting angels ſhall conduct your ſteps,
Bring you to bliſs, and crown your end with peace.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOUR illneſs will defend you now from my complaints of the ſhortneſs of your letter; I am more concern'd for the cauſe, than for any thing I muſt neceſſarily ſuffer by the effect. I have plac'd too great a part of my happineſs in converſing this way

way with your Ladyſhip; and am now almoſt convinc'd, that an abſolute indifference and freedom from all the agreeable enjoyments that amuſe the mind, is the neareſt way to the reſt it purſues. The height of friendſhip, as well as the exceſs of love, is always reſtleſs and uneaſy; ſome ſort of diffidence mingles with the moſt flattering imaginations we have.

I WRITE, but am never pleas'd with any circumſtance in my letters, beſides their ſincerity; and that betrays me into a freedom and negligence in my expreſſions, which I am ſure a temper ſo artleſs and generous as yours will excuſe; while you always appear to my thoughts with every advantage that virtue or nature can give. If there are words of ſacred importance, they are thoſe of unaffected truth and friendſhip, and to theſe my ſoul pays a homage ſo religious, that no conſideration could tempt me to be guilty of diſguiſe.

YOUR Ladyſhip's diſorder gives me many penſive moments, but I hope your next will bring me the news of your perfect recovery.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I HAVE waited for the letter you promis'd me with great impatience; but whether you write or not, you find I am reſolv'd to moleſt your—— repoſe, I was going to ſay, but I believe I may recal that ſoft word for one of a more vexatious meaning, and flatter myſelf, that I only interrupt a ſort of magnificent hurry, in which your Ladyſhip is engag'd.

I CAN'T

I CAN'T perſuade myſelf to impute your long ſilence to inclination; but have invented a hundred other accidents that have depriv'd me of the pleaſure of your Ladyſhip's letters. So rooted a thing is vanity in human nature! and indeed it is one great privilege of our being, and makes us as well ſatisfy'd with ſome pleaſing fiction as the moſt real happineſs. For my part, I am always eaſy, as long as I can perſuade myſelf not to call in queſtion my own merit; which, however imaginary, leaves me in perfect tranquility, till a fit of modeſty raiſes ſome doubts and ſcruples to interrupt my felicity.

MY brother begs you to accept a volume of lives compos'd by Mr. *Rowe*. I believe I am not partial in ſaying, there never was a better judge of the beauties of the *Engliſh* language, and of the graces of human life, than Mr. *Rowe*; and as they were publiſh'd at the importunity of two or three of the author's friends, who are perſons of great wit and learning, I don't queſtion they will paſs for finiſh'd eſſays.

THE character of *Selima* in the *Travels of Cyrus* charms me. I fancy, if you was in the ſame circumſtances, you would have acted with a ſpirit as heroic.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOUR good-nature, I am ſure, would not ſuffer you to be ſilent ſo long, but for ſome real or imagin'd offence that I have given you. I cannot

cannot recollect what, becauſe I forget my letters as ſoon as they are ſeal'd; but certainly, Lady——, I could as ſoon deſign an injury to my own ſoul, as to you. I confeſs, I have the guilt of too many idle and unguarded words to anſwer for to Heaven; but I appeal to you, if ever you knew me make an envious or an ill-natur'd reflection on any perſon upon earth, or deſcend to any thing of artifice or diſguiſe in all my conduct. In what interval of madneſs, what moment of folly and darkneſs, could I ſay any thing diſobliging to you? I muſt be lunatic, and under the influence of ſome very fantaſtic planet; an error muſt be involuntary, that was ſo contrary to the diſpoſition of my mind, and quite the reverſe to my ſettled inclinations. If I did not know how perfectly innocent I am of the leaſt intention to diſoblige you, Madam, I ſhould never forgive myſelf for acting ſo contrary to the rules of juſtice and gratitude. Beſides your own merit, which, without any other motive, would ſecure my admiration and eſteem, you have added to this a thouſand obligations for the advantages of your converſation, which command my higheſt gratitude. Theſe motives, I hope, would govern me, if I was a mere Pagan, and unacquainted with the ſacred rules of the Chriſtian religion.

Were fields of light, and bleſt ethereal plains,
The gay conceits of viſionary brains;
Were there no palms, nor ſtarry crowns prepar'd
The glorious toil of virtue to reward.

If there was no future recompence for virtue, nor puniſhment for vice, there is ſomething in my nature that would keep me from ingratitude and breach of friendſhip. My eſteem for you has been as ſincere as my love of virtue and happineſs, and will be ſo till I meet you in the happy realms of peace and

and perfect beneficence; till then, we shall never be free from error and mistakes.

We always dream, the life of man's a dream,
In which fresh tumults agitate his breast;
Till the kind hand of death unlocks the chain,
Which clogg'd the noble and aspiring soul,
And then we truly wake.

This may perhaps be all the effect of the spleen and a gloomy turn of thought: I wish it may; but I am so capable of every sort of folly and inadvertency, that I have reason to suspect myself rather than you. Whatever is the cause of your silence, I am, with the greatest sincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

To the same.

Madam,

YOU will find, by my last letter, how much uneasiness your silence gave me. However, it will serve for an apology for all my future impertinences.

Mrs.—— has pleas'd me, by letting me know, that you made one of the best figures, for person and dress, at the coronation. But, ye vain grandeurs and fantastic amusements, how little satisfaction can you give? If you, Madam, are not happy, where are the boasts of greatness and pleasure?

Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where, but in shades remote from human kind.

In

In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.

Ld LANDSDOWN.

MR. *Ramſey*'s *Life of Cyrus* will be perfectly entertaining to me; I have never ſeen it, and am impatient to read it; for it has been recommended to me by a very good judge; but I prefer your taſte to every body's elſe, and ſhall read it with great partiality.

I WISH your Ladyſhip had the privilege of being in two places at the ſame time, that you might enjoy your unenvy'd country delights, and ſhine in a court that will perhaps be the glory of the *Britiſh* hiſtory, till the ſun ſhall meaſure days and months no more. And yet to live for the public is but glorious miſery. What exalted mortal, in the laſt hour of life, would not reſign all the advantages of greatneſs and power, for a few moments of leiſure and obſcurity? when nature in her extremeſt agonies

Starts at the awful proſpect of the deep,
Still fears t'explore the dark and unknown way,
Still backward ſhrinks, and meditates delay,
Spins out the time, and lingers in debate,
Diſpleas'd to try an uexperienc'd ſtate.

I AM (it being a-propos you will think)

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To the same.

Madam,

YOU need not be asham'd to own you are alive; 'tis a joy to the world, and the most agreeable news your Ladyship could have told me; it heightens my enjoyment of the charming solitude thro' which Mr. *Thomson*'s muse leads the thoughts with a just and reasonable delight.

THERE is a sort of noble melancholy that the mind loves to indulge; and, amidst some of the greatest gaieties, we are conscious that we came into the world for some more important end than to laugh. Not that I can pretend 'tis a crime to laugh, to you that have been so frequent a witness of my disposition to it; but certainly mirth ought to be the effect of chance and surprize, and not of deliberation and design. Farce and burlesque appear to me an indignity to human nature, when propos'd as an entertainment for reasonable and immortal beings, who are in suspence and absolutely uncertain, whether their future destiny will be the extreme of happiness or misery.——It is well for you, Madam, that I am interrupted, or you would have thought me at defiance with singing and laughing.

ANY thing of your Ladyship's drawing I shall highly value, and I am extremely pleas'd that you are extending the limits of your happiness; for nothing can more sincerely amuse the mind than imitating the scenes of nature.

When from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to the sight;
The blooming spring appears at your command,
And smiling nature waits upon your hand.

'TIS

'Tis no matter whether they are the ſtone-trees that you rally me for, or the four-footed birds, 'tis the propriety that gives the pleaſure. I ſhall finiſh Lady——'s fan very ſoon: I employ my pencil for her with uncommon delight.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

THE formality of waſting paper, and beginning at the bottom of the page, is a very good expedient for a dull invention; and in no other caſe am I ſlave to ceremony, nor in that always; for I have no great averſion to nonſenſe, unleſs when I am writing to your Ladyſhip; and then, tho' I have a thouſand things to ſay, the language of mortal men does not ſeem expreſſive of my thoughts.

I HAVE been reading *Harry the fifth* in *Shakeſpear*, which gives the moſt ſolemn image in the world of the end of human greatneſs. Death ſeems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miſeries of human life, but into courts and the ſeats of grandeur with inſult and terror. To languiſh under a gilded canopy, to expire on ſoft and downy pillows, and give up the ghoſt in ſtate, has a more gloomy aſpect, than at the call of nature to expire on a graſſy turf, and reſign the breathleſs clay back to its proper element. What does a crowd of friends or flatterers ſignify in that important hour to the moſt glorious mortal? which of his numerous attendants would ſtand the arreſt of death, deſcend into the ſilent priſon of the grave for

for him, or answer the summons of the supreme tribunal? You'll forgive me, Madam, for dwelling so long on this mortifying subject; if these things were mere fictions, I should be glad never to mention nor think of them.

I HAVE finish'd a fan for Mrs.———, with Lady———'s picture in it, as exact as I could remember her charming face; but the wit and elegance in it no pencil can describe.

I AM, by a thousand obligations,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the same.

Madam,

BOTH your letters found me a miserable mortal, to my great mortification; for I should be glad to commence a higher order of beings, that I might converse with your Ladyship more on a level.

I HAVE read Dr. *Burnet*'s description of the *Millennium* with so much pleasure, that I am not surpriz'd such a subject should give you so many agreeable images, and be more entertaining to a temper like yours, than either vanity or scandal; the last, the politest conversation on earth cannot make tolerable.

I HAVE read the * letters your Ladyship recommended to me, and like them, without exception, on your approbation; that motive would tempt me to wish I had writ them, if I had the least ambition of being an author. But I need not justify

* *Friendship in Death.*

myſelf ſo ſeriouſly on this ſubject. The reading of the fourteenth, I confeſs, put me in mind of dear Lady ——.

LADY —— has very much oblig'd me by the ſight of thoſe fine verſes on a lady. The view of ſuch a character gives the mind a great delight, in ſhewing to what an height of perfection mortals can riſe; the mere poſſibility of ſuch virtue pleaſes, becauſe it is ſtill human, and may be imitated.

YOUR opinion does neceſſarily govern me, when I know it, and I am partial or prejudic'd, not from any affected complaiſance, but from a real aſcendant you have over my judgment; but in this caſe I give my own opinion, I muſt own I like the *Provok'd Husband*; there ſeems to me to be nature, wit and good morals in it, and I can't but hope you like it. *Shakeſpear*'s Play I have not ſeen. What is become of Mr. *Rolli* and *Milton?* I hope he has found the book that was loſt; 'tis pity his nation ſhould be robb'd of ſuch a noble tranſlation.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

IF you will not let me write to you, I am reſolv'd to write to my Lord——, and Lady ——. I know, by my own heart, you will not be angry with me in earneſt; if you take ever ſo much pains to be ſo, you have ſo little malignity in your temper, and muſt be wicked with ſo much difficulty, that when you make the trial, you will deſpair of ſucceeding in the attempt. There will be peace betwixt

betwixt us in this world; on my ſide 'tis nature, 'tis neceſſity,

Come l'acqua ſcende, el fuoco———

And in the next world nothing will break the ſeries of an eternal amity. I ſhall then act in the perfection of my reaſon; but while I am a mortal, I ſhall certainly ſay and do a thouſand fooliſh things: 'Tis the privilege of human nature, and I ſhall inſiſt on my claim; my pretenſions are evident and indiſputable, and I am ſure you have not the conſcience to deſire me to be infallible, and free from miſtakes both of opinion and practice. But not any of my errors has given me ſo much uneaſineſs, as ſpeaking to you, in my laſt, in ſo artful a manner, and uſing any ſort of diſguiſe. It has put me more in the ſpleen than I thought any misfortune could have done; and I think (if I know myſelf) I would not be guilty of another equivocation, if I might gain the empire of the world by it. I owe this confeſſion to the rules of virtue and friendſhip. And now that my mind is at peace with itſelf, I find that nothing can eſcape the peneration of your genius. I confeſs it would have been a pleaſure to me to know your Ladyſhip's opinion, if you had not known the author; but I hope the reſt of the world will continue ignorant, except two or three who know my impertinent manner of thinking. However, I am pretty quiet, 'tis a harmleſs folly; and as all the events and characters are fiction, if it does nobody no good, it will do them no hurt: And I believe I ſhall content myſelf for the future with copying the vanities of my imagination for your peruſal; only I muſt warn you to beware of reading them when you are inclin'd to ſleep, for fear a mortal lethargy ſhould be the conſequence. Next time I write, I will copy ſomething for your Ladyſhip, but 'tis

pretty long, and not quite finiſh'd, and you had need be a little prepar'd for the heavy penance of reading any more of my works.

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I AM ſincerely griev'd that you had not my letter, to prevent your ſending for me. I dare not think of a journey in my preſent circumſtances. I have a weight on my ſpirits like death. My humour is not ſplenetic without ſome real cauſe; and I am not fit now to enjoy my friends, nor hardly myſelf, which is not a common accident to my temper. As I am now, if I ſhould ſee you ſo ill and languiſhing as when I was laſt at ——, nothing on earth could ſupport me in ſuch a melancholy ſcene. But I am at preſent detain'd, by expecting ſome relations of Mr. *Rowe*'s, who ſent me word, they would come and ſee me for a day or two; and I would always ſhew them the reſpect they merit.

I AM glad, for your ſake, that the library is got to ———; but for me, when I am capable of enjoying any thing, your converſation has charms enough to entertain

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

To the same.

Madam,

THE woods and streams, and country scenes, to which you are retiring, will yield, to a temper like yours, more real delights than all the noisy pleasures of the town; and yet, if there was no superior happiness to be secur'd, I should think plays and opera's the height of human enjoyments. I can't be guilty of dissimulation, and pretend to an indifference for those entertainments, on any other view, but the hopes of something more noble and lasting, in exchange for present pleasures; otherwise the birds might sing, and the rivulets murmur at their leisure for me.

WHAT shall I say to express the remorse and confusion I am under at the knowledge of your disappointment? But really you have no loss by my absence; for I am so stupid, that not even your conversation could awake me into life and sense. I have no prejudice against myself, and therefore you may believe there is no injustice in this confession. But I have still some sense of morality left, and own myself under an obligation to wait on you; if in mere charity to yourself, you will not suspend my happiness till next spring. As I am not yet well, if I come now, I should not let any body in the house live at ease, till I am sent back again. As long as I have a whimsy in my head that I am mortal, I shall chuse to meet death in this humble retreat; where the universal terror seems to put on a gentler aspect, than in the view of greatness, and the amusements of life: The greatest fortitude and most serious disposition is little enough to support the soul in that important and solemn hour.

I TAKE all opportunities to enquire after your health, and am overjoy'd to hear that you are no longer in the leaſt danger of a conſumption, and that you are almoſt perfectly recovered. May all the joys that virtue can give attend you, and angels guide you in the paths to immortal bliſs.

I AM glad my Lord will ſoon return, for then all the world beſides will be inſignificant to you: 'Tis a diſtinction that is due to ſo much merit.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I AM tranſported at the thoughts of ſeeing your Ladyſhip here, tho' I believe it will prove but a golden dream. It would not be civil to offer you ſuch lodgings as mine; but I can command very good rooms at a private houſe; unleſs you chuſe mine, which are really not fit for you. I hope you will ſtay more than a night, for *Longleate* is but two or three little miles off, nor Mrs.——'s; and I'll ramble any where with you, on condition I may be left here, to breathe my laſt in this perfect ſolitude. Heaven grant that grand period may look as unclouded near, as it does at a diſtance. O happy period!

O celeſtial point,
Which ends this mortal ſtory!

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

To the ſame.

IF you don't come in a very little while, there will be no laurels nor holly-oaks left in the country, for my waiting-gentlewoman has engroſs'd them all to adorn her chimneys: Nor will there be a handful of *balm* left in the town to make poſſets for the ſick, if your Ladyſhip defers your journey much longer. I like my own houſe for you better than any other, and if you can bear it, I ſhall be perfectly happy while you are in it. 'Tis but to forget that you are the Counteſs of———, and that will not rob you of one good quality; for if you liv'd in the woods, you might inſiſt on the rights of nature, and be ſovereign of the rural inhabitants, and reign unrivall'd on the plains.

YOUR promiſing not to plague me (as you call it) makes me half angry with you; 'tis the greateſt impropriety of language you can be guilty of, beſides the great injuſtice of ſuch a thought. I hope you will live to repent the criminal ſuppoſition. Your company will give me unmingled joy, nor will it be poſſible for you to put me into the leaſt hurry, if you will but give orders what you will have to eat and drink; for I don't expect you ſhould live ſuch a celeſtial life, as to be nouriſh'd with the pure ether. But I hope your Ladyſhip will confine your luxury to the common food of mortals; it would be an unreaſonable caprice here to take it into your head to banquet like the immortals on *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. But if your Ladyſhip will diſpenſe with the want of theſe niceties, and content yourſelf with earthly viands, you will highly oblige me by writing your own bill of fare every morning. I muſt own, without affectation,

I could as ſoon compoſe a new almanack for the year 1729, as perform ſuch a laborious taſk.

I HAVE hir'd all the children in the neighbourhood neither to cry nor hollow while you are here; but if 'tis neceſſary for them to utter ſome audible ſound, and lift up their voices, I have deſir'd it may be only in ſinging, which I hope will be as moral, tho' not ſo melodious an entertainment, as the *Beggar's Opera*. I know you will forgive my impertinent averſion to that performance, and the ill-manners of contradicting the approbation of the public.

How happy ſhall I be, if you like my houſe! Here are two chambers for your Ladyſhip, and a * chapel for Mrs. ——; of which ſhe ſhall have the keys in her poſſeſſion, and where ſhe may retire when ſhe will for her contemplations. Only there are no bells, nor organs, but there is a cupola and arch'd windows; and perhaps her meditations may not always require a place of more ſanctity. The room I have allotted for your Ladyſhip has been truly conſecrated by my father's devotions. One would think I told you this, that you might not fright yourſelf with the thoughts of ghoſts and evil-ſpirits. Perhaps the ſame angels may guard you there, that waited to conduct the dying ſaint to paradiſe: Never was the laſt part of life acted with greater fortitude. I can't help copying theſe fine lines ſent me by Mr. *Grove*.

Here death I ſaw, not that wan, ghaſtly ſhade,
By guilt and melancholy fancy made,
Of aſpect ſtern, deform'd all o'er, and blind;
But gentle, ſoft, beneficent and kind.
Down by his ſide a golden quiver hung,
Full was the quiver, nor his bow unſtrung.

* The Meeting-houſe.

A ſilver

A ſilver ſhaft he choſe ('twas tipt with love;)
Here's to the man, he ſaid, moſt dear to Jove.
Then twang'd his bow, away the pointed dart
Flew ſwift as thought, and pierc'd the fav'rite's heart;
A ſudden night involv'd his cloſing eyes,
And the glad ſoul diſmiſs'd, ſought out her kindred ſkies.
NOT diſtant far I ſaw a lonely cave,
The paſſage ſteep and gloomy, call'd the grave;
Diſmal it ſeem'd, but after ſhort deſcent,
Open'd into a plain of vaſt extent;
Where happy minds, from clay unfetter'd, rove,
Verdant the fields beneath, the skies ſerene above;
No ſummer's drought, nor wintry cold are there,
No lazy miſts to clog the purer air.
Broad ſtreams of bliſs from living ſprings ſupply'd,
With ſmooth, majeſtic currents gently glide.
Along the ſhore angelic forms are ſeen,
And hymns divine are heard ——
YE bliſsful ſeats, &c.

I MUST deſcend; how I got here I cannot tell. My excurſions to the skies are always ſhort, and ſomewhat unnatural; and, as you can witneſs, I have a great ſympathy for my native element the duſt, and can breathe in theſe groſs regions without the leaſt difficulty; and as long as I live in hopes of ſeeing your Ladyſhip, I have ſome peculiar engagements to the world.

IF you don't like this houſe, before you favour me with another viſit, I will certainly go to one that I am ſure you will like. But I beg you to let me know when I may expect the happineſs: It would be more complaiſant, perhaps, to ſay honour, but I am inſenſible to that; 'tis pleaſure, that enchanting thing, which is my view, when I think of converſing

converſing with you, I would not thank the Counteſs of——— for the honour of a viſit; the airy ſound would have no charms for me on ſuch an occaſion.

I AM making a book, inſtead of writing a letter. I have not room to ſubſcribe in any form; ceremony muſt yield to neceſſity. *Finis.*

LETTER XLIV.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Sept.* 7. 1728.

I HAVE at preſent a ſet of thoughts not to be expreſs'd in the common language of mortals; but ſince I am yet a ſtranger to the figures of celeſtial eloquence, I muſt content myſelf with vulgar forms, and return my thanks for your viſit, in terms very inferior to the ſenſe I have of the vaſt obligation.

Ineffable the reſt,
And by immortal tongues alone to be expreſt.

The height of good-humour and ſparkling wit, that appear'd in your converſation the whole time of your ſtay here, charm'd me beyond every thing elſe; but has given me ſuch a diſguſt for whatever comes in my way, that I am juſt ready to quarrel with every body I meet for not looking and ſpeaking like you. I am grown ſo unreaſonable as to have an averſion to human creatures, for mere impoſſibilities. The reflection on a pleaſure paſt, your Ladyſhip will find, has a very different effect on my imagination, from what the hopes of a ſatisfaction to come had. I am now as ſplenetic to find

find the pleaſure for ever gone, as I was gay in the view of it when future.

Mrs.——— has left a handkerchief here, which ſhall be ſafely return'd. I wiſh ſhe had left her heart, tho' it would have been an argument ſhe had loſt her wits. I am ſo much govern'd by my own intereſt, that I ſhould rejoice at any thing which would be a motive to bring her here again.

I HAVE with many arguments prevail'd on Mrs.——— to have ſome charity for *David*, tho' he was guilty of the great immorality of laughing to himſelf, on ſuch a ſerious exigence, as the being reduc'd to toaſt cheeſe with the fire-ſhovel; which I find is the only crime he was ever guilty of.

WHEN ſhall I recover my indolence and indifference to earthly enjoyments? Really, Madam, I find it neceſſary to my peace and tranquility to forget you as ſoon as I can, which I fear all my pious endeavours will not be able to complete.

Be this vain world in ev'ry form forgot!

This is but a ſort of imaginary triumph; for ſtill I find myſelf engag'd beyond the common formality of ſubſcribing myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER. XLV.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Sept.* 16. 1728.

HOW many obligations have I to you for your laſt pacquet; without flattery theſe lines may be apply'd to you,

——— *Diffuſing*

———*Diffuſing life around,*
The light of glad ſociety; and teach
Love, innocence and joy to mix again,
As in the days of Eden.

You are Mrs.———'s everlaſting theme, ſhe remembers every ſentence: Every word that eſcap'd your lips is treaſur'd ſafely in her memory, and is as authentic with her as Mr. *Dod*'s ſayings. She has repeated them ſo often to her brother and ſiſter, that they have them by heart. She had no notion, ſhe owns, of beauty and elegance before, but now ſhe thinks with pleaſure of what perfection human nature is capable.

I CONFESS I expected this place would have put you paſt redreſs into the ſpleen. I was moſt agreeably diſappointed to find that you crown'd the too fleeting moments with wit and innocent mirth, the whole time of your ſtay; and I ſhall ever recal the happy hours with pleaſure.

IN imitation of your Ladyſhip's benignity, that would give ſatisfaction to the meaneſt of human kind; I have rejoic'd Mrs.—— with the intelligence of Colonel——.

I AM, by a thouſand engagements,

Your, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

'TIS an age ſince I heard from you, and I begin to queſtion whether my paſt happineſs has been real or a dream, and if there is any ſuch agreeable

agreeable perſon as Lady——— in being, or that I have only entertain'd myſelf with a ſort of fairy viſion. With you every thing elſe ſeems to vaniſh into a ſtate of doubt and uncertainty. 'Tis not impoſſible that the world may be ſtill inhabited by human creatures; but to me it ſeems a perfect ſolitude, and I begin to fancy myſelf the ſole poſſeſſor of the earthly globe: Only the misfortune is, 'tis of no uſe to me; this ſnowy weather prevents me from travelling to view the extent of my vaſt dominions. But, dear Lady———, if you are in any corner of the univerſe, let me know it; 'twill be a real joy to me, tho' I ſhould quit half my ſhare both of ſea and land to your poſſeſſion.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I MUST begin with what moſt concerns me, which is your want of health. I have the moſt exquiſite ſenſe of any affliction of that kind that reaches you. You would not be confin'd to the doctor's hands for a trifle. I have ſeen your temper in violent pain, and I think no perſon has more fortitude and calmneſs of mind in thoſe occaſions; ſo that I ſhall not be perfectly eaſy, till I hear you are recover'd.

I AM much better qualify'd to write a religious diary than an epiſtle to a perſon of your Ladyſhip's wit and diſtinction. My ſcene of action is my own chamber, and all the uſe I have of human ſpeech is talking to myſelf. This weather ſeems

to

to confine every body to an enchanted circle, juſt where they are they muſt content themſelves to ſtay. However, I am very well ſatisfy'd, as long as I hear of your welfare, and I am no further inquiſitive, whether the world is aſleep or awake, at reſt or in agitation.

If I don't write a diary, and, with *Du Bartas*,

——*Sing myſelf my civil wars within.*

However, 'tis a practice that I can't but approve in other people: But, for myſelf, the daily recital of my own follies would be an inſupportable mortification. And yet a time will come when I muſt ſtand a ſeverer judge than my own conſcience. Sometimes, for want of greater novelties, I read the *Map of Man* in this author. 'Tis a perfect picture of human nature, and the general caprice of mankind.

If I'm merry, I'm mad,
Say the ſevere; if I'm ſad,
The merry griggs me mopiſh call.
Is't poſſible for any man
At once to pleaſe, do what he can,
God, himſelf, the world and all?

The two firſt, however, are more eaſily pleas'd than the laſt; and 'tis not of much conſequence, if heaven and conſcience give their approbation, tho' the world ſhould diſſent, and make a different judgment.

You could not more oblige me, Madam, than by putting a ſubſcription for me to Mr. *Thomſon*'s poems, which I hope will meet, as they deſerve, great encouragement.

You may command me to copy my impertinences of any kind in proſe or verſe. I never conceal any of my follies from you, but when I am doubtful

ful whether you will excuſe them; and when I am afraid you cannot, I had rather half the world beſides ſhould know them: But when my vanity prevails, and makes me ſecure of pleaſing your taſte, I am impatient to ſend you my productions with the greateſt parade and oſtentation. Whatever I can hope will be to my advantage, I will never make a ſecret.

I HAVE ſent you a perfect miſcellany; and to conclude, I wiſh my Lord—— and your Ladyſhip many happy new years.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I SHOULD pity your Ladyſhip, but that it looks like a ſort of inſolence, in the ſplendor of your circumſtances, to imagine that you are an object of compaſſion. If it would not look like unpardonable vanity, I ſhould expreſs a world of good nature and tenderneſs for you on this occaſion; but I believe you will adviſe me, ſince I have a mind to cry, and am ſo charitably diſpos'd, to find a more proper ſubject for my grief and commiſeration. If Lady——— and Lord—— are in town with you, there is the leſs need of my pity, for they are innocent and reaſonable delight.

I BEG you to let nobody read the * enclos'd but Mrs.——. It is writ in imitation of ſomething of this kind, which I read in manuſcript, wrote by one who died very young, and with great joy and

* See *Devout Exerciſes of the Heart*, p. 25.

ſatisfaction;

satisfaction; which probably was from the sense of having in this solemn manner renew'd the sacred engagements made for her in baptism. No motive in the world, but that sincere and tender concern I have for your happiness, could have prevail'd with me to send it; but when I consider what an advantage it has been to my own resolutions, I could not in conscience but let you see it. Oh! may you stand unterrify'd, when the pillars of the earth shall tremble, and the mountains melt before the face of the Almighty Judge. I shall not resign my concern for you, but when I give up my life, nor I think then neither. My friendship is not divided, and that makes all my hopes and fears about mortal things centre in you.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To the same.

Madam,

IT would be unreasonable to expect any part of your Ladyship's attention till the triumphs of the birth-day are past. I love show and magnificence, I confess; but I have a much greater pleasure in hearing the just reflections of a mind form'd like yours, on those splendid tumults. In the midst of them, I fancy, you are always at leisure, and perfectly disengag'd in your thoughts. If I can guess at your temper, it is free from the worst of plagues, ambition; that, attended with envy and restless suspicion, must make a court life a state of unmingled misery. But, as you are as truly great as you can be, this must keep your mind in such a superior and easy situation.

THE ſtory of *Lavinia* is told with a natural and becoming eaſe; but I read it in a very ill humour, becauſe you had not writ a line with it. If your Ladyſhip had but taken the pains to put Lady ——'s and Lord ——'s name in the empty ſpace, it would have given me ſome delight, and I ſhould not have been reduc'd to fold up the paper, and read my name and place of abode on the ſuperſcription, as I did over and over, in order, firſt, to ſatisfy myſelf that you were alive; and ſecondly, that the auguſt aſſembly met in parliament had not made it treaſon for women to ſpell *Engliſh*, and write in a legible character. After I had made theſe rational inferences, I aſſum'd my native peace and tranquility again, and live in hopes of further confirmation of theſe great truths.

I am, &c.

LETTER L.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I HOPE this letter will find your Ladyſhip ſafely return'd to ———, and in the full enjoyment of thoſe natural and guiltleſs delights that Lady ——'s wit and Lord ——'s innocence muſt give you.

MILTON's morning hymn to the Creator muſt be a noble entertainment to a mind form'd like yours: I almoſt hear the harmony of it in Mrs. ——'s beautiful deſcription of that performance.

I HAVE been reading the laſt chapter of *Eccleſiaſtes*, with many a melancholy pauſe on the ſtrength and juſtneſs of thoſe figures that deſcribe the decay

of nature; till I came to the close, where the dust returned to the earth, and the spirit to its great Original: here the scene brighten'd, and the reverse to so many gloomy memorials was all unclouded and serene. The face of nature looks now so wild and wintry, that 'tis a relief to the mind to think itself but a passenger thro' such dreary and inhospitable regions. As Mr. *Watts* says,

Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a glimm'ring ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

THE *Verses to a Friend* have given me a very agreeable image of a peaceful life, and as charming a scene of death.

Calm and resign'd to some thick shade retire,
And on a grassy turf in peace expire.

Such a death is like falling into a gentle sleep, and has nothing terrible in its approach. May the pious supplication you have enclos'd ascend like incense from an angel's hand, and bring back every blessing on your head.

IT must be a joy to the public to have Prince *Frederic* here; 'tis a sort of confirmation of the nation's present happiness, and a presage of their future tranquility.

NEVER was any thing more sprightly than your last letter, only you have turn'd the raillery most unjustly on yourself; a crime I should never have forgiven in any other person in the world.

I am, &c.

LETTER LI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

MY Lord—'s diſgrace is a new inſtance of the vanity of human dependance. I could make ſome wiſe remarks on the advantage of an obſcure and inferior ſtation; if a contempt of greatneſs did not look like mere affectation: and it is often really ſo, in perſons of an inferior rank; and yet 'tis in the humble cottage that peace ſeems to make her ſacred abode.

Not boundleſs pow'r, nor watchful guards that wait
In glitt'ring pomp around the palace gate,
Nor antichambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's uneaſy tumults ever ſtill'd.

I THINK the fable, by the archbiſhop of *Cambray*, of the old Queen and *Petronella*, the moſt entertaining and moral thing of that nature I ever read; only I was angry with the country laſs, for not having more wit, till ſhe had made the experiment.

WITH every advantage of nature join'd to greatneſs, you ſeem almoſt tir'd of being a counteſs. If it would not be an injuſtice to my Lord ———, I ſhould certainly wiſh you an humble cottager, with no cares nor joys, but what your fleecy charge and country holidays afforded. I ſhould ſincerely wiſh ſuch a metamorphoſis, but that I muſt ſink your hero from his dignity; and perhaps Lord —— would not eaſily accommodate himſelf to make garlands and paſtorals, being much better qualify'd to adorn a court.

This trifling is not ſincere; for really I am in a very ſober and grave diſpoſition, and had much rather talk of the next world than of this. You are not more tir'd of viſiting-days and aſſemblies, than I am of breathing and ſleeping. I could wiſh myſelf got ſafe beyond the thick darkneſs; but there nature ſtarts, a thouſand fantaſtic horrors guard the gloomy paſſage; and yet 'tis inevitable, and muſt be paſs'd. What ecſtaſy muſt break in upon the ſoul, the firſt moment it finds itſelf got ſecure from all thoſe threatning terrors? when death and hell for ever vanquiſh'd, ſhall leave it in the quiet poſſeſſion of immortal joys? But ſtill the grand event is undetermin'd, and a diſmal uncertainty clouds theſe gaudy hopes. If theſe bright expectations ſhould fail, and the ſoul be doom'd to wander for ever on ſome dark unhappy ſhore, baniſh'd for infinite ages from the ſeats of light and joy.—This doubt often ſinks my ſpirits, and makes me long to have the important affair decided. Your Ladyſhip will certainly think that I am tranſcribing ſome honeſt Diſſenter's ſermon for your edification; but I know you will pardon me when I tell you, I have no end in diſcovering my own concern, but to excite yours, who are equally intereſted in this ſubject. Heaven can witneſs, how ſincere my concern for your happineſs is; the leaſt part of it is expreſſed in ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER LII.

To the same.

Madam,

I RECEIV'D an agreeable, I can't say a long letter, from your Ladyship. Nothing can be more obliging than your invitation to *M*——, and you would pity me, if you could conceive how much I am distrest, at once to express my gratitude and unwillingness to leave this retreat. Compar'd to this, *M*—— is a theatre, a court, nations, and languages, the whole universe assembled together: and it seems more decent to spend the last part of life in privacy and retirement, than to intrude on the *Grand Monde* so unseasonably. I can't possibly flatter myself that time stands still, or that my sun runs backward. The world seems to be at an end to me, and the time is hastening, which will bring a pathetic evidence of the truth of that melancholy description in *Ecclesiastes*. *When the sun and the light, and the moon and the stars shall be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and those that look out of the windows be dark; when the daughters of music shall cease, and the grasshopper shall be a burthen; when the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain, and the mourners go about the streets.*

I AM as free of my quotations, as if your Ladyship had never learnt to read, or was forbid by some popish priest to look into the Bible.

I am, &c.

LETTER LIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOUR reproaches are but too juſt, nor dare I add to the guilt of violating my promiſe, that of defending myſelf by any falſe excuſes; but you would eaſily pardon me, if you knew the ſecret regret that this infamous conduct gives me. It will certainly prevent me from ever making a promiſe in the moſt common actions of life. But I am the only ſufferer in this, and my crime is my moſt ſevere and exquiſite puniſhment: Your Ladyſhip's converſation is a pleaſure that of all other human ſatisfactions I find the moſt unwillingneſs to reſign. Unleſs I can have this houſe entirely to myſelf, I believe I ſhall remove; and if I do, I may contrive to be near enough to enjoy the advantage of your ſociety, and ſecure my own freedom and retirement: But juſt at this inſtant being diſorder'd with frequent pains in my head, the cold and ſilent dwellings of the dead are the very ſeaſonable ſubject of my thoughts.

My charity is very large, and from this catholic ſpirit I have often canoniz'd ſome atheiſt or libertine for a great ſaint; but I am pleas'd to think I made an infallible judgment of Mr. ——'s merit and piety.

'Tis your Ladyſhip's talent to oblige people with the beſt grace in the world, you almoſt prevented my impatience for the pleaſure of reading Mr. *Thomſon*'s *Hymn on Solitude*, which is really fine. I fancy you have read a pamphlet call'd the *Tryal of the Witneſſes of our Saviour's Reſurrection*; they ſay it was wrote by my Lord Chancellor; whoever was

was the author, 'tis worthy of a man of ſenſe and piety.

I am, &c.

LETTER LIV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

THERE are not many things capable of giving me a moment's uneaſineſs; but your Ladyſhip has ſtill an entire aſcendant over my thoughts, and can raiſe my hopes and fears, juſt as you think fit. I could not have expected more from any enjoyment in human life, than I promis'd myſelf from your converſation; and if the ſtars have any thing to do with the diſappointment, I have much more reaſon than you to complain of their malignant influence. However, the unpleaſantneſs of the ſeaſon, and the hopes of ſeeing you in a more agreeable houſe in the ſpring, leſſen the affliction. Nothing but the natural lazineſs and inactivity of my temper, will keep me from removing, for 'tis at preſent my real intention. Why has deſtiny deſign'd you a Ducheſs, and given you accompliſhments to ſhine in a court? Had your lot confin'd you to ſome neighbouring plentiful farm, how happy had I been every ſummer evening to have croſs'd two or three flowery fields to viſit you, and have found you ſitting on ſome graſſy bank, making cowſlip-balls for your children, or gathering pionies in your garden, to dreſs up the ſpacious chimney in your hall! I will ſay no more, becauſe the impoſſibility of ſuch a happineſs does really torment me. Adieu, ye gentle ſcenes of innocence and peace; I muſt quit the viſionary bliſs for greatneſs and titles, and addreſs

myſelf to the Counteſs of——; who, I am afraid, will hardly pardon the ſtrange metamorphoſis I have been contriving.

Fancies and notions we purſue,
That ne'er had being but in thought;
And, like the Grecian *artiſt, woo*
The image we ourſelves have wrought.
PRIOR.

I CANNOT but truly ſympathize with your Ladyſhip in your anxiety for Lord——. I hope he will eſcape, by the protection of heaven, this worſt of human diſtempers *.

I am, &c.

* The Small-pox.

LETTER LV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I FIND, by a too guilty experience, that people in low life take an inſolent ſort of pleaſure in levelling their ſuperiors; but I muſt own, that ſince I have diveſted you of your titles and equipage, you are grown more intimate and familiar to my imagination, and my affection for you is heighten'd by converſing upon an equality with you. I have viſited your cleanly farm without any ceremony, and wander'd in the green paſtures ſtock'd with lowing herds and bleating flocks. Only your domeſtics are not quite ſo elegant as I could wiſh. Inſtead of ſuch nice romantic damſels as *Almeda*, I meet harmleſs, unthinking, round-fac'd laſſes; and for powder'd beaux in ſhining liveries, mimicking

opera

opera airs and ſongs, I meet *Colin* and *Lubberkin*, with ruſſet-coats and ſun-burnt faces, whiſtling ſome aukward tune, or roaring out a country ballad with voices as harſh as their fellow animals, which bellow on the mountains. However, to make you amends for this, every thing elſe is as elegant as the abode of ſome ſylvan Goddeſs; joy and feſtivity ſurround you, and nature pours out all her bleſſings for you. But to leave theſe viſionary ſcenes, I can't but in reality admire the agreeable innocence and regularity of your wiſhes: The height of your ſtation has not perverted your taſte for that guiltleſs happineſs, which nature in her perfection ſeems form'd to enjoy.

I CANNOT be unconcern'd for Lord——, while the ſmall-pox is ſo near you; all my hopes are plac'd in that heavenly guard, whom you have made your confidence.

Mrs.—— is now in town, where I hope your Ladyſhip will find her always entertaining and eaſy. Envy is not my favourite vice; if it were, I ſhould be as ſoon jealous of your favour, as of any thing on earth; but inſtead of that, I am pleas'd to find merit recommend itſelf to your eſteem in every appearance: and I really think Mrs.——'s good qualities will bear the ſtricteſt and moſt nice examination; and a long acquaintance with her, inſtead of diſcovering faults, reveals new virtues. If I remove, it will be ſeven or eight miles nearer you, to convince you that I am not going to conceal myſelf from you. I had a thouſand times rather enjoy your converſation in my own private retreat, than ſee you in ſuch a crowded ſtation as your own.

MAY the ſmiles of heaven brighten your paſſage thro' the gloomy tracts of life, and direct you in the unerring paths to immortal joy.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU have given me a very agreeable image of the gardens at *Kenſington*; but your Ladyſhip muſt have a perfect command of your temper, to turn your thoughts to the planetary regions, amidſt thoſe charming retreats, and all the ſoft amuſements of a court; where, to my great ſatisfaction, I find you can think as ſeriouſly, as if you were in a deſart. I wiſh your Ladyſhip would tranſcribe ſome of your midnight reflections; when

A thouſand lamps of golden light
Hung high in vaulted azure charm the ſight.

Dr. WATTS.

I HAVE guilt enough, heaven knows, to humble me, but I may ſafely aſſert that I have hardly ever in my life broke a promiſe deliberately; and I beg your Ladyſhip would now prevent my guilt, for if you do not inſiſt on the engagement, I am ſtill free and innocent. If I was twenty years younger, and could ſhare in the amuſements of ſociety with a good grace, I would attend you till you were inclin'd in charity to yourſelf to diſmiſs me; but you would not adviſe me to ramble till I was blind enough to knock my head againſt every thing that ſtood in my way, nor till I was ſo deaf as not to hear without a ſpeaking-trumpet. Your Ladyſhip, I am ſure, has too ſincere a value for the decency of my character, to adviſe me to intrude on the world till I carry

In my face
Memento mori *to each public place*;

While

While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his ſpade the ſexton marks the ground.

Dr. YOUNG.

I AM a hundred years older than when I ſaw you laſt.

Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new,
And yearly ſome are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace; by nature ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of fortune ſweep away;
Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and ſhelter in a ſhroud.

Dr. YOUNG.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LVII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

IT would be a great happineſs to be either inſenſible or independent on human events; to be too ſtupid, or too wiſe, to be concern'd at the bright or gloomy accidents of life. If I had but ſagacity enough to be ſatisfy'd that whether you are ſick or in health, the ſtars will keep on their round, nature obſerve its harmony, and the ſun bring back the day, it might reſtore the compoſure of my thoughts; but in the height of my concern, I have not wit enough to reaſon ſo well as this. Sometimes I endeavour to perſuade myſelf that you

you are in heaven; but in my fits of infidelity, that does not give me the leaſt conſolation, and I am ſo wicked as to wiſh you groveling on the earth among wretched mortals again. At preſent I know not where to find, nor where to place your Ladyſhip to my full ſatisfaction, and perhaps leſs to your own: For I am not ſure you will thank me for ſending you to the ſkies ſo early, and before you find any reaſon to be weary of this world.

THE Ducheſs of——'s dying at—— ſeem'd to be a melancholy circumſtance, which ſeldom happens to people in a low rank; to be in the hurry of a journey, amidſt the agonies of death, had ſomething diſmal in it. I have not time to tranſcribe the ſermon I told Mrs.——I would ſend your Ladyſhip, and you may not be quite ſo impatient for it, as you would be for a new tragedy.

FOR fear you ſhould not have ſpirits enough to read a long, and which is worſe, a dull letter, I will ſubſcribe

Your, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOUR Ladyſhip's letter has freed me from the moſt racking ſuſpence, and given an alacrity to my mind, like eaſe after pain; and how agreeable an alteration that is, you are very ſenſible, by your recovery from your late tormenting diſorder. But while my Lord continues ill, I find you will not enjoy the bleſſing of your own eaſe; nor is it poſſible to blame a concern ſo juſt and grateful: and yet the height of human pity cannot give

give a moment's relief in pain, that moſt intolerable of mortal evils. But tho' the power of an empire could not exempt the greateſt of mankind from this one calamity, I may with a very good grace wiſh your Ladyſhip many happy new years, as you are the delight and admiration of the public. If I thank you for your good wiſhes of this ſort, 'tis in mere ceremony; for I ſhould intreat you to reverſe your prayers, if I were prepar'd for that important moment, that muſt decide that grand uncertainty, whether I ſhall be miſerable or happy for ever. Could that doubt be fully reſolv'd on this ſide the fatal darkneſs and gloomy paſſage of death; were all the proſpect bright and unclouded thro' the horrid vale;

I then ſhould cloſe my weary eyes in peace,
And ſtretch compos'd upon my duſty bed.
O Death! thy ſilent and refreſhing ſhade
Would yield a long, an unmoleſted reſt
From all the fruitleſs toils and vanity
That dwell below the ſun.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LIX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

THE new diſtemper is at preſent very fatal in this town, and my own ſervant is ill in it; which has put me into a more ſerious temper than uſual. I would fain meet death, whenever it comes, without any hurry and ſurprize. The greateſt pleaſure I take, while I am in this temper, is write-

ing

ing a ſolemn farewel to my friends. I have been looking over one letter, I kept by me, to your Ladyſhip, and am now going to burn it, and write another, as I expect that I ſhall quit the toil of life long before you.

And may ſome gentle ſpirit have command,
To waft my ſoul to the celeſtial land;
Where I fair Delia's *coming will attend,*
Till freed from earth ſhe thither ſhall aſcend.

I am not at all in the ſpleen, but it is not reaſonable for me to expect an exemption from a general diſorder. As to this world, I have as much to do as will employ me two or three hours, and then I am even with all mankind, in point of human juſtice. I have no reſtitution to make, nor the leaſt known injury to repair; and I verily believe there is not an ill-gotten penny deſcended to me from my humble but pious anceſtors. I lay a much greater ſtreſs on this part of religion, that regards mankind, than I do on any height of devotion, as neceſſary as I think it to reconcile the mind to death.

You will pardon me, Madam, the familiarity I have us'd in running into a ſubject ſo particularly my own concern; it was not in the leaſt my deſign, but there is a pleaſure in talking freely to one in whom I ſo entirely confide.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

MR. *Rolli*'s *Milton* is a charming amuſement for the quiet and ſolitary hours I enjoy. My Lord—— has highly oblig'd me, by giving me an entertainment ſo perfectly agreeable. I would not decide with the vanity of a critic; but to me there appears all *Milton*'s beauty and ſpirit, with the moſt exact tranſlation in the world.

YOUR Ladyſhip's laſt letter charm'd me ſo much, that I got every word of it in my memory. I hope the powers of darkneſs will never be able, with all their policy, to draw you to their party, for then their allurements will be reſiſtleſs. I would rather think your arguments oppoſite to their intereſt, and that you would perſuade me from an inſignificant life, that has nothing in view but a private ſelfiſh happineſs. Mr. *Thomſon* has furniſh'd me with ſome of the moſt agreeable lines in the world to expreſs my thoughts:

I want to be alone, to find ſome ſhade,
Some ſolitary gloom; there to ſhake off
This weight of life, this tumult of mankind;
And there to liſten to the gentle voice,
The ſigh of peace.——

'Tis a noble * tragedy; I can't help preferring it to Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Cato*. The language and ſentiments have all a peculiar grandeur. The following lines give me a very good opinion of the author.

* *Sophonisba.*

Ye myſterious pow'rs,
Whoſe ways are ever gracious, ever juſt,
As ye think wiſeſt, beſt, diſpoſe of me.
But whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,
The ſteady ſmiling ſoul, where wiſdom ſheds
Eternal wiſdom, and eternal joy.

In reading this, a ſort of divine contentment ſpreads on the mind; I ſeem to want nothing but to be wiſer and better; of which you will think there is evident neceſſity.

I AM beyond expreſſion oblig'd to your Ladyſhip for the offer of the pretty peaceful apartment, ſo ſuited to my taſte; and your neighbourhood is what I ſhould prefer to all earthly enjoyments: But ſtill ——*I want to be alone*,——tho' not for ſuch meditations as *Maſſiniſſa*'s. The limits of life are very ſhort, and I ſeem to have nothing to do but to take a decent farewel of human things. As for the common pretence people have for haunting public places as long as they can ſtand, that of doing good; I can't in my conſcience make any ſuch pretence, nor can I be poſitive 'tis ever my deſign. I ſhould think it a very romantic attempt to reform the world. 'Tis hardly poſſible in the decline of life to act an applauded and exemplary part. Virtue then, tho' ever ſo real and unaffected, looks like neceſſity, rather than choice: People ſeem reduc'd to goodneſs, and to fly to religion as a retreat.

I WANT to be interrupted, like *Sancho*, I can't reaſon long without ſome convenient pauſe and intermiſſion; which will be at preſent as ſeaſonable for your Ladyſhip, as for

Your, &c.

LETTER LXI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU have reaſon to be thankful for this little interval of quiet and leiſure, which I have ſuffer'd you to enjoy amidſt your country amuſements; but as

Sooner or later all things have an end,

the period of my ſilence and your Ladyſhip's tranquility is expir'd; and if I ſhould not moleſt you, the preparations for a birth-night will ſoon require your attention to the pomps and vanities of the world; unleſs you can bring yourſelf to be as compos'd and devout amidſt the magnificence and gallantry of a drawing-room, as Dr. *Watts*, in his height of charity, imagines. However, he has done your Ladyſhip but juſtice, in admiring your conduct, while you can move and ſhine

On this enchanted ſpot of treach'rous ground,
Nor give your virtue, nor your fame a wound.

BUT I have a concern of a different nature that lies at my heart for you. This enlighten'd age is bleſt with ſo many *Beau* apoſtles and polite miſſionaries, that I am in ſome pain for fear you ſhould be converted to Heatheniſm. 'Tis ſo modiſh a thing to turn Pagan, that we have need of all the fortitude Chriſtianity can inſpire, to own a ſinking, tho' in reality a glorious cauſe. May the heavenly powers preſerve you from this grand apoſtaſy! I have a concern ſo ſincere and ardent for your immortal intereſt, that I cannot command my tears, while I think it poſſible you ſhould be perverted

from the paths of ſacred truth.——I muſt make a viſit to your farm to divert the gloom of my imagination; and never were the ſcenes of innocence and peace more charmingly deſcrib'd than in your letter.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOUR laſt letter, tho' too ſhort, gave me an unſpeakable ſatisfaction, at a time when very few things in the world could have given me the leaſt pleaſure: For I have had ſome ſhort fits of this univerſal diſtemper; and want of health, without a chain of reaſoning, is a clear demonſtration of the vanity of mortal enjoyments. The only circumſtance in your Ladyſhip's letter that gave me ſome uneaſineſs, was your illneſs; but as you ſeem'd to think it a ſlight diſorder, I hope you are by this time in perfect health.

I AM overjoy'd to find I had no reaſon to ſuſpect you of infidelity. You would forgive my impertinent ſuſpicions, if I could make you ſenſible, how ſincere my concern for your happineſs is: Indeed it is not equal to the importance of the event, in which immortality is concern'd; nor is it poſſible, in this gloomy ſtate of things, to have apprehenſions ſuitable to the grandeur of the ſubject.

I AM reading ——'s hiſtory with great ſatisfaction. I know your Ladyſhip will pity my ſtupidity, that can read a hiſtory in folio. I had once the ſame ſprightly taſte, to deſpiſe every thing that had the air of plain unartful truth and probability; but

but now it is much more agreeable to me than the gayeſt fiction.

MRS.—— is charm'd with Lady—— and Lord ——; yet how uncertain are human expectations! Her telling of the death of Lady——'s little boy gave me ſome uneaſy thoughts.

'TIS well for you that I am not quite eaſy: if I was, you might not be ſo ſoon free from the impertinence of

Your, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I CANNOT excuſe, tho' I ſtill find a great propenſity to indulge myſelf in what you call a criminal tranquility; but I am ſo fond of your good opinion, that I ſhould be content to have my vices paſs for virtues with you, and would fain have you believe this averſion to ceremony and dependance rather proceeds from greatneſs of mind, than from pride: Nor am I leſs inclin'd to impoſe on you than on myſelf; for whom I ſeldom want partiality, and never fail in the exerciſe of the moſt extenſive charity. And yet I have too much ſincerity to perſuade you that 'tis rather my duty than my happineſs that I conſult by this retreat from the public; and if I ſhould confeſs that an abſolute freedom from all the formalities and cuſtoms of the world is a part of my felicity, you would think I have a very odd notion of happineſs, and will certainly adviſe me to regulate ſuch a licentious and irregular diſpoſition; and not to fancy that to wake or ſleep, to ſit or ſtand, to laugh or cry at my own leiſure, is a point of liberty worth ſtruggling for.

I KNOW not what orderly and governable inclinations ſome people have acquir'd; but to me it ſeems a vaſt privilege, to be ruſtic or polite, wiſe or impertinent, without being cenſur'd, or accountable to my fellow-mortals. But this may perhaps be ſoothing myſelf in a guilty indolence; for people are not ſent into the world as idle ſpectators, to wake and ſleep, and ſtare at the vain ſhow for a few years, and then to make their exit.

YOU find, Madam, I have not the vanity to pretend to a devout retirement, nor affect any recluſe notions of religion; my thoughts of that are juſt the reverſe, and all eaſy and ſociable.

I HAVE form'd many a viſionary plan of coming nearer to——, and appearing, and retiring, juſt as your Ladyſhip's commands, or my own caprice ſhould direct; but ſomething or other has ſtill fruſtrated my attempts, while I have been moſt ſincere in my deſigns, and entertain'd myſelf with a thouſand agreeable ſcenes in the view of ſuch an happineſs. By my deliberation, you will think I fancy myſelf juſt coming into the world, ſince I can find leiſure to form ſchemes of diſtant felicity, and purſue them as ſlowly as if I had an hundred years leaſe of life before me. 'Tis juſt the contrary; my negligence ariſes from the narrow limits in which human life appears to my view; which ſeems ſo confin'd, that 'tis hardly worth while for mortals to change the ſcene and vary the action.

Swift as the ſun revolves the day,
We haſten to the dead.

Dr. WATTS.

I HAVE been reading the life of the Counteſs of *Warwick* with great pleaſure, and the more becauſe ſome beautiful parts of her character reſembled yours. May the laſt part of your life (however

ever diſtant) be as glorious! Tho' it is not very modiſh to pray, perhaps it may not be altogether unneceſſary; and in aſking bleſſings for you, my devotions are moſt unaffected and ſincere.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

THIS wintry weather has ſpoil'd all my projects, and confin'd all my views of happineſs to the ſolitary limits of a clean room and a clear fire. I find I muſt ſuſpend the hopes of ſeeing your Ladyſhip to ſome diſtant and unknown futurity; which, whether ever it will arrive, is beyond the ken of mortals. If it ſhould not, 'tis but having a little patience, and we ſhall meet, I hope, where the height of virtuous friendſhip and every other joy will be complete: Till then I could quietly ſit down in ſome verdant ſhade, and wait the ſummons to happier worlds: Heaven bleſs you! if I never ſee you in this again. But the pleaſure of converſing with you is not a ſatisfaction I can reſign with half the coolneſs and moderation that you have repreſented. Your Ladyſhip has indeed ſpoke for me with much more wit and eloquence than I could ever command; but if I had made a ſpeech for myſelf, it would have been very different, and much more agreeable to the real ſentiments of my heart.

You are not more delighted with a country farm, than I am with an old parſonage-houſe, in a little village, where I was lately a few hours; ſo

ſituated to my content, that I ſeem'd to want nothing but your reflections and ſociety, to form a complete happineſs. A large garden and orchard, half modern and half antiquated, long codling-hedges, old-faſhion'd bowers, elms and apple-trees, green-ſquares and maple-buſhes, all in the moſt gay and agreeable confuſion imaginable: Theſe ſcenes infinitely charm'd me; and, with the unaffected piety and politeneſs of the family, gave me an exceeding favourable opinion of their principles, and a ſort of ſuſpicion of my own. ——If I had made the tour of *France*, and ſeen the gardens of *Verſailles*, it would have been excuſable to have been ſo communicative of my ſatisfactions; but to trouble your Ladyſhip with the deſcription of old monaſteries and box-hedges is ſomewhat impertinent I confeſs.

YOUR Ladyſhip will, I hope, be half aſleep, when you read my letter, for, at ſecond reading, I perceive ſome inconſiſtencies in it; but writing nonſenſe is not a very humbling circumſtance to me, becauſe it is the effect of neceſſity rather than choice. All I can do in this caſe is to caſt myſelf on the charity of my gentle and candid readers, which has been my conſtant refuge in many diſtreſſes of this nature.

I HAVE been entertain'd with ſome very beautiful remarks on the expreſſion us'd in the ſacred writings, of the Patriarchs dying and being gathered to their people. It has reconcil'd me to aſſemblies, by giving me ſuch a grand idea of that auguſt and ſparkling aſſembly, to which the ſpirits of the juſt have been gather'd ſince the firſt ages of the world. As little as I love crowds, I am exceedingly pleas'd with the thoughts of that numberleſs concourſe of the great immortals, join'd together to paſs an endleſs duration, in an immenſe variety of joy and complete felicity.

While

While they rove
For ever thro' new regions of delight;
Where pleaſure leads her everlaſting train,
Beauty and youth, in all the roſy bloom
Of charms immortal and unfading life.

THE muſe deſcends, and in dull proſe

I am, &c.

LETTER LXV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

IT gives me a ſincere pleaſure to hear that your Ladyſhip got ſafe to———, and found Lady —— well, and Lord —— recovering. I ſtaid till the middle of the next week after you left the *Bath*, in which time I ſpent a few hours agreeably with my Lady——; who brings back to my remembrance one of the moſt amiable characters I ever knew, and which gratitude will never ſuffer me to forget.

I SHOULD be miſerable if my mind was always in that impertinent ſituation, that I find it amidſt the noiſe and amuſements of this world; a train of inconſiſtent images, a ſucceſſion of chimera's run thro' my imagination, without the leaſt propriety or order. I could compare my head to nothing but the caſe of a *Raree-ſhow*; and if the figures had been viſible, I might have entertain'd the mob with the ridiculous pageantry. How ſuperior to thoſe vanities are the ſatisfactions of reaſon and virtue! If religion is a cheat, let me be ſtill deceiv'd; let me indulge the gay deluſion, and recre-

ate my ſoul with the tranſporting expectation. Stand forth, ye glorious phantoms, and entertain my attention in all your viſionary ſplendors! Let me be well deceiv'd, and at leaſt be happy till death ſhall put a period to the pleaſing dream. Were the Chriſtian heaven as fabulous as the poets *Elyſium*, I would meet the height of human cenſure and contempt, rather than be undeceiv'd and cur'd of the charming delirium. But the preſent pleaſures of virtue are to me a full demonſtration how bright its future reward muſt be.

YOUR Ladyſhip has highly oblig'd me by wiſhing me among the angels; the moment I am fit for that ſociety, let me reſign my breath, and join the illuſtrious aſſembly. But if the prayers of departed ſaints can prevail, you ſhall not ſtay long behind me. Conſider there are ſilver trumpets as well as golden harps to entertain you.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU will think me very blind to my own follies, if I tell your Ladyſhip, that I have an averſion to be impertinent and troubleſome, and that I never am ſo without great caution and diffidence of myſelf; but 'tis an experienc'd truth, and I feel a ſecret anxiety, leſt this letter ſhould moleſt you in ſome moments of tranquility, when you would fain be at reſt from any interruption. And this is the third vexation I have given you ſince I heard from you; but Mrs.——'s account of your illneſs has given me many uneaſy thoughts.

No

No advantages can ſecure from diſeaſe and death; the laſt account I heard of Lady *Scudamore* was very melancholy; but ſhe muſt be happy, be the event what it will. I am in great pain for Lord—— ſince I heard the ſmall-pox is ſo very mortal, and I wiſh this letter may find you in the country.

In my dull way I have been diverting myſelf with copying one of the prints of *Albanus*; but 'tis no matter what I have been doing, nor do I ſuppoſe you are much concern'd to know. However, I long to hear what you have been doing or thinking; for I begin to fear you have only an imaginary being, and are but ſome ſparkling idea, which in the flight of a poetical fancy I have been delighted with.

I had writ ſo far in my letter, when your Ladyſhip's came with the ſad tidings of Lady *Scudamore*'s death: All that allays the gloomy event is the certainty of her happineſs. But, to the public, there is no reparation for ſuch a loſs (when you are excepted.) But 'tis not long before her virtuous friends will again enjoy her ſociety; while her favour'd lot has call'd her firſt to the ſeats of peace and full felicity.

I should be extremely griev'd, if I thought your Ladyſhip's retirement from public places was the effect of want of health or ſpirits: 'Tis a pleaſure to me to believe, that it is only owing to good ſenſe, and a juſt opinion of human life.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

'TIS a pleaſure to me, to hear your Ladyſhip complain of a hurry, and to find you are not ſatisfy'd with that thoughtleſs unmeaning ſort of happineſs. Leiſure and freedom are certainly the principal ingredients of human felicity; and while you want theſe, I ſhould certainly beſtow my compaſſion on you, if it would not look like inſolence, within the obſcure limits of a ſolitary chamber, to pity the Counteſs of———. But your Ladyſhip will excuſe me, when I own, it is only with regard to the next world, that I ſee any diſadvantage in your ſtation; and yet every difficulty gives a ſplendor to your example, and makes the victory more glorious.

THE verſes following were writ by a man of good ſenſe, who ſince he wrote them is gone to make the important diſcovery in the inviſible world.

Hark! my gay friend, that ſolemn toll
Speaks the departure of a ſoul;
'Tis gone——that's all we know; but where,
Or how th'unbody'd ſoul does fare,

In that myſterious world, God knows,
And God alone, to whom it goes;
To whom departed ſouls return,
To know their doom, to ſhine, or burn.

Ah! by what glimm'ring light we view
The unknown world we're haſt'ning to:

Heav'n

Heav'n has lock'd out the future age,
And planted darkneſs round the ſtage.

This hour perhaps our friend is well,
Death-ſtruck the next, cries out, Farewel,
I die! And then, for ought we ſee,
Ceaſes at once to breathe and be.

Then launch'd from life's ambiguous ſhore,
Ingulph'd in death appears no more;
T'immerge where unſeen ghoſts repair,
In diſtant worlds, we know not where.

Spirits fly ſwift; perhaps 'tis gone
A thouſand leagues beyond the ſun,
Or twice ten thouſand more twice told;
Ere the forſaken clay is cold.

And yet who knows, the friends we lov'd,
They may not be ſo far remov'd;
Only the veil of fleſh between,
May oft glide by us tho' unſeen.

While we (their loſs lamenting) ſay
They're out of hearing, far away;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU have juſt reaſon to think my ſilence a greater bleſſing than my letters. I am afraid this is really the caſe, and that your Ladyſhip rejoices at this interval of tranquility I have given you. However, as I have in ſo abſtract and diſintereſted a manner conſulted your quiet, after this long pauſe, I hope you will indulge me in purſuing my own happineſs; which, however ſelfiſh the motive, I muſt own is my preſent deſign. I am impatient to know whether you are in a humour for this world, or the next. 'Tis not envy that makes me wiſh this may not be your reſting-place, but pure chriſtian charity. If you were exempt from thoſe clouds, that ſometimes caſt a ſhadow upon all human bliſs, ſuch a ſerene ſtate might be fatal to your future hope.

NOTHING but mere dullneſs and want of invention has kept me from writing another epiſtle to Lady ———. There is no conquering inſuperable difficulties, nor ſtriving againſt nature and neceſſity.

LET me beg the favour of your Ladyſhip to write in a little time. My practiſe is no rule for you; if I give myſelf a full diſpenſation from the rules and forms of this world, 'tis becauſe I think I am going to another ſett of beings, and muſt ſhortly practiſe cuſtoms and manners different from the ceremonies of mortals: But youth and ſprightly years are ſtill before you, and the world will not yet give you an abſolution from its rules and precepts. However, you may command Mrs.——— to let me know you are alive, if ſhe has not made

a vow

a vow never to write to me again. The hearing from you will be a ſincere pleaſure to

Your, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I HOPE, tho' your health has ſome little interruptions, your life will long be a joy to your friends, and a peculiar bleſſing to your own family.

If I ſhould be ſo unhappy as not to return juſt ſuch an anſwer as you would have me, 'tis becauſe I can't help it. Human actions are not always voluntary; however we boaſt of choice and freedom, ſome inviſible powers put obſtacles in our way, and prevent the moſt promiſing deſigns. I find it by experience, and am now under the influence of a ſort of fatal neceſſity, which makes it abſolutely impoſſible for me to wait on your Ladyſhip at this time: But I ſincerely believe I ſhall be in *London*, ſome time after *Chriſtmas*; and then, if you have any leiſure moments, or I any ſprightly ones, next to Heaven, they ſhall be at your command; which will be much better than teizing you with my company from the riſing to the ſetting ſun,

From morn to noon, from noon to dewy night.

If this appointment fails, 'tis my preſent real deſign to wait on you in the ſpring; but at this time I hope you will excuſe me, becauſe it will be a prodigious inconveniency, if not abſolutely impoſſible for me to come now.

You have all the ſweetneſs of temper that ever any human being could boaſt, and that gives me the

the assurance even at this juncture, to beg of your Ladyship to send me something or other that I have not seen. I can't tell whether you have seen these verses, which were sent me by the author, Mr. *Birch*. I fancy they will please you.

You have a better opinion of me than I deserve. I have not wrote any pious meditations of late. The warmth of devotion, perhaps, as well as other passions, declines with life; but I hope the calm, the reasonable and solid part of religion still will be improv'd. Whatever changes there are in my mind, my friendship for you is an equal and immortal flame, and will outlive the ceremony of subscribing myself

Your, &c.

On the DEATH *of a beloved Wife.*

Written by her Husband on her Coffin.

WHILE pining anguish, wild despair,
Increase my pangs, prolong my care;
Depriv'd of all my soul held dear,
Enchanting joy and love sincere;
While round the gloomy scene's display'd,
And death still deepens ev'ry shade;
Sad, silent, dark, the pomp of woe!
Shall sorrow's eye forbear to flow?
Flow still, ye tears! ye sighs, complain!
——But sighs and tears alike are vain!
SEE there all pale and dead she lies!
For ever flow, my streaming eyes!
Fly, *Hymen*, with extinguish'd fires!
Fly nuptial bliss, and chaste desires!
Cleora's fled, the loveliest mind;
Faith, sweetness, wit, together join'd.

——— Dwelt

——Dwelt faith, and wit, and ſweetneſs here?
O view the change, and drop a tear!
Once in theſe eyes each grace was ſeen,
And love and mildneſs ſhone ſerene:
Once ſoft perſuaſion tun'd her tongue,
As truth ſincere, and ſweet as ſong:
Once this cold hand could touch the lyre
And ev'ry tender thought inſpire:
Now ſinking to its parent clay,
All chang'd the body ſeems to ſay,
Thus life, a ſhadow, fleets away!
O WHISPER ſtill, thou voice divine!
Thine be the lore, attention mine.
And while this awful object lies
Expos'd before my weeping eyes,
Teach me ſome genius from on high,
Like her to live, like her to die;
To emulate the paths ſhe trod,
All humane, gen'rous, great and good!
Like her the rage of death to charm,
And ev'ry ſting of pain diſarm:
Riſe as ſhe roſe, a ſpotleſs ſoul,
Who aim'd at joys beyond the pole;
And raptur'd on the verge of day,
Smil'd to behold the ſhining way.
BUT, hark! the ſadly-ſolemn bell
Sullenly ſounds my laſt farewel.
Lo! round the corſe the plaintive throng
Slow-moving, ſilent ſtalk along.
The torch that lends its mournful light,
The myſtic pray'r, the fun'ral rite,
The weeping friend, th'expecting ground.
The ſilent horror all around,

Have

Have tempted *Sorrow* from her cave,
And now ſhe hovers o'er the grave;
Now ſinks our hearts, impearls our eyes,
And bids a gen'ral groan ariſe;
Exclaims that man was doom'd to mourn,
And ſits in pomp to guard the urn.
'Tis done! —— O ever dear, adieu!
Each tender name is loſt in you.
Adieu, thou once kind, lovely fair!
Soft ſpring of joy, relief from care!
O reſt! may love, with ev'ry Grace,
And ev'ry Virtue, guard the place!
While me receives the lonely bed,
Sad, proſtrate, ſilent as the dead!
Reſtleſs I preſs the well-known place,
And vainly ſeek the dear embrace;
While ſlow and drear the minutes roll,
And anguiſh racks my inmoſt ſoul.
——But ſee! what heav'nly pow'r ſerene
Darts gently thro' the gloomy ſcene?
'Tis ſhe! ingliding from above;
The ſame her form, the ſame her love.
Weep'st thou, my deareſt? weep no more!
Tho' tranſient ſcenes of life are o'er:
New worlds now open to my view;
Bliſs, knowledge, virtue, boundleſs, true;
Where ſouls with ſocial raptures glow,
While ſin and vengeance reign below.
Hence nightly I, thy guardian pow'r,
For ever conſcious of the hour
That join'd our hearts, deſcend to keep
My deareſt charge; to watch thy ſleep,

Hint

Hint ſofter dreams; to chaſe away
Black error's miſt, and bright diſplay
The form of virtue to thy ſight;
Dart o'er thy ſoul a ſtronger light;
In reaſon's voice to whiſper ſtill;
To purer bliſs direct thy will;
A beamy cloud around you throw,
And viewleſs guide you as you go.
Lo! (few ſhort moments roll'd between)
I preſent change the darkſome ſcene;
Diſpel the awful ſhades of death,
And gently eaſe your parting breath;
Glad hail you to the realms above,
Dear, bleſt, immortal as our love!
Thus while we leave thy lifeleſs clay,
To ſome bright orb thy ſoul convey,
Where virtue, truth, and pleaſure join,
And raptur'd ſay —— This ſeat be thine!
Here knowledge great as ſouls can know,
Shall purge the errors learn'd below;
Enlarge thy pow'rs, improve thy ſight,
And ſhew thee truth in native light.
See there yon happy ſhades employ
Their hours in bliſs and ſocial joy;
High-rais'd on virtue's eagle wing,
The patriots act, the poets ſing;
With purer fires the lovers glow,
Than youth or ſenſe inſpire below.
Here join we then the kindred race,
That ſprings to meet our ſoft embrace;
Or in ſome ſweet ſequeſter'd grove
Mix flame with flame, and love with love.

Hence wing'd with thought excurſive fly.
From orb to orb, and range the ſky,
View wiſdom, pow'r, and goodneſs ſhine
Thro' nature's frame; their ſource divine.
—O call theſe ſcenes to thy relief,
Bright future ſcenes! and calm thy grief:
Live happy; nouriſh ſtill the love,
That bleſt on earth, and joins our ſouls above.
She ſpake, ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe ſoar'd away;
While comfort glanc'd a healing ray.

Aug. 3. 1729.

LETTER LXX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

THIS is not my farewel-letter; nor can you hope for that, till I take my leave of the ſun and ſtars. My friendſhip will follow you till then, nor expire with that period; 'tis commenc'd for immortality, and is abſtract from all human motives or intereſt. Nor really, Lady ——, am I ſo much to blame as I appear; for I had not your laſt letter till after mine was gone by the poſt. It was beſt that it happen'd ſo; for I was taken ſo violently ill, two or three days after, in the new ſort of diſtemper, that you would not have thought I had a week to live, and I am hardly now recovered. You can't be angry, without doing violence to the benignity of your own temper. Conſider, if I have a boaſt, a joy on earth, 'tis your good opinion. I hope I have not been guilty of a breach of promiſe,

in

in not waiting on you, becauſe I am ſo careful never to promiſe any thing abſolutely. Let me beg you to write, if 'tis nothing but to inſult me with my ill deſerts, and your own ſuperior merit; which ſhall be moſt readily acknowledg'd by

Your, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Nov.* 26. 1731.

'TIS your eaſe rather than mine own, that I have conſulted in this long ſilence: But in ſpight of moral ſpeculations, I find a great part of my happineſs depends on your Ladyſhip's welfare and good opinion; and when I don't hear from you, I grow anxious for you, or diffident of myſelf.

YOUR deſcription of the Duke of *Lorain* is too beautiful to be read with mere inſenſibility: However, 'tis only in ſome moments of vanity that grandeur and equipage charm me; for if I know myſelf, I ſhould certainly chuſe that peaceful retired life, which heaven in great indulgence has determin'd for me. But I am not loſt in ſuch a dead calm, as to be indifferent to all the ſhining characters in the *Grand Monde*; for it would extremely oblige me, if your Ladyſhip would ſometimes mention your acquaintance with Lady ——— and Lord ———; of whoſe merit I ſhould certainly be ſenſible, if they had neither titles nor quality, and liv'd at the next country farm.

I SINCERELY intended to be at *Hampſtead* this winter; but now the fatigue appears nearer, I find myſelf as likely to make a pilgrimage to *Loretto*, as take a journey to *London*.

'TIS too late, or I would write to Mrs. ——; her laſt letter gives me real uneaſineſs. I muſt have been guilty of ſome fantaſtical preciſeneſs, that ſhe miſunderſtands; for my ſoul ſtands clear of malignity, or deſign'd injury. But this is the world of errors and miſtakes; which will be all ſet at rights in the regions of purer illumination.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

WHETHER I ſpeak or am ſilent, my ſentiments for you are full of good-will and benignity; of this Heaven is a conſtant witneſs, who ſees my ſecret and moſt retir'd wiſhes for your happineſs. The friendſhip ſuch merit as yours inſpires, muſt be ſuperior to common forms and ceremony, and govern'd only by its own noble dictates. I muſt confeſs, that I ſometimes accuſe myſelf of a too negligent ſincerity; but this your Ladyſhip may eaſily excuſe, when you conſider I have made you perſonate a rural nymph ſo long, that I have almoſt forgot you are the much happier Counteſs of ——. That advantage is indeed your Ladyſhip's, as well as Lord ——'s; for whom I am ſincerely afflicted to hear he has had ſo ſevere a fit of the gout: But if any thing could eaſe ſuch anguiſh, it muſt be the tender and unaffected humanity

humanity your actions expreſs. But I muſt confeſs, when I am ſo ſelfiſh, ſo intereſted, (as I ſometimes am) to trouble myſelf for nobody's happineſs but my own, I then wiſh your lot had been in the humble tranquility of a lower ſtation: Becauſe among the human race there is no perſon whom I am half ſo much enclin'd to treat with freedom and intimacy; nor who could entertain my thoughts with pleaſures more rational and ſublime, if fate had not plac'd you at ſuch a painful diſtance.—— I ſuppoſe, after this confeſſion, you will repine at your ſtars, for making you a Lady, inſtead of a gentle ſhepherdeſs, and placing a coronet, rather than a flowery wreath on your head.

YOUR Ladyſhip has oblig'd me by naming Lady— and Lord—; tho' you leave me only to conjecture the little graces and elegancies, that muſt attend their ſociety. It will be great clemency in your Ladyſhip to write very ſoon to

Your, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Apr.* 14. 1732.

YOUR affliction touches my very ſoul. I find it eaſy to conceive the anguiſh you endure for Lord ——'s and Lady —'s illneſs, at a time when your own diſorders require ſo great a ſhare of patience. But as Heaven has favour'd you with every circumſtance of human happineſs, perhaps, this allay may be neceſſary to fix your thoughts on a ſuperior felicity, and give you a full evidence of the vanity of human things. Your Ladyſhip's ſituation in

life, especially in an interval of unmolested prosperity, gives me as much anxiety, as if I saw you standing on some dangerous precipice; and (if I don't myself miss the road to heaven) it delights me to think how sincerely I shall congratulate you on your safe arrival thither, thro' so many snares and insinuating temptations. I shall certainly have a peculiar affection for the celestial guardian that attends you, and is your invisible protector in a thousand unseen dangers.

MRS. ——— is still in great danger, tho' her physician has, with very good success, been in the hands of Heaven hitherto the means of preventing the return of her distemper; but the dizziness and weight she feels in her head make her afraid to walk in the streets, for fear of falling. Tho' she has still a great deal of natural vivacity, a sudden death is a circumstance that keeps her in a perpetual anxiety; as she apprehends herself the next moment reeling into her grave, and just ready to hear her eternal fate decided. This does not however make her sullen or gloomy, but fills her mind with great and important ideas; and I must own, I never found her conversation more agreeable. I know you will excuse this long account of a person so inconsiderable in this world; but in the next, I believe she will find a splendid distinction.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for the *Minute Philosopher*, which tho' I have not seen, I know I shall like; your approbation being the greatest authority with

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

To the ſame.

Madam, *April* 22. 1732.

YOU have given me a real and extenſive ſatiſfaction, by the * book you ſent me. I read it with a ſecret gratitude to the author, as being a benefactor to mankind, in endeavouring to ſecure their higheſt intereſt: Nothing can be writ with more argument and vivacity, nor more ſeaſonably in this juncture of apoſtaſy from the Chriſtian religion.

THE following lines are, I fear, only a poetical flight; for I dare not aſk my ſelf whether I ſhould be really ſo diſintereſted.

O be thy int'reſt ſafe, thy cauſe ſecure!
Whatever clouds hang on my future hours,
I paſs them all.——Thy ſacred will be done!
I am of no importance to myſelf;
I could reſign my being, ſink again
To my firſt nothing, could thy glory riſe,
When I am blotted from the rank of being.

IT is a ſenſible pleaſure to me to hear, that Lord ——— and Lady ——— have got rid of their coughs; but it is a ſatisfaction of a higher nature, to find the *Grand Monde* has no charms for your Ladyſhip.

I HOPE you will find ——— a retreat as charming as Mr. ——'s deſcription has made *Ickworth-Park.*

* *Alciphron, or the Minute Philoſopher.*

While books and walks divide the vacant time,
Unconſcious all of folly or of crime;
While you each morn reſpire the balmy air,
And breathe it out again in praiſe and pray'r.

This is certainly going to heaven with a very good grace, and ſhewing what virtue is in her native elegance and beauty; 'tis making the paths of philoſophic life more ſmooth and delightful, than all the popular ways of vice and luxury.

For want of public amuſements, I muſt entertain your Ladyſhip with my own private ſatisfactions; and communicate the pleaſure I have had in reading the laſt ſcene of the life of Dr. *Rivet*, who was tutor to one of the princes of the houſe of *Orange*. No ſcene of earthly grandeur (as much as I admire trumpets and kettle-drums) ever excited my envy, like the triumph and fortitude, with which the pious man met the univerſal terror. Thus let me quit the ſhore, and launch out into immortal joy! It will be more ſeaſonable to ſay my prayers another time: But you will pardon this excurſion from

Your, &c.

LETTER. LXXV.

To the ſame.

Madam, *May* 27. 1732.

YOUR Ladyſhip is the laſt perſon on earth to whom I would put myſelf in a ridiculous light; and yet 'tis a misfortune to which I am often reduc'd, in ſpite of all my ſolicitude to avoid it. However I have ſome excuſe for my obſtinate attachment

tachment to obſcurity and ſolitude, from your own charming deſcription of it. You have furniſh'd my imagination with a glorious ſcene of ſylvan delights at ——; but I am content with the range of two or three flowery fields hedg'd round with hawthorn, that are near me; of which I peaceably take poſſeſſion when I would indulge a ſerious thought, and place myſelf in a ſituation ſuperior to earthly fears or hopes: In theſe ſerene moments your company would be as agreeable as the viſit of an angel. Whatſoever ſtupidity you reproach me with, I am never ſo abſtract as to think of you with indifference. In my moſt ambitious excurſions, when I am got beyond the period of all human things, I promiſe myſelf the moſt refin'd pleaſure in a happy and unlimited duration; when you will be improv'd in every excellency, and I incapable of any folly that may leſſen your eſteem. You already ſpeak the language of immortality in what you ſent me. May all thoſe bleſſings that inſpire your ſoul with ſuch exalted gratitude, be continu'd to you!

If you knew what joy every letter of yours gives me, you would not call it moleſting me, tho' you did me the favour to ſend a billet by every winged wanderer that makes its airy tour this way. In a poſt or two I will return you my thanks at large for the obligation of your laſt letters; for at preſent I have only juſt time for the ceremony of ſubſcribeing myſelf

Your, &c.

LET.

LETTER LXXVI.

To the same.

Madam, *Sept.* 6. 1732.

I WAS in hopes every post would bring me a letter, but at last my gay expectations vanish'd into trackless darkness, and gave me inquietudes of another nature; since you are not exempt from the ills of vulgar mortals, and 'tis possible for your head to ake, tho' distinguish'd with a coronet: However, as it is not my business to prescribe to you, or confine you to your chamber, when you are in perfect health; I will dismiss that gloomy reason for your silence, and rather think it voluntary.

I AM satisfy'd you must approve of my delay, in not coming at this juncture, when the small-pox rages so much here. If my fears are ever so whimsical, if there is but a shadow in them, there is still some merit in this caution, since 'tis on Lord ——'s account. You cannot think me so stupid, so insensible to all that is charming and elegant in life, as not to have a taste for such conversation as yours. There is not among the human race a mind so form'd, —a temper, — a turn of thought and manner of expression that pleases me like yours. I talk more to Mrs. —— than to any body else, because she admires, and is capable of entering into the elegancies of your character. And yet, after all, there is a strange sort of fatality, that puts some unconquerable obstacle or other in the way of my inclination and happiness. However, I can't but hope for one short interval of that felicity on this side the sun in some future happy period.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

To the same.

Madam, *Octob.* 8. 1732.

I HAVE been putting your letters and papers in order. When I die, I design to leave them in ———'s hands, as a trust sacred to friendship and virtue: Those papers and my pictures being the only things I find an inclination to carry with me. You cannot imagine how the settling this, and some other little affairs in order, sooths and pleases my imagination. No person ever took more satisfaction in preparing for a journey of pleasure, than I do in setting things in a just decorum for that last and grand removal. But I am still sensible no forecast can prevent many natural fears, and accidental exigencies that may oppress the soul in that important action. 'Tis impossible to know, till the experiment is try'd, what pains of body or anxiety of mind may add horror to the fatal darkness. But since it must be pass'd, 'tis of the utmost consequence to endeavour to prevent a surprize, by growing familiar with death and all its attendant terrors. The gloomy monarch has been met not only with composure and decency, but with a sort of pious insult and triumph: Of which a late instance of one that I knew dwells on my memory, who in the bloom of life, and the affluence of fortune, left the world with the same graceful ease that an angel, who had just finish'd his message, would spread his wings, and return to his native skies. I will not talk of dying any longer, for fear you should reproach me for not putting it in practice.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXVIII.

To the ſame.

Novemb. 11. 1732.

WHEN will the drudgery of life be o'er,
And we be landed on a happier ſhore?

Your Ladyſhip's part of life has been too ſhort to plead the privilege of being diſmiſs'd ſo ſoon; however impatient you ſeem to advance in your race of life, and put yourſelf forward, while youth and nature forbid the impoſſible attempt. But, I believe, there are few of your fair contemporaries will find themſelves enclin'd to keep you company, ſo that your expedition will not be prevented by a crowd. And yet to bid adieu to charms of youth, and reſign the bloom of beauty with ſuch an inimitable grace as the verſes in one of your Ladyſhip's letters expreſs, is more to be envy'd than the gayeſt parade of life. However, this is a period only to be deſir'd by a virtuous mind, as an introduction to immortal youth and felicity.

Come, gentle age! to me thou doſt appear
No cruel object of regret or fear;
Thy ſtealing ſtep I unreluctant ſee,
Nor would avoid, or wiſh to fly from thee.

THE * books in vindication of revelation I have read with a real pleaſure, and will return them to you with the firſt ſafe opportunity. Your Ladyſhip's approbation is the very point of my ambition; and

* *Revelation examin'd with Candor*, 2 Vol.

if

if the † *Enchanted Foreſt*, or any thing of mine pleaſes a taſte ſo juſt as yours, I am entirely ſatisfy'd with myſelf.

I AM perfectly ſenſible of the obligation I have to you for your four laſt agreeable letters; and if I was in the *Grand Monde*, that ſcene of action, and you was buried alive in a cavern, and had nothing to ſay but what occurr'd in your own thoughts, I ſhould certainly have the charity to write twenty letters for one. 'Tis a long time ſince I read a news-paper, but I am juſt going to get the account of the birth-night, that I may make ſome conjecture how your Ladyſhip ſpent the happy time.

YOUR Ladyſhip is too much an infidel, to believe ſtories of apparitions, and would laugh at me for ſuch relations; but if I could have got a deſcription of ſome lights, that were ſeen in the sky, from ſome intelligent mortal, I would have ſent it: But ſome tell me 'twas like one thing, and ſome another, ſo that I cannot at preſent tell what it was like: But 'tis a certain truth, that I am

Your, &c.

LETTER LXXIX.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Jan.* 1. 173$\frac{2}{3}$.

YOUR letters are favours ſo free and unmerited, that I cannot complain of the intermiſſion with any manner of decency; tho' I ſuffer

† A tranſlation from *Taſſo*, publiſh'd in the third part of *Letters Moral and Entertaining.*

ſo

ſo much by it, that I ſhould certainly have interrupted your peace, if I had known preciſely whither to direct for you. For yours, in a literal ſenſe, is the journey of life, a pilgrimage without a metaphor. As the weather is now milder, I hope your Ladyſhip will be freed from your cold, and your confinement to a chamber, at your charming hermitage. Your Ladyſhip's deſcription of it, and the park at *Richmond*, are beyond the charms of poetry. I ſhall never forget that there are ſuch agreeable perſons in being as Lady—— and Lord ——; tho' your Ladyſhip ſeems reſolv'd never to mention them. You will be pleas'd when I tell you, that inſtead of writing moral eſſays, I have employ'd my leiſure, this winter, in the harmleſs amuſement of drawing landſcapes; and ſometimes have dar'd the inclemency of the ſky, by walking in the fields this froſty weather: The proſpect exactly anſwer'd your compariſon of a landſcape cut in white paper.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXX.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Jan.* 24. 173$\frac{2}{3}$.

YOUR letters would never be dull to me, tho' the words were put together as accidentally as *Epicurus*'s atoms; I am perſwaded even then they would appear with ſome peculiar beauty and ſpirit.

I AM eaſily perſwaded your Ladyſhip would have paſs'd your time agreeably in Lady ——'s converſation, if it had been in a place leſs charming

ing than you have deſcrib'd your hermitage. 'Tis a pleaſure to me to hear that my Lord —— has ſo perfectly recover'd his health; both as it regards your Ladyſhip's happineſs, and is ſo great a bleſſing to the public. Nature would have inſtructed Lady—— in the Art of drawing without a Maſter. It is a ſort of hereditary qualification in your family. It delights me to hear that Lord —— reſembles Mr. —— either in perſon or temper; for never could human nature poſſeſs more perfection. I have been reading Mr. *Fielding*'s new comedy, *The Modern Husband*; and can't help thinking it a good play, if nature, wit and morality can make it ſo.

YOUR Ladyſhip gives me a ſecret pleaſure, while you flatter me with the thoughts of ſeeing you at ——; and yet I check thoſe gay expectations, and number them with thoſe viſionary delights, with which people pleaſe and delude themſelves to the laſt period of life. It ſuits my circumſtances better to reflect that the night is near;

The fatal night of death, when I ſhall ſleep
Unactive in the damp and gloomy grave:
The period haſtens on that puts an end
To ev'ry vain deſign. My trial comes,
The ſolemn hour draws near, that muſt decide
My everlaſting ſtate; and no appeal
From that tribunal e'er will be allow'd.

I WISH your confinement, and the hurry of the town, may not increaſe your cold. I can't help having the greateſt concern for your health; tho' your Ladyſhip almoſt forbids me to wiſh you many happy new-years. Indeed there is ſo ſmall a ſhare of happineſs falls to the lot of the moſt favour'd mortals, that I have ſome ſcruple of wiſhing any

perſon

perſon a long life; unleſs they are ſuch, as I think may juſtly deſpair of mending their circumſtances in the life to come.

YOUR Ladyſhip has made Mrs. —— happy, by naming her: We are both mightily pleas'd with an Amazon's head which I have drawn, which we fancy is exactly your ſide-face; there is as much beauty in the air and feature, (if my pencil has not fail'd in copying the original) as ever ſparkled in a human face.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXI.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Feb.* 2. 173$\frac{1}{3}$.

YOU have reaſon to rejoice that my paper promiſes but a ſhort letter, for my thoughts are at this inſtant in a very gloomy ſituation. I can't flatter myſelf that this chagrin riſes merely from a diſintereſted concern for the public calamity, unleſs my friends were all immortal and ſecure from general danger. Your Ladyſhip's laſt letter gave me the ſatisfaction to know that you are recovering from this fatal diſorder; and I hope your next will inform me that thoſe of your family, on whom your own welfare depends, are all paſt danger.

I AM ſincerely oblig'd to Mrs.——, for the newspapers. 'Tis a pleaſure to me ſometimes to know the poſture of human affairs. It would be giving yourſelf unneceſſary trouble, to doubt whether you ſhould tranſcribe a thing from a public paper, for fear of moleſting me with the agitations of the buſy world; as long as the arches of the ſky are ſtanding,

ing, and the pillars of the earth fix'd, I am at reſt: And I hope, if they were broken, I ſhould look with ſerenity on the glorious confuſion, and welcome the happy period, that will bring a brighter ſcene in view.

THE new fever rages here, and is very fatal; and yet I can't help wiſhing you in the country, for the air muſt be leſs contagious here than in *London*. Where-ever you are, may the peculiar protection of Heaven guard you from *the arrow that flies by day, and the peſtilence that walks in darkneſs*. Quoting ſcripture would have a fanatical air to one of leſs piety; but as you have join'd that to the greateſt elegance of taſte, and the moſt refin'd manners, I ſhall eſcape the ridicule I ſhould expect from an inferior character to your Ladyſhip's.

To my great joy I have juſt receiv'd a letter from you, which brings me the welcome news, that you are all well. I have had a ſhort fit of the fever, to reproach my ingratitude to Heaven, for a ſeries of uninterrupted eaſe, with which my days have been bleſt. However, I am ſtill confin'd to a tenement of clay; my ſpirit cannot yet get releas'd from its mortal fetters; I ſpeak it with a ſort of confuſion. Whenever the welcome period comes, I ſhall enjoin Mrs. ——— to let you know it; but I ſhall never intrude on your ſolitude: The ſcandal of what people call walking would induce me to keep myſelf inviſible, whatever pleaſure I took in attending your retirements.

YOUR good wiſhes will add to my brother's happineſs; and it will be no detriment to yours, if I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER LXXXII.

To the same.

Madam, *Mar.* 26. 1733.

YOU have conquer'd the difficulties of an art, which will be a certain amusement in some of the moments of chagrin, which no state of life is exempted from. This thought pleases me as much as the charming picture you have favour'd me with, which has been the delight of my eyes ever since I receiv'd it.

MAY Heaven restore you again to a state of perfect health, and crown your days with every circumstance of felicity. I hope you will not be negligent of yourself; for a relapse into this new disorder seems to be more dangerous to people than the first seizure. This cold weather increases my concern for you.

SUCH a character as yours gives me too great an opinion of human nature, to suffer me ever to prefer solitude for itself: and I am so far from designing to seclude myself from society, in the blissful bowers, that 'tis a pleasure to me to think of meeting countless numbers of gentle spirits, as elegant and refin'd as yours. And yet, according to my present apprehension, I shall find something peculiarly agreeable in your society; from which I promise myself a most lasting and sincere delight, when we meet in that splendid concourse, which shall come from every tribe and language on earth, to form the numerous assembly.

IF ever you attempt copying your own picture, let me beg to have it, and I will never ask another; that will be the highest obligation you can lay on

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

To the ſame.

Madam, *April* 1733.

IT is a ſort of mortification to me to believe, that I need make no apology to your Ladyſhip for my ſilence; but this is certainly the caſe, and it would be mere vanity in me to make excuſes, for what you will rather thank than reproach me. I need not inform you, that the ſpring is now in its bloom, that daiſies and cowſlips adorn the verdant field.

While birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At nature's joyful reſtoration ſing,
How ſweet the morn! how gentle is the night!
How calm the ev'ning! and the noon how bright!

THE news of popular tumults and diſcontents turns my envy of ſplendor and ſuperiority into ſerious compaſſion, to find that no heights of merit can be a defence from public cenſure, and the ingratitude of a happy, tho' uneaſy people.

IT would be cruelty to my ſelf, to renounce the only joy I have, which is your converſation; but that, like all other earthly pleaſures, is no ſooner enjoy'd, but 'tis paſt; and 'tis no more than an agreeable dream, a pleaſing ſpeculation, which, without the leaſt fatigue, fancy can entertain herſelf with.—— You will think I have reaſon'd all human things into mere ſhadows.

'TIS but expanding thought, and life is nothing.

Ages and generations paſs away,
And with reſiſtleſs force, like waves o'er waves,

Roll down th' irrevocable ſtream of time,
Into eternity's unbounded depths.

YOUR Ladyſhip has highly oblig'd me by the expectation of another picture of your drawing. I have promis'd Mrs.—— that of *Cornelia* when I die; with which ſhe ſeems ſo overjoy'd, that I'm afraid ſhe will wiſh the time ſhorten'd. However, it will not be long.

To thee, O death, my fleeting moments tend:
In thee the hurricane of life muſt end.
Tho' murm'ring waters from the ocean crowd,
From thee by nature no return's allow'd.
For tho' the ſeas have leave to ebb and flow,
The ſtreams of life muſt always forward go.

A THOUSAND bleſſings attend you! be the celeſtial ſpirits your protection in every known or unſeen danger!

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To the ſame.

Madam, *May* 9. 1733.

YOUR Ladyſhip's deſcription of the hermitage entertains my fancy with the moſt enchanting proſpect on earth. If I did not expect a more pleaſurable ſituation after a few ſhort months or hours are paſt, I ſhould envy you the happineſs of your charming retreat; which might be, and certainly is, a haunt for angels, when you are there.

The guard of providence is ſure about you,
And you were born to bleſs an impious age.

It gives me a ſincere pleaſure to hear Lady —— is got into your Ladyſhip's way of thinking; with that advantage, how ſparkling will her character be! while the ſpirit and graceſulneſs of her blooming years ſet off every virtue. Be it eaſy, or ſevere, it muſt attract love and imitation, and ſtrike the ſenſes as well as the ſoul; the heavenly flame will mingle with the luſtre of her eyes, and the beneficent diſpoſition make itſelf viſible by a thouſand nameleſs graces.

'Tis the effect of a perfect humanity, that your Ladyſhip will give me leave to flatter myſelf, that my ſilence is not a thing wholly indifferent to you: If it was, it will always be an act of charity in you to conceal it; for the value I ſet on your good opinion will perhaps be the laſt attachment, from which my mind will be diſengag'd in this world.

Whenever I think of ſeeing your Ladyſhip once more, the firſt thought ſets a ſcene of pleaſure in my view; but it is ſoon damp'd, when I conſider what a venerable figure people make at my time of life among perſons of your gayer years and temper. My good Lady——, and Mrs.——, with ſeveral others of my grave contemporaries, riſe in a viſionary farce before me; and by their reverend examples confirm my reſolution of concealing the concluding follies of life in a decent retirement. Nothing appears more diſmal to me, than being a dead weight, a ſort of ſolemn incumbrance to ſociety. This is, perhaps, being too nice, and refining beyond what a ſtate of mortality will permit.

In mere compaſſion to your Ladyſhip I leave off, and ſubſcribe *Your*, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

To the ſame.

Madam, *June* 2. 1733.

YOU have made me very happy with another picture of your drawing, which I have but juſt receiv'd. I am glad you don't take a fancy to old hermits and philoſophers; your devotees are young and handſome, and pleaſe with *Coypel*'s airs, who I confeſs is my preſent favorite painter; nor do I wonder that his deſigns are entertaining to Lady——'s elegant taſte and genius.

NOTHING can be ſo ſparkling to my imagination as your hermitage. You have brought back the ſylvan ſcenes to their primitive grandeur, and a farm-houſe appears as polite as a palace. Inſtead of an air of low life, your cows and ſheep give it the appearance of the patriarchal wealth and plenty; and Lady——, I preſume, guards her fleecy charge, in as genteel a habit, as any poetical ſhepherdeſs that ever grac'd the ſtage.

I WISH you may like the * *Dialogue on Devotion*; for your approbation would be more to the young author, than that of half the univerſe beſides.

I am, &c.

* Printed for *R. Hett*, in the *Poultrey*, 1733.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

IT would be mere vanity in me to make an apology for leaving you ſo ſoon; without any affectation or giving myſelf airs of modeſty, I ſincerely think my abſence never requires an excuſe: However, if your Ladyſhip knew what inquietude and regret I felt, when I diſobey'd you, it would atone for my obſtinacy. I cannot expreſs the remorſe it gave me: Not that I repent my journey to ——— ; for it has certainly furniſh'd me with ſome agreeable images both of beauty and virtue, which perhaps are not to be found in any other place, or at leaſt not ſo ſuited to my taſte.

I SHOULD have begun my *Japan* table as ſoon as I came home, if *Les Penſees de Paſcal* had not accidentally come in my way, and given my thoughts a ſituation ſuperior to all earthly things. In reading that book I loſe every care, and grow independent on all below the ſkies: The trifling hopes and fears of human life vaniſh before a more important intereſt, while I yield to the evidence of theſe juſt reflections:

IL ne faut pas avoir l'ame fort élevée, pour comprendre qu'il n'y a point icy de ſatisfaction veritable & ſolide, que tous nos plaiſirs ne ſont que vanité, que nos maux ſont infini, & qu'enfin la mort, qui nos menace a chaque inſtant, nous doit mettre en peu d'annees dans un etat eternel de bonheur ou malheur. L'immortalité de l'ame eſt une choſe qui nous importe ſi fort, & qui nous touche ſi profondement, qu'il faut avoir perdu tout ſentiment, pour etre dans l'indifference de ſçavoir ce qui en eſt. Toutes nos penſees & toutes nos actions

doivent prendre des routes ſi differentes, ſelon qu'il y aura des biens eternel a eſperer ou non, qu'il eſt impoſſible de faire une demarche, qu'en le reglant par la veue de ce point, qui doit etre notre dernier objet.

I AM, by a thouſand unmerited obligations,

Your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

IT will do you no real harm for me to begin at the top of the paper, tho' my head is at preſent ſomething vacant, and I find myſelf at a much greater loſs what to ſay, than 'tis poſſible your Ladyſhip can be, after having ſaid ſo many fine things on every agreeable ſubject in nature. It would be more juſt in you to complain for want of new worlds, and ſome unſeen novelties, than for want of invention. When the celeſtial arch, the groves and flowery lawns, have been deſcrib'd, mortal eloquence is exhauſted. Indeed the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various ſcene; but charity would draw a veil of darkneſs there, and chuſe to be for ever ſilent, rather than expatiate on that melancholy theme.

I AM taking a great deal of pains to convince your Ladyſhip that it is not for want of wit, but variety, that my invention is cramp'd; the narrow creation is my complaint. In a more modeſt diſpoſition, I may be content with the limits of the univerſe, and think the world wide enough; but at preſent it ſeems as diminutive as the painted globe

globe in Queen *Elizabeth*'s hand, or the ſoap-bubbles my Lord——— blows into the air. The poetic boaſts

Of thoughts which wander thro' infinity,
And ſoar above the ſkies,

yield but little conſolation. After all their ethereal excurſions, we have got but very dark intelligence from the inviſible world; and are ſo far from finding our ideas enlarg'd, that we are forc'd to degrade the brighteſt order of angels into human figures. Perhaps your Ladyſhip's ſparkling imagination does not dreſs them up in broad-cloth and beaver hats; but even velvet coats, and diamond buttons, would make but a tawdry figure above the ſtars. However, there is no remedy for theſe inconſiſtencies, till the curtain falls, and diſcovers the glories of immortality in their native ſplendor.

One would imagine, when the univerſe makes ſuch a deſpicable figure in my view, that even ſtars and garters, crowns and ſceptres ſeem transform'd into toys; one would think, in ſuch a ſuperior ſituation, I ſhould have no attachment left for a *Japan* ſcreen; but, I muſt own, I long to ſee it.

I am afraid your Ladyſhip will allow me but little of your attention, till after the birth-day; however, I hope you will give Mrs.—— —— leave to let me know you are well, which will be the greateſt ſatisfaction to

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To the same.

Madam,

YOUR Ladyship would not thank me, I am persuaded, if I wish'd you a thousand happy new years in this world, crown'd with youth and constant tranquility; but when I wish you an immortality of happiness in the next, Heaven can witness the sincerity of my soul.

I FANCY the Prince of *Orange*'s story would make a very beautiful novel, if the scene was laid in some of the fragrant eastern isles, blest with perpetual spring. A great many fine characters might be introduc'd under poetical names. The spirit and open temper of the Prince of *Wales*, with his generous concern for the illustrious stranger, would make a very shining figure. I have a great inclination in some ambitious moments to attempt it in imitation of *Telemachus*, and address it to Lord ——.

THE following verses are the essay of a very young muse, Mr. *Rowe*'s nephew, that your Ladyship has seen at *Hampstead*, who has a promising genius for his early years.

On the Nuptials of the PRINCE *and* PRINCESS *of* ORANGE.

By Mr. N. MUNCKLEY.

FIR'D with the fame of *Brunswic*'s royal race,
Adorn'd with ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace;
Young *Orange* long aspir'd to be ally'd,
Where only he could find an equal bride.

Should

Should haughty *France*, or *Auſtria*, to his arms
Proffer in all the prime of youthful charms
A blooming princeſs, bleſt with ev'ry grace,
Pride of the *Bourbon*, or *Cæſarean* race:
(And well might haughty *France*, or *Auſtria* own
Their monarch honour'd by ſo great a ſon)
Vain were the offer; *Orange* ne'er would join
A tyrant's race, with *William*'s patriot line:
Their race whoſe impious arms mankind enſlave,
With his whoſe godlike glory was to ſave.

IMMORTAL *William!* thy victorious hand
From the proud *Gaul* reſcu'd thy native land;
Nor to one nation were thy arms confin'd,
Thou hero ſent by heav'n to ſave mankind!
Albion oppreſt low proſtrate begs relief,
Her flowing tears perſuade the pitying chief;
He ſaw the queen of nations wretched doom,
Giv'n up a prey to tyranny and *Rome*.
Hell with new rage its miniſters inſpires,
They whet their axes, and prepare their fires;
Already they believe the conqueſt gain'd,
And in their greedy hopes devour the land:
Vain expectation! let a *Naſſau* come,
Where is the confidence of hell and *Rome?*
He comes, and bids the reſcu'd nation ſmile,
And liberty returns to bleſs the iſle.
Triumphing hoſts ſpread their great leader's fame,
And lawleſs tyrants tremble at his name.
Namur, thy walls, and, *Boyne*, thy rapid flood,
Choak'd with ſlain legions, and defil'd with blood,

Confeſs

Confeſs him great in arms; his trembling foes
Trenches, or mounds, or tow'rs, in vain oppoſe;
In vain the baſtion guards the hoſtile wall,
And ramparts mock a foe—he comes—they fall.

FROM his illuſtrious line young *Orange* came,
Alike in virtue as alike in name.
For blooming *Anne* the youthful hero ſigh'd,
The only lover worthy ſuch a bride:
He ſues, *Britannia*'s monarch heard his pray'r,
And to his wiſhes gave the royal fair.
The joyful hero waits for fav'ring gales,
Sudden they riſe, and fill the ſwelling ſails.
The prince exulting leaves the *Belgic* ſhore,
Nor the winds threaten, nor the billows roar:
His guardian Genius bids the tempeſts ſleep,
And ſmooths the ſurface of the briny deep.
Lav'd by the hoary ſurge white cliffs from far,
To glad the lover's longing eyes appear;
Swift glides the veſſel to the crowded ſtrand,
And gives the promis'd hero to the land.
To proud *Auguſta*'s tow'rs with eager haſte,
The deſtin'd ſcene of all his joys, he paſs'd.
Unheeded ſhout her ſons, unheeded riſe
Her domes and glitt'ring ſpires, that wound the ſkies;
His ardent paſſion claim'd his total care,
And all his thoughts were on the royal fair.
Lo, ſhe appears to bleſs his longing ſight!
The fair appears in native beauty bright.
Not fairer ſeem'd the fabled Queen of love,
Deſcending from the ſkies to *Ida*'s grove:

Loſt

Loſt in ſurprize, the *Trojan* boy beheld
Celeſtial beauties to his ſight reveal'd.
Receive the prize, O *Paphian* Queen! he cry'd,
To *Pallas* and the wife of *Jove* deny'd:
In vain my choice thy rival's charms would move,
Lovely are they, but thou the Queen of love.
With like ſurprize the *Belgic* prince ſurvey'd
The blooming beauties of each royal maid.
Such lovely nymphs he ne'er before had ſeen,
The faireſt daughters of the faireſt Queen:
But chiefly *Anna*'s charms the hero move,
Raptur'd he gaz'd, and loſt himſelf in love.
Beauty ineffable adorn'd her face,
And ſpoke her of the lovely *Brunſwic* race.
Her native majeſty each look expreſt,
And all the princeſs ev'ry ſtep confeſt:
'Midſt her attendant train ſo *Dido* mov'd;
The ſon of *Venus* ſaw, admir'd, and lov'd.
Nor leſs her mind th'illuſtrious lover fir'd,
Poſſeſt of all that makes her ſex deſir'd;
Much he admir'd her form, her virtues more;
They fix'd the conqueſt beauty gain'd before.

But an amazing ſtroke his joy reſtrains:
Thus the ſevere decree of Heav'n ordains!
A ſudden heat ſhoots thro' his glowing blood,
And noxious ardor taints the vital flood.
Celeſtial pow'rs, ye guardians of the brave,
Your mighty charge from threat'ning danger ſave!
Kind Heav'n aſſents, nor longer will delay
The bliſs of *Albion*, and th' auſpicious day;

The day indulgent fate ordains ſhall join
The race of *Naſſau*, with the *Brunſwic* line.

THE happy iſle exults; with gen'ral voice
Her ſhouting ſons applaud their monarch's choice,
Enjoy their preſent bliſs, and hence preſage
That bliſs continu'd thro' each future age.
They ſee new heroes hence derive their birth,
And other *Naſſaus* glad th'expecting earth:
And ſhould offending heav'n again ordain
To threat the nations with the *Gallic* chain;
From this illuſtrious line they hope redreſs,
And a new *William* to redeem and bleſs.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To the ſame.

Madam, 1734.

IT gives me a very ſenſible concern to hear you are in the leaſt danger of relapſing into that diſorder, that you was in at the *Bath*. 'Tis perhaps impoſſible to reach an abſolute independance and ſuperiority of mind to human events; and yet I often fancy myſelf in a ſtate of inſenſibility to every thing, but what concerns your happineſs; and that is an attachment which will ſurvive the period of mortal life.

MR.——— has generally a handſome manner of addreſs, which makes me impatient to ſee a Dedication where the choice is ſo entirely juſt. Your Ladyſhip's character ſets human nature in its moſt agreeable light, and is an inſtance what perfection it

it can reach; nor can there be any partiality in giving you a diſtinction which you certainly merit.

I WISH your Ladyſhip would be ſo good as to ſend me one of your own and Lady——'s drawings in *Indian*-ink: I have a great curioſity to ſee what progreſs you make. My great attainment at preſent is colouring prints. If Lady—— wants any birds for her new *Japan*, I have ſome at her ſervice. Mrs.—— is ſo enchanted with this new japanning, that ſhe has abandon'd Mr. *Baxter* and the *Greek* Fathers, and employs her time in ſticking bears and monkies on all the wooden furniture ſhe can find about the houſe. I am in happier circumſtances; for the ſcreen your Ladyſhip ſent me is a *Raree-ſhow* for all the women and children about town, who have any thing of a nice and elegant taſte.

THE charming cottage your Ladyſhip has deſcrib'd, appears before me in all its viſionary beauty. I ſhould certainly envy the inhabitants of ſuch a charming retreat, if I could not indulge my imagination with the hopes of fairer manſions in ſome future world. But however ambitious I am of ſetting my feet on the ſtarry pavement, I am yet forc'd to content myſelf with walks of graſs, or (not to conceal the mortifying truth) ſtones and dirt. This is ſome diſadvantage to me, who have renounc'd all local motion except walking.

I SHALL be in a painful ſuſpence, till I hear that your Ladyſhip is recover'd from this diſorder; which will be a ſincere pleaſure to

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XC.

To the ſame.

Madam,

'TIS impoſſible to read Lord——'s verſes, without being delighted with the view of of what ſuch a capacity promiſes to the public: They are, without flattery, ſurprizing for one of his years.

YOUR Ladyſhip would get no advantage by rolling back time; not even to your fine perſon, which has not yet loſt a charm, while your mind has improv'd in every thing that is graceful and elegant in human nature. Twenty years would be a large ſtep backward in your life, unleſs you are got into the *Egyptian* chronology, and reckon your years by the moon. But after all my criticiſms, I am charm'd with your Ladyſhip's ſentiments, as they expreſs a noble ambition to reach the heights of virtue.

IF I ſhould have an averſion to ſuch a place as ——, I muſt be inſenſible to all that is agreeable in art or nature; nor can I ſuffer your Ladyſhip to have ſuch an unjuſt opinion of me. If there is a ſpot on earth to which my imagination is fix'd and enchanted, 'tis there. I haunt the grove, aſcend the mount, trace the rivulets, and wander thro' every verdant walk. 'Tis true, in my ſolitary caprices, I take full poſſeſſion of the houſe and gardens, and baniſh every intelligent being from the place, except your Ladyſhip and the angels; with whom I may own, without breach of modeſty, I am ſo good as never to be out of humour. You will think I am very gracious not to exclude celeſtial beings from my retirement; in which I am happy enough, while I can make a virtue of neceſſity,

ceſſity, and credit the moraliſts, who tell us, that all human pleaſures are better in ſpeculation than in reality. For twenty miles to me are twenty thouſand; and I could as well think of a pilgrimage to the *Holy-land*, or of taking a journey to the moon with *Ganza*'s. But I hope ſome favourable event or other will bring your Ladyſhip to ———; and then you cannot avoid this road, when I may be ſo happy as to ſee you *en paſſant*.

THERE is a ſort of infallibility in your judgment of books; I never queſtion the merit of an author which your Ladyſhip recommends, and will get *Rollin*'s hiſtory by the firſt opportunity. Your Ladyſhip's mentioning Mr. *Hallyburton*'s life, when I was with you laſt, made me read over the account of his death, in which there are ſome aukward particulars, and little domeſtic matters, that are very diſguſting; but abſtract from this, ſuch an exit would have made a glorious figure in a language anſwerable to the dignity of his ſentiments; and thro' all the cant and diſguiſe of a *Scotch* dialect, the ſaint and the hero ſtill appear. I was charm'd to find him bleſſing the hour of his birth, and triumphing that ever he had commenc'd an immortal being, at a time when the guilty part of mankind are wiſhing they had never been born, and loading the inauſpicious hour with execration, and would ſink back into their primitive nothing.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCI.

To the same.

Madam, *July* 6. 1734.

YOU would have been molested with my impertinence before this, if Lady ——'s commands had not employ'd me in drawing; which I am afraid was more to flatter my vanity, than to please her own inclination; but that still heightens the favour. I have copy'd the Pastoral Muse from a print Lady *Scudamore* sent me: The figure is negligently lolling on the grass, in a romantic scene, with cascades, and swans, and little birds on the branches of trees. I will send it as soon as I have an opportunity: The only compliment I desire in return, is, something of Lady ——'s drawing.

I AM pleas'd to find your Ladyship has had one interval of what you call real solitude. I should have been so perverse as to have call'd it a crowd, if your obliging wishes to have me with you could have taken effect. Where-ever you are, I shall frequently visit you in my imagination; and those sort of intellectual compliments, your Ladyship may be assur'd, will always be sincere, and never incommode your most important moments; nor will these airy rambles be attended with anxiety or fatigue.

NOTHING in Dr. *Watts*'s *Juvenile Miscellanies* gives me more pleasure than the description of the temple of the sun, which is really fine. Nor is it possible to read the *Thankful Philosopher*, without the warmest emotions of gratitude to Heaven, for a thousand distinguishing favours, especially that of living in one of the most happy and glorious periods, that ever the *English* nation enjoy'd; as I can't help thinking the present is, since I read *Rapin*; which has often excited my gratitude, that I

was

was not fated to breathe in the days of King *Egbert* or King *Sueno*.

I HAVE had a thouſand panics for fear you would not let me keep the ſcreen; for it is ſo pretty, and you had taken ſo much pains about it, that I had not the aſſurance to expect or deſire it; but if you don't make me ſend it back again, it will be a ſurprizing obligation. It is a public benefit to this town, and the joy and wonder of all that ſet their eyes upon it.

I SUPPOSE a horſe with four legs is by this time too ſlow an animal for Lord ——, and he would be glad to have a horſe with wings like *Pegaſus*. I am really in pain when I recal with what ſpeed he us'd to meaſure the plains.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCII.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Aug.* 2. 1734.

COULD any circumſtance in the world raiſe my envy, it would be the happineſs which Mrs. —— enjoys in your Ladyſhip's converſation and friendſhip; but inſtead of exciting an uneaſy thought, it gives me the higheſt ſatisfaction, to find you juſt to ſo much real merit. Your Ladyſhip may juſtly reproach me, for not enjoying a ſociety in which I confeſs there are ſo many charms. Mine is indeed a fantaſtic ſituation of mind; there is ſomething of mechaniſm in my reaſoning faculty, as well as in my devotion; which ſeems to depend on juſt ſuch a place, and ſuch a ſet of objects. Indeed I cannot boaſt of any great ſhare of ſenſe or

goodneſs, but I ſeem entirely deſtitute of both, out of my own chamber. My happineſs is a ſort of Quietiſm; there is ſomething in your way of life too glaring and tumultuous for the natural ſedateneſs of my temper. If Mrs. ——, inſtead of drawing the picture, could poſſibly be transform'd into a real St. *Genevieve*; and would ſit under a tree, with a good book in her lap, watching her ſheep in a very flowery paſture that I could find for her, I ſhould viſit her at the riſing morning and ſilent evening. Nor ſhould I have the leaſt objection to the being at ———, if your Ladyſhip could be metamorphos'd into a plain good woman, without any attendants but Mrs. ——— and ——— ſunk into *Lucy* and *Colin*. I dare not carry the tranſformation to ſuch a prodigious extent, as to turn my Lord—— into a reverend divine, tho' with regard to the next world perhaps it would be no diſadvantage to his Lordſhip. Nor have I the leaſt inclination to make any alteration in the houſe or gardens, which, I confeſs have a nearer reſemblance to my plans of paradiſe, than any other proſpect which comes within my view; unleſs what Mr. ——'s drawing gives me, which is done with exquiſite skill, and came ſafe to me.

My imagination could be no manner of help in the contrivance of your grotto; nor can an invention ſo ſparkling as yours want aſſiſtance, which appears by the beauty of your deſcription.

You will be ſo obliging as to make a compliment to Lord —— and Lady ——— from

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XCIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

WHILE you meet with ſo many inſtances of the vanity of earthly grandeur, I need not be very laviſh of my morals on that ſubject; and yet when I am in the humour of dictating, I cannot help ſaying what you know very well, without the addition of my teſtimony to this melancholy truth, that even the revenues of a kingdom cannot procure an exemption from the pains of ſickneſs, or the menaces of death, nor purchaſe one moment's eaſe for the moſt diſtinguiſh'd of mortals. There is no relief in that gloomy hour, but

That glorious ſolace of immenſe diſtreſs,
A conſcience, and a God; a friend within,
And better friend on high.
His eye-lids ſend
Beams of immortal youth thro' heav'n's bright regions.
His all-powerful word can health create,
And bid the bleſſing come amidſt the wintry froſt.

I HOPE Lord—— is by this time recover'd from his feveriſh diſorder. I can't but ſhare with your Ladyſhip in the concern you feel for him, with regard to the ſmall-pox. May Heaven protect the little angel from that peſtilential diſtemper. If any thing can ſoften Lord ——'s tortures, it muſt be your Ladyſhip's attendance. You are the balm and joy of life to all about you; every gloomy event gives a luſtre to your character, and brings the benignity of your temper into action. And amidſt all the changes of human affairs, a virtuous mind will feel a ſecret complacence in believing

The course of human things is all decreed,
With each minutest circumstance, above:
No fickle chance, no blind contingencies,
No unforeseen events arise to cross
The purposes divine.

I HAVE always the brightest expectations from an author that your Ladyship recommends, nor have I been disappointed in *Rollin*'s history; the two first volumes of which I have been reading with a true rational delight. His remarks on the conduct of divine providence are a proof to me of the author's piety, and thro' every page the delicacy and justice of his sentiments appear. Lady ——'s retreat puts one wise thing in my head, that there is no happiness but in innocence and obscurity.—But to your great comfort my morality is abridg'd for want of room.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

To the same.

Madam,

YOU will pardon me, I am sure, for presuming to think a person in your station and altitude an object of compassion; but you are really so, even by your own confession: Nor could your Ladyship have nam'd one circumstance of misery greater than that of being confin'd to a crowd of people, who are all of them in a state of hostility and ill-humour with one another; or at least not so peaceably dispos'd, as your Ladyship's sedate and gentle disposition would wish them. But while I pity,

I pity, and am ready to pray for you, it diverts me to find you only a little diſcompos'd, in a ſituation that would bereave me of my ſenſes, and drive me quite out of my wits.

I AM glad your Ladyſhip is diſguſted with ———; the whole ſeems to be writ with a malice more than human, and has ſurely ſomething infernal in it. 'Tis ſurprizing that a man can diveſt himſelf of the tender ſentiments of nature ſo far, as deliberately to give anguiſh and confuſion to beings of his own kind. Slander and invective do an injury never to be repair'd, and conſequently are unpardonable ſins.

I SHALL eaſily diſpenſe with your drawing for me, when it puts you to the leaſt pain. Mr.—— outſhines us all. I have hung his drawing in an eminent place, in my parlour, and no body that comes there thinks it worth their while to look at any other performance, till they have admir'd this. I own myſelf indebted to him for it. I have juſt receiv'd a preſent of the ſeaſons by *Watteau*; the ſcenes are fine, and the faces very handſome; and I ſhould be glad enough to hear the muſic, but averſe to being one of the company. I muſt tell you all the ſecrets of my heart, whether they are guilty or innocent.

IT gives me the moſt abſtract and refin'd pleaſure, to hear your Ladyſhip's character and fine genius admir'd. You are my vanity and pride, nor is it poſſible for you to be more delighted to find the public doing juſtice to Lady——'s charms and merit, than I find in the juſtice done to yours. I am often pleas'd with an opportunity of applying theſe lines of Dr. *Young* to your Ladyſhip's character:

She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.

Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquiſh'd, and the wiſe are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet;
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
In glitt'ring ſcenes o'er her own heart ſevere,
In crowds collected, and in courts ſincere.

Mr. *Duncombe* ſent me his propoſals for printing Mr. *Hughes*'s works. I am glad he finds encouragement, for he is really an author of genius and ſtrict morals. I hope you will not make ſuch a long pauſe as your laſt, before you write to

Your, &c.

LETTER XCV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU cannot communicate your joys to any perſon that more ſincerely ſhares in your Ladyſhip's happineſs than I do. While your amuſements are ſo reaſonable and innocent, you need not ſcruple making confeſſions of yourſelf to a much ſeverer temper than mine is; and if you tell me the worſt of yourſelf, as I believe you do, you are certainly very good. Not that this awkward common compliment of telling people they are very good, does reach your Ladyſhip's character, or at all expreſs my meaning: But I muſt content myſelf with human language, for I cannot yet ſpeak in the ſtrains of immortality; tho' I wiſh for that privilege with more impatience than I ought.

O longo eſilio! O troppo lenta morte!

THE

THE viſionary pleaſure that your deſcription of a country ſcene gives me, perhaps exceeds what I ſhould find in the reality; and ſetting aſide the beauties that your ſparkling imagination and fine language give to every thing that you are pleas'd with, trees are trees, and daiſies are daiſies at *Frome*, as well as at the hermitage. And even your Ladyſhip's nice taſte would be delighted with ſome verdant encloſures, which are my conſtant haunt, and where I am ſure of enjoying an unmoleſted ſolitude. However, I am not going to perſwade you to encloſe *Windſor Foreſt*, and baniſh every human appearance from it; for the ſociety you are bleſt with has every thing in it agreeable and charming. I am not ſurpriz'd that with your juſt and elegant turn of thought, you ſhould prefer that innocent wit and unaffected chearfulneſs, that you find in your own family, to all the noiſy mirth of public entertainments. I was pleas'd with a thought I lately read in a modern author, who ſays, (ſpeaking of ſolitude) *'Tis even delightful to think there is a world of ſpirits, and that we are ſurrounded with intelligent beings, tho' inviſible, rather than in a lonely unconſcious univerſe, a wilderneſs of inſenſible matter.*

I HAVE read your two laſt letters over and over; they infuſe a ſecret gladneſs into my ſoul. The peace and ſerenity of your temper appear in every line. I hear the nightingale's ſong, and all the gay landſcape, the flowery ſcene, which gives you ſuch a chearfulneſs, riſes in full bloom before me.

I'LL leave you now to trace the ſun, and viſit the planetary worlds; while I, confin'd to this earthly globe, remain

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XCVI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I HAVE at laſt had the ſatisfaction of reading Madam *de Lambert*'s *Avis à ſon Fils & à ſa Fille.* Such a juſt train of reaſoning, and thoſe noble reflections would have given me a ſincere pleaſure, if I had not been byaſs'd by your Ladyſhip's good opinion of the author; but as I was, the ſatisfaction was more complete. Whatever has the ſanction of your applauſe, I admire without reſerve or diffidence. I grow poſitive and infallible, and without being popiſhly inclin'd in any other point, I yield an implicit aſſent to all your determinations. The following ſentence pleaſes me, becauſe it is exactly your Ladyſhip's manner of thinking; and that is the greateſt compliment I can make the author. *Le bonheur eſt dans le paix de l'ame; vous ne pourrez jouir des plaiſirs de l'eſprit, ſans la ſanté de l'eſprit. Tout eſt preſque plaiſir pour un eſprit ſain.* And I am particularly charm'd with this thought: *La plus grande marque qu'on eſt né avec des grandes qualitez, eſt de vivre ſans envie.* This is the conſtant happy ſituation of a mind form'd like your Ladyſhip's. Heaven continue that ſacred peace, which is the reſult of unaffected virtue.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

YOU can ſay nothing more to Lord ——'s advantage, than that he reſembles your own charming ſiſter in her temper and virtues. I can't help wondering that with your Ladyſhip's ſparkling imagination, you will take the pains to ſee ——, or any other fine place, when you may ſit ſtill, and exerciſe your own invention, without any manner of fatigue, or the tumult of a Lady of quality's equipage and attendance. For tho' your motions may not be quite ſo unwieldy as the *Rhodian* Coloſſus, and you may ſtir without many a cart, yet not, as *Cowley* ſays, without many a mule; and that muſt be a ſtrange encumbrance to the ſimplicity of all rural entertainments and ſylvan pleaſures. You find I have loſt my attachment to grandeur and pageantry, and am going to perſuade you to diſmiſs your coachman, and ſell your horſes, and to ramble thro' the wild woods on your own legs, in order to exerciſe the ſelf-moving principle, with which nature has endowed you; or elſe to ſit ſtill in your own apartment, and raiſe palaces and plant groves at your leiſure.

WHY will you force me to recal thoſe happy hours which I paſs'd with you at——? That peaceful period never returns on my memory without ſome ſecret regret that 'tis paſt.

But there are ſoft Elyſian *ſhades,*
And bow'rs of ſweet repoſe;
Where never any ſtorm invades,
Or tempeſt ever blows.

THIS

THIS proſpect ſcatters every human care, and ſpreads a divine tranquility on my ſoul. The moments are wing'd, I find, by the flight of ten years, that are paſt ſince I was at———.

GIVE me leave to make my compliments to Lady——, and to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

TULLIA is certainly a fine novel, and appears to be the production of a fine genius. Never was the grandeur and beauty of your own mind more elegantly expreſt, than in the character of *Tullia*; which while I am admiring, it heightens the pleaſure, to know that ſuch perfection and virtue is more than an agreeable fiction.

NOTHING makes me more repine at the encumbrance of a mortal body, than that it confines me from the moſt agreeable place and converſation on earth. I have now an averſion to all ways of travelling; a chair is my terror, and even a coach and ſix is quite out of my good graces. I am reconcil'd to nothing but walking, and would ſooner begin a pilgrimage to ſee your Ladyſhip, than a devout Papiſt to viſit our Lady of *Loretto*. But it will not be long before I ſhall drop theſe earthly fetters, and commence a ſtate of greater agility; and then, tho' I have no intention to haunt you as a ghoſt, I ſhall certainly make you ſome friendly, tho' inviſible, viſits, and wait to make my compliments at your firſt entrance on the celeſtial coaſts.

coaſts. Till that happy period, I am, with the greateſt ſincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER XCIX.

To the ſame.

Madam,

DO thoſe who on a rack for heav'n expire,
Love angels and eternal brightneſs there?
'Tis ſure they do!

as *Lee* ſays; and 'tis full as ſure that my mind is never in a ſtate of indifference with regard to your Ladyſhip. I am not yet arriv'd to ſuch an height of mortification to the pleaſures of human life, as to make a reſolution of ſeeing you no more. That would be reſigning the world at once, and I am ſo far from that ſtoical indifference, that I often ſooth myſelf with the thoughts of converſing with you in ſome happy diſtant period. But no prophetic impulſe yet diſcovers when, or where, or how; when I would fix, the viſionary joy diſſolves in trackleſs air, and is loſt in the uncertainty of all future events.

YOUR Ladyſhip will make me turn critic in ſpight of reaſon and nature. The eaſy tranſition of thought and graceful language of the tranſlation are inimitable; but conſidering *Tullia* was deſign'd by *Madame de Lambert* for a perfect character, I think, ſhe indulges a tender paſſion for *Lentulus* a little too far. However, that guilt is excus'd by the heroic virtue that appears in her retreat; and nothing can be more charming and natural than the

effect

effect of her retirement, when it sinks a tender passion into a generous and innocent friendship; and it delights the reader to find two persons of the greatest merit happy without a crime. I might remark a thousand other beauties, but at present it will be convenient to conclude my annotations. If you don't write to me sometimes in this month, I am afraid I must resign you in the next to the Princess of *Saxe-Gotha*, and royal weddings, and birthdays; which without any great degree of humility, I may own are things of more importance than

Your, &c.

LETTER C.

To the same.

Madam,

BE mine, ye powers, the faculty of writing sparkling nonsense! for then I find I could compose the most delightful letters.——Indeed I know not well what to say, for my genius owes all its vivacity to your letters; and at present my own guilt will not suffer me to complain of your Ladyship's silence. However I have done violence to my own inclination, out of regard to your tranquility, which I thought was but too often molested by the hurry of the *Grand Monde*; but now you have a sort of vacancy, I beg you to write in a few posts, since the hearing from you is the only thing that I can call a reasonable pleasure, that relates to this world. The pleasures of the imagination are of an inferior class, and those I have had in finishing the screen; for which I had pictures enough,

enough, and ſome left, which I have given to Mrs.—— to make her a corner-cupboard, to her great joy and content. I am not ſurpriz'd to find your Ladyſhip diverting yourſelf with the ſcenes of low life in the print you are copying, while fields and cottages ſeem to be the abodes of innocence and peace. I muſt own that ſcenes of grandeur and art pleaſe me better; but then 'tis only in ſpeculation and at a diſtance: for without pretending to be more philoſophical than I really am, I ſhould chuſe to be confin'd to the peaceful ſhade of ſome remote wilderneſs, rather than to the hurry of the moſt ſplendid court. I am glad to hear that Mr.——— has his reſidence ſtill among mortals, tho' I wiſh myſelf in a ſuperior ſtation; but while I am in this, with the greateſt ſincerity,

I am, &c.

LETTER CI.

To the ſame.

Madam,

SINCE your Ladyſhip will give me leave to flatter myſelf that you writ to me from inclination, and not to fill up the vacancy of an amuſement, I ſhall willingly aſſent to ſuch an agreeable truth, without raiſing any modeſt objections on the occaſion.

I AM delighted with all your entertainments, except the *Tent-ſtitch*; and that I own I admire, but then 'tis as ſome people admire virtue, only in ſpeculation. It ſeems to me an ante-diluvian invention, a taſk for thoſe long-breath'd people, who ſpent

ſpent a ſort of eternity on earth, compar'd to the ſhort duration of a modern period. However, I am in no pain for your Ladyſhip; whether your attempt is a chair or a ſtool, I ſuppoſe it will be an hereditary occupation; if you finiſh the branch of a tree, and Lady——— a ſhepherd's crook, the ſervice of your generation is done, and you may contentedly leave the reſt to be finiſh'd by your children's children.

'Tis a thouſand to one, but you have ſeen theſe lines of my Lord *Orrery*'s, but for fear you ſhould not, I will give myſelf the pleaſure of tranſcribing them.

To Mr. Pope.

Intomb'd with Kings tho' Gay's *cold aſhes lie,*
A nobler monument thy ſtrains ſupply;
Thy matchleſs muſe ſtill faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay! *forget thy treatment paſt,*
Look down, and ſee thy merit crown'd at laſt:
A deſtiny more glorious who can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd by Pope.

The laſt part of your Ladyſhip's letter ſooths the mind into a pleaſing indifference to all human events: Proſperity and adverſity loſe their diſtinction, and are only preferable, as the allotment of heaven orders them.

By the partiality of ſome of my acquaintance, the poem of *Joſeph* has been ſo often tranſcrib'd, and is got into ſo many hands, that I have been at laſt flatter'd or teiz'd into a conſent to let it be publiſh'd, on condition the author is never known or nam'd. As for ſucceſs, I have no manner of vanity or concern: I am as proud of adjuſting a tulip

tulip or a butterfly in a right position on a screen, as of writing heroics.

I am, &c.

LETTER CII.

To the same.

Madam,

THIS will perhaps molest your Ladyship in a moment of importance, and amidst the hurry of the preparation for a birth-night; but I am in pain till you know I am entirely ignorant of * *Curl*'s romance of my life and writings; only what I have seen in an advertisement. I was told of his design indeed, and wrote, and positively deny'd him the liberty of printing any thing of mine: but they tell me he is a mere savage, and has no regard to truth and humanity; and as he has treated people of greater consequence in the same manner, I am advis'd to suffer no friend to take the least notice of his collection; and for my own peace, if ever it comes in my way, I never intend to see what is in it. I have often secur'd my happiness, by governing my curiosity; and I am sure of doing it in this case, because I am so perfectly indifferent to the trifles I have writ, and have at present no manner of ambition, but

* This performance is worthy of its author; for it contains nothing but the names of some of Mrs. *Rowe*'s works; and an account that she was married, and buried her husband and father, with wrong dates to each of these events. So that, like the rest of *Curl*'s biographical writings, it only informs the public, that he was entirely ignorant of every thing relating to the person whose memoirs he attempted to compose.

In rural ſhades exempt from care and ſtrife,
To lead a calm, ſecure, inglorious life.

I CAN look on the various events of human things with indifference, as I know I ſhall very ſoon quit the changing ſcenes of mortality, and enter on a more laſting and important ſtate.

I AM charm'd with Mr. *Pope*'s poem on death, in the laſt edition of his works. I wiſh I may be in the happy diſpoſition to repeat theſe lines at that final period:

The world recedes, it diſappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly;
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

I SUPPOSE your Ladyſhip will not inſiſt on my giving up the ghoſt immediately.——Indeed this is not a ſubject for raillery, nor for ſuperſtitious terror; tho', perhaps, this laſt is the beſt extreme.

I HAVE been reading over Mr. *Thomſon*'s *Seaſons* with a new and truly rational delight. One would think you had ſat for the picture of the ſpring. The reſemblance I found induc'd me to copy it; for drawing is the conſtant amuſement of my leiſure time.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER CIII.

To the same.

Madam,

YOU have had the prime of my thoughts, and I find to my cost, that human intellects are extremely confin'd; 'tis but the same set of images return, however various the expression. This is no reason, indeed, that all the world should turn mutes, for fear of speaking the same words to day, that they said yesterday; nor can it give you any pretence to be silent, while a thousand novelties that rise from the changing humours and passions of mankind, supply you with new reflections. But for me, who know nothing besides what passes in my solitary thoughts, or the different scenes in which the mute creation appears, I may be well excus'd from endeavouring to entertain a person who knows all that passes in the polite world.

You will certainly give me leave to be dull for the future, without such a tedious apology; especially when I have nature and necessity to plead in my excuse. However, I do not descend to trifling and impertinence with my own approbation, any more than with yours; but sometimes 'tis to avoid the other extreme of appearing too wise or too good, which is a sort of ostentation I would carefully shun: And yet this perhaps is a criminal modesty. One would not think it possible to be oversolicitous in providing for an eternal interest, or that preparing for a death-bed was a matter of less solemnity than dressing for a ball. A person that can weep at a tragedy, need not be offended at another, for dropping a silent tear in the warmth of devotion; nor for listening to a sermon with as great attention as a lover of music would mind an opera.

However, I have no manner of occaſion on my own account to make an apology for being either too wiſe or too good; if you never find cauſe to reproach me for the oppoſite extreme, it will be a great happineſs for

Your, &c.

LETTER CIV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

If you knew the ſentiments of my heart, you would find no reaſon to complain. You engage more of my attention than any other earthly thing; and if it was poſſible, I would think of you with more indifference. But I have not attain'd ſuch a degree of philoſophy as you imagine, nor ever hope to reach ſuch a height of mortification, as it would require to break a friendſhip with one of the moſt generous and agreeable perſons on earth.

It flatters my pride, that you have put me on making an apology for my ſilence; which I always thought a great relief to you, tho' not to myſelf. It was my own happineſs that I purſu'd in writing to you, without once preſuming it could contribute to yours; but nothing will humble my vanity, after the obliging reproaches you have made on this occaſion.

'Tis making myſelf a greater compliment than I can make you, when I confeſs that you have refin'd my taſte into a ſort of diſguſt for every body's converſation, but your own; and I am ſo careful to keep your good opinion, as if my whole ſtock of reputation depended on your cenſure or approbation.

bation. However, I muſt own this attachment is not voluntary; I am unwilling you ſhould have this aſcendant over my thoughts, and would, if poſſible, be diſengag'd from every thing below the ſtars: But there is a ſort of fatality in your merit, that will always compel the admiration of

Your, &c.

LETTER CV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I WISH your happineſs, as I wiſh the welfare of my own ſoul; and yet I find a ſecret pleaſure in your uneaſineſs. I am glad you are diſcontented, and that you have not made this world your reſting-place, but are in purſuit of joys more laſting and refin'd. I ſhould be ſorry to find you among the ſerene and thoughtleſs mortals, that are content with a repetition of the ſame vanities from *January* to *December*, without the leaſt variety, or ever forming a wiſh for more reaſonable and exalted delights.

I AM forcing the character of a ſaint on your Ladyſhip in ſpight of your heart; for I verily believe you had not a thought of acquiring that dignity by any thing in your letter: But I hope and believe, you will be found in that glorious claſs, when all other diſtinctions of grandeur are for ever cancell'd.

I AM charm'd with your beautiful deſcription of Lady——'s grotto; which has given me all the pleaſure the view of it could afford, without the

fatigue of going thither to see it. These intellectual pleasures are agreeable to my taste, and this is a way of being happy, without the toil that attends the satisfactions of sense.

YOUR Ladyship's commands to answer your letter by the first post are perfectly obliging: When I delay, 'tis often to avoid being impertinent, and for fear you should drop my correspondence before the approach of death shall warn me to send you a final adieu.

Transporting period! when wilt thou appear?
Thou blissful dawn of that immortal day
That ne'er shall see a dusky ev'ning spread
To veil its light; which ne'er shall need the sun,
Nor stars, nor glimm'ring moon to chear its shade.
Ye fair inhabitants of blissful seats,
Unfold your golden gates, and call me hence:
Sick of this mortal state, this round of error,
Of darkness and mistake, I long for rest.

PERHAPS this impatience to retire from this tempestuous world may be the effect of cowardice. I own these public rumours of war, and nation rising against nation, have a dismal prospect. The angel standing in the sun (as he is describ'd in the *Revelations*) seems to be making his solemn invitation to all the fowls that fly in the midst of Heaven, *to gather themselves together to the supper of the great God, that they may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of horses, and of those that sit on them.*——This invitation has in it a surprizing grandeur.

Adieu: *sans cerimonie.*

LET-

LETTER CVI.

To the same.

Madam,

IF you could flatter me, that my resentment would give you any uneasiness, I should certainly make use of that power to my own advantage, by extorting longer letters from you. It would make me proud to have the least ascendant over a mind like yours; nor would that vanity be without a just excuse.

WHATEVER detriment the public might suffer by your absence, I can't help wishing your Ladyship sequester'd in some peaceful retreat, for a twofold reason: First, that I might hear oftener, that you are still walking on the face of the earth; and, secondly, that you might enjoy a more reasonable happiness. I can easily believe your present situation is not the sphere of your felicity.

Quels plaisirs fourniſſent ces vains entretiens, qui conſument la plus grande portion de vie? Ces murmurs confus, ces diſcours ſuperficiels, qui excite une troupe de diſeurs de rien? Ces circles ennuieux, ou l'on demande au ſoleil & a la pluie, de quoy fournir des ſujets? Quels plaiſirs dans ces viſites continuels, preſque toujours egalement a la chagrin des ceux qui les font & ceux qui les reçoivent?

I HAVE been quoting one of Monsieur *Saurin*'s sermons, and shall not be quite happy till your Ladyship has read him: Whatever is said of the force and beauty of the *Roman* eloquence, you will find in those discourses.

YOUR Ladyship, I perceive, will not be at leisure this month to moralize at your hermitage on

the vanity of human things; but wherever you are, may you be the care of celeſtial providence.

I AM afraid Mrs.——— is really elop'd from mortals, or that ſhe has made a vow never to mimic the deſpicable figures of the alphabet any more.——You would be glad if ſome other amuſement at preſent employ'd

Your, &c.

LETTER I.

To Mr. THO. ROWE.

I SHOULD be too vain, if I believ'd any thing I can write could give you half the ſatisfaction your letter gave me. Tho' you have ſo often aſſur'd me of the conſtancy of your affection, I always hear the tender proteſtation with new pleaſure. I read your letter over and over, and grow proud to find I have ſecur'd the heart of a man of your ſenſe and merit. I ſhall make it the buſineſs of my life to fix your eſteem, and think that reward worth all my care.

'TIS with great reaſon I am more impatient of your abſence than you can be of mine. I hope not to be diſappointed of hearing from you the next poſt; nothing but that can give me any pleaſure at this diſtance from you. Pray be here as ſoon as you can; till then adieu. May every watchful angel guard you.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

I COULD not content myſelf with ſending my ſervice to you by Mr.——; there was ſomething in that ſo cold and formal, and ſo unequal to the tenderneſs I would expreſs, that I reſolv'd to write to you, and ſend you all my ſoul; but words cannot paint that ſincere affection, that amity and juſt eſteem, that ſuch merit as yours has inſpir'd. However, I would flatter myſelf that your own heart will dictate ſomething of what I would ſpeak, and inform you with what impatience you are expected by

Your PHILOMELA.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

I FIND by your letter that you got well to the end of your journey; in this my prayers were anſwer'd, and may the heavenly guardians ſtill protect, and return you again to my wiſhes.

IN the mean time I ſhall give nobody occaſion to make panegyrics on my wit or good-humour; that little ſhare I have of either, is owing to the ambition I have to pleaſe you. This gives a ſerenity to my thoughts, and a vivacity to my converſation. If I endeavour to ſay a fine thing, 'tis only to gain your applauſe; and when you are abſent, 'tis indifferent to me whether I ſpeak com-

mon

mon ſenſe or not; all ſociety grows inſipid, and I hear nothing that deſerves the leaſt attention; even the rural ſcenes fail to pleaſe me; the verdant ſhades and flowery fields, ſince you are gone, have loſt their charms.

You flatter my vanity in writing with ſo much gallantry and politeneſs; and if making it the buſineſs of my life to be agreeable to the man I love, can engage your heart, my happineſs is ſecure. Nor is it poſſible ſuch merit as yours ſhould ever ſuffer me to grow indifferent.

While life and breath remain; and when at laſt
I feel the icy hand of death prevail,
My heart-ſtrings crack, and all my ſenſes fail,
I'll fix thy image in my cloſing eye,
Sigh thy dear name, then lay me down and die.

LETTER IV.

To Mrs. SARAH ROWE.

I AM extremely concern'd that my brother *William* has his health no better than when he was at the *Bath*, and ſhould have been very glad if he could have ventur'd himſelf in the countrey. Tho' I don't ſee you, the intereſt and happineſs of your family is never out of my thoughts. I pray for nothing with greater ſincerity, than for bleſſings on you and your children: And tho' the dear youth, on whom I plac'd all my happineſs, is rent from my arms, my future life is devoted to his memory, and my ſpotleſs vows ſhall be for ever his.

My

My heart bleeds afreſh when I name him, and tears put a ſtop to what I would ſpeak.

I am, my dear Mother,
Your, &c.

LETTER V.

To the ſame.

I AM ſorry I have given my dear mother ſo much trouble, as it muſt be to diſpatch ſo much buſineſs ſo ſoon. I am glad to hear I have money enough to pay my bills. My wants have been hitherto plentifully ſupply'd by the divine providence, on which I deſire immediately to rely, without the leaſt regard to ſecond cauſes. I would turn my eyes from the whole creation, and direct all my expectations to the God before whom my fathers have walk'd; the God that has fed me all my life-long till now, the Angel that has redeem'd me from all evil.

O who has taſted of his clemency
In greater meaſure, or more oft than I?
Which way ſoe'er I turn my eyes or feet,
I ſee his goodneſs, and his mercy meet.

When every comfort on earth fail'd me, he knew my ſoul in its adverſity; and was all my ſupport, when darkneſs and deſpair ſurrounded me. *Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and forget not all his benefits.* While I have memory and thought, let me not forget

forget his goodneſs, nor ſuffer his mercy to ſlip one moment from my thoughts. Let me remember the vows of my diſtreſs, and perform them to my gracious benefactor.

I HAVE my health, I thank God, at preſent, and am not half ſo lean as I was in the winter; but I am ſtill perſuaded I have not long to ſtay in this world.

Oh! if my threatning ſins were gone,
And death had loſt his ſting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Mr. WATTS.

THE news of your illneſs has given me many melancholy thoughts. May Heaven long preſerve your life on many accounts beſides mine; to me indeed it is one of the greateſt bleſſings I enjoy: For I feel the ties of gratitude and virtue to be as tender and ſenſible as the ſtrongeſt ties of nature. I hope your next will bring me the welcome news of your perfect recovery, and the health of all your family, which is the moſt ſincere prayer of,

My dear Mother,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

My dear Mother,

I FEEL exquiſite affliction for my brother's illneſs; but 'tis not his intereſt in this world, nor even his life, that gives me the moſt ſenſible concern: If Heaven gives his mind a reliſh and diſpoſition for immortal happineſs, I confeſs my warmeſt wiſhes are anſwer'd. O may that God that has been your dwelling-place from generation to generation, confirm his covenant with the ſeed of the righteous; and may you find that treaſure you have committed to him ſecur'd, when the times of refreſhing ſhall come. Indeed I have no fears left on this head, when I conſider the ſouls of your children were made the charge of providence by the prayers of their dying father. A juſt man would take charge of the eſtate of an orphan left to his care, and *ſhall not the Judge of all the earth do right?* I am ſatisfy'd, I ſhall find the ſpirit of my much-lov'd huſband triumphing before the throne of God, as ſoon as my releaſe from this tireſome world is ſign'd.

O fly, ye ling'ring hours!

I DARE not perſuade my father to change the air, nor undertake a journey to *London*, for fear what the conſequence may be. Our ways are in the hands of God, who prevents, or ſucceeds our deſigns; there is a determin'd event to every thing, which 'tis not in the power of man to reſiſt. Theſe thoughts keep my mind from much anxiety. There can paſs but a few circling years, and all will be well; mortality itſelf is the greateſt incumbrance:

But

But 'twill not be long before these walls of seperation will moulder into their primitive dust, and we shall meet in perfect purity and joy.

I am, my dear mother,

Your, &c.

LETTER. VII.

To the same.

I AM extremely concern'd to hear that my dear mother has not her usual health. It shall be my constant prayer that Heaven may long preserve your life, as a blessing to your family, and an example of unblemish'd piety to all your friends. I cannot but hope we shall meet again in this world, and please myself with the thoughts of enjoying my dear mother next summer in the country. I am else hopeless of seeing you; for the more I think, the more I am resolv'd on an absolute retreat from this world, of whose vanity Heaven has effectually convinced me, in the breach of the tendereſt engagement of life. I have now no fears or hopes, that regard this world; and as to the next, I thank God, and ascribe it entirely to his goodness, all my prospects are gay and transporting. And I am only waiting here, like the hireling, for the close of the evening, which is drawing on apace, and then I shall lie down to rest.

ADIEU, my dear mother, God grant you may be long continued a joy and consolation to all your friends, and to none more than to

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

IF I knew any arguments to allay my own grief, I would uſe them with my deareſt mother. The news of my * brother's death came in a time when I was ill prepar'd for it: But I am perſwaded the lives we lament are both perfected in immortal glory.

My brother's ill ſtate of health has hung heavy on my ſoul, ever ſince he was here. Heaven can witneſs how often, amidſt the watches of the night, I have ſent up petitions for his eternal welfare; and I am perſuaded the Spirit of God aſſiſted me with more warm and prevailing arguments than were uſual in other caſes to my formal heart. And amidſt all the bloom and gayety of youth, that powerful voice that ſaid, *Let there be light, and there was light*, could eaſily and in an inſtant, give the ſoul a diſpoſition for immortal pleaſure, and the ſplendor of the beatific viſion; of which I am fully perſuaded my much-lov'd brother is now poſſeſt.

I take much more care of my life than 'tis worth on any account, but what regards another; for, oh! I long to be at reſt; tir'd with vanity and life, I would fain lie down in the peaceful ſolitude of the grave; in the grave, where all my earthly joys lie buried.

I am, &c.

* Mr. *William Rowe*. He died on the ſame day with Mr. *Singer*, *April* 18*th*. 1719.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

YOUR letter, my dear mother, brought me very agreeable news, after a thouſand fears and anxious thoughts for my poor ſiſter; and I deſire to join with you in the moſt ſincere and pious gratitude to her great deliverer. God has bleſt you with children, that in every reſpect might be the pride and boaſt of the happieſt mothers; and if there ſhould have been no allay, your ſatisfaction would have been too great for a ſtate ſo uncertain as mortal life. Thoſe that are gone, like flowers in the ſpring, appear'd, and ſoon retir'd to the fountain of life and beauty; where you'll find them for ever flouriſhing in the paradiſe of God.

I AM now making up accounts with the young gentleman to whom my father was guardian, and in a few months I hope to be entirely free; and as to all affairs of this world, to ſet my houſe in order to die. And oh! that I may be as ready as to my ſpiritual and great account; and then, how welcome will my releaſe and long expected freedom be, from a life, which tho' crown'd with unmerited bleſſings, yet at beſt, is but vanity! But I am on the borders of reſt, and the happy regions are almoſt in ſight.

I HAVE endeavour'd to make reſolutions of going to *London*, this ſpring; but there ſtill hangs a dead weight on my ſoul, that takes off all the ſprings of action; and 'tis likely my next remove will be to the manſions of the dead. There is no ſight, on this ſide Heaven, more dear to me, than that of my dear mother; but I dare flatter myſelf with no

no prospect of happiness on this side the confines of Paradise.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

To Mrs. SARAH ROWE *junior.*

AFTER I have told you, my dear sister, that your brother is well, I have nothing in the world of consequence to say to you. Perhaps you expect I should excuse my silence; but my letter will effectually convince you how little you suffer at any time by my neglects of that nature; and instead of begging your pardon for writing no sooner, I find I want all your charity to forgive my writing now.—— I am quite tir'd with my own dulness, these formal sentences will never reach to the bottom of the paper. If I should go on after this grave manner, you'll be tempted to think I have patch'd up a letter out of *Wit's Commonwealth*; but I assure you 'twill be doing me the last injustice, for 'tis all my own, and has put my genius on the stretch too.

I THINK I'll talk of love now, for that's my darling theme; and I am sure it ought to be yours. Now, with the help of a fine quotation, I hope I shall fill up the rest of my paper. I can't talk of love, without bringing in the country scenes, which never fail to indulge the soft passion.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear,
Descending Gods have found Elysium *here.*
In woods bright Venus *with* Adonis *stray'd,*
And chaste Diana *haunts the forest shade.*

Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſhearing ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres *yield.*
Some God conduct you to theſe bliſsful ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats.
Where-e'er you walk, cool ſhades ſhall fan the glade;
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a ſhade;
Where-e'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe;
And all things flouriſh, where you turn your eyes.

I am, my dear ſiſter,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XI.

To the ſame.

YOUR brother is very devoutly reading *Quarles* to me, and by that gives me a good excuſe to write nonſenſe. We are reduc'd to the laſt neceſſity, by the want of our things, and Mr. *Rowe* is forc'd to read the pamphlets of the laſt age for his entertainment. He continues very well, and does not complain of the leaſt diſorder in his health. We are ſtill at *Agford*, and ſhould taſte all delights the country ſcenes afford, if we could meet ſuch nymphs as you in every verdant ſhade to converſe with; your company would complete the enjoyment, and give the groves and ſtreams new charms. You know, my dear ſiſter, that I am always unaffected and ſincere in theſe kind of profeſſions.

'Tis

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecrets of my heart:
And in familiar ſpeech to let you know,
How much I love you, and how much I owe.
Knock at my heart, for thou haſt skill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;
And thro' the veil of words thou view'ſt the naked mind.

AFTER all this verſe and proſe, I hope you'll grant I have wrote a long letter; but have a little patience, and I'll releaſe you, with my moſt grateful thanks and ſincere duty to my mother, to whom I have too great obligations to be expreſs'd; but all that obedience and gratitude can return, ſhe may ſtill command from me.

I am, my dear ſiſter,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

To the ſame.

IF the *Spectator* had not told me, that the greateſt friendſhips are leaſt noiſy and talkative, my own experience would have convinc'd me of it. I can't tell you, my dear ſiſter, how much I value you, without doing violence to my own temper, which is extremely reſerv'd in making pretenſions of this nature. But I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to

assure you, that absence has not at all lessen'd my esteem for you, tho' I have been so very slow in telling you so. I never wander in these charming walks to indulge a serious thought, but I wish you here, and fancy with how much pleasure our conversation might rise from earthly to heavenly things, and paint the blissful groves and fields of light, where love and sacred friendship reign for ever.

I HOPE you have your health better than you had in town; and for your being happy, I don't doubt but 'tis the care of Providence to make you so. Adieu, my dear sister; and may the light of his countenance, whose benignity is better than life, conduct you to immortal joys.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

HOW happy, my dear sister, should I think myself, if I could kindle one spark of that heavenly fire in your breast, that burns so faintly in my own! How blest should I be, to find it in my power to help you forward but one step in those sacred paths, from which I myself shall perhaps for ever err!

The gates of hell stand open night and day,
Smoth the descent, and easy is the way;
But to ascend, and view the blissful skies,
There the fatigue and mighty labour lies.

'Tis a difficulty, which in some anxious moments almost tempts me to yield to my fears, and tamely give

give up my title to an immortal crown, and bid the fields of light adieu. Thus

By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the ſacred road;
Thro' diſmal deeps, and dang'rous ſnares,
We make our way to God.

I MIGHT have ſav'd myſelf, and you, my dear ſiſter, the trouble of this letter; but that I ſhould not have ſeen you without ſome confuſion, after I have ſo long neglected to write to you; and this would have been ſome allay to the pleaſure I promiſe myſelf in meeting you again. We ſhall be in *London*, I hope, next week. I have perſwaded Mr. *Rowe* to go a fortnight before his time, for fear the weather and roads ſhould prove intolerable. If any thing could make me love the town, 'twould be the tenderneſs I have for you: My manner of expreſſing it is perhaps too reſerv'd.

My words are few, but from an honeſt heart;
And truth makes up for eloquence and art.

But the liberty and ſolitude I enjoy in the country charms me ſo much, that to gain that happineſs, I could even bid you, my dear ſiſter, farewel, till we meet in the realms of uninterrupted peace and pleaſure.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

I HAVE been juſt taking a ſolitary walk, and entertaining myſelf with all the innocent pleaſures, that verdant ſhades, painted flowers, fragrant breezes and warbling birds can yield. If I could communicate my pleaſure by deſcription, I would call the muſes to aſſiſt me; but I am afraid 'twould be inſipid to you, that are but moderately fond of the country. Yet I am ſure you would reliſh any pleaſure that heighten'd your devotion; and what can more effectually raiſe it, than viewing the beauties of nature? I have been pulling a thouſand flowers in pieces, to view their elegance and variety, and have a thouſand times with rapture repeated *Milton*'s lines

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Speak, ye, who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him. ———

They indeed behold the great original; but 'tis not deny'd me to trace his footſteps in the flowery fields, and hear ſome faint echoes of his voice in the harmony of birds, or meet his gentle whiſpers in the ſoftneſs of the evening breezes; yet this only raiſes my impatience to be admitted to the bliſsful viſion of uncreated beauty.

My ſoul the moſt exalted pitch would fly,
And ſee him in the heights of majeſty.

We ſhall be in *London* in a very little time. I long to ſee you, and expect the happy moment with the laſt impatience; but I own I ſhould reliſh my happineſs more perfectly, if we were to meet in ſome rural ſhade, remote from the noiſe and tumult of the town: But all human bliſs muſt have its allay, and we are not to expect unmingled pleaſures, till we meet in the walks of paradiſe.

Adieu, my dear ſiſter; may angels guard you, and Heaven bleſs you with perpetual ſmiles.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

When I write to you, my dear ſiſter, I can't forbear talking of what lies neareſt my heart, and raiſing a freſh concern in yours, for the loſs of your charming brother. Since that fatal moment, my ſoul has never known a joy that has been ſincere. I look backward, and recal nothing but tormenting ſcenes of pleaſures that have taken their everlaſting flight; and forward, every proſpect is wild and gloomy. Why was I ever happy? or why can't I by any motives of reaſon forget the object of my care? That's impoſſible! the charming form appears for ever in my ſight, and I half deceive myſelf with imaginary joys; but when I recover from the ſoft deluſion, I grow perfectly wild and ſavage, and fly humankind, becauſe I can ſee nothing that reſembles him; and am diſguſted at every ſound I hear, becauſe it does not imitate his voice.

O he was all my ſoul! wealth, friendſhip, honour,
All preſent joys, and earneſt of the future,
Were all ſumm'd up in him.

THE * enclos'd, my dear ſiſter, is what my melancholy fancy dictated on the return of the fatal day that robb'd me at once of all the joys of life; a day that I have for ever conſecrated to ſolitude and grief. My conſtancy to the charming youth, and regard to his memory, ſhall be the pride and glory of my life; and I flatter myſelf it ſhall be mention'd at my funeral, and writ on my grave.—I would ſay more, but my ſpirits ſink too much, and tears prevent the reſt.

O celeſtial point, that ends this mortal ſtory!

* The poem on the return of the day on which Mr. *Rowe* died.

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

IF I could write to you, my dear ſiſter, with half the pleaſure that I could talk to you, you would hear oftner from me. There are a thouſand impertinent negligent things, which have a very good air in converſation, that make but a ſilly appearance, when one comes to write them down, and ſubſcribe to them in a formal manner. If I was talking to you, I ſhould, without the leaſt remorſe, enter into a panegyric on the art magic, and tell you how much I envy'd *Taſſo*'s *Armida*, who could in an inſtant raiſe gardens and groves by the power of enchantment; while I am forc'd to wait the ſlow progreſs of nature, and the awkward operation of human hands. For after all my hopes

hopes and endeavours, I have nothing towards a garden, but a ſtone wall. This dry weather withers every thing, and now the patient people tell me, I can do nothing till another ſpring; as if I was to live to the age of *Shalum*'s miſtreſs in the *Spectator*. Theſe diſappointments are indeed trifles in the courſe of life; but yet they ought to produce this ſerious reflection, that *man walks in a vain ſhew, and diſquiets himſelf in vain.*

I AM extremely pleas'd with the tragedy of the *Fall of Siam*; but am ready at any time to retract my opinion, in deference to the public taſte. I am very much oblig'd to Mr. ———, for endeavouring to procure the *French Cato* for me. If he goes to the *Bath* this ſummer, I hope he'll ſtay ſome time at *Frome*; but for the next ſummer, I have no hopes or fears, that concern ſuch a diſtance of time.

I FIND I had no reaſon to write in a capital hand, for I ſhall fill up my paper, and leave ſome impertinence for the next opportunity.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To Mr. WILLIAM ROWE.

MY heart has charg'd you, my dear brother, with nothing but what is incident to mortality; with nothing but that mutability to which the whole creation is ſubject. And indeed the whole creation pleads in your excuſe; the changing ſeaſons, and the revolutions of the heavens themſelves, reproach my heart for the confidence it plac'd in vain man.

You

You hardly think the tears are falling from my eyes, as indeed they are, while I am writing in this fantaſtic manner.

My ſoul is ill prepar'd, my dear brother, to ſee you; I know you will recal to my thoughts a thouſand diſtracting ſcenes, that I vainly ſtrive to blot from my memory; unleſs you are as much alter'd in every thing, as you tell me you are in your temper, and have loſt all reſemblance of your brother. I am impatient to ſee you, and yet I can't promiſe myſelf a moment's ſatisfaction; my ſoul is ſo us'd to melancholy images, that nothing chears the eternal gloom. You need not bring any new books into the country with you; for ſince Mr. *Rowe*'s death all kinds of entertainment are inſipid to me, and I look on every thing below the ſtars with indifference and contempt.

Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

To the ſame.

My dear brother,

YOU are very patient to bear with my epiſtles, ſince I can ſend you no intelligence from wilds and deſarts, and know as little of this world as people who have made their exit from it; which makes it very hard for me to maintain a correſpondence with any of my friends who are ſtill ſurviving; nor are people very fond of converſing with ſpectres and departed ſpirits. But there is a ſort of ſerious and melancholy pleaſure, in fancying one's-ſelf in a ſtate of ſeparation. As all my joys

joys lie buried in the duſt, my imagination fixes itſelf with eaſe on theſe ſubjects; nor does the ſilence and ſolitude which reigns eternally in my chamber, differ very much from that of a ſepulchre. However, my thoughts are not entirely confin'd to theſe gloomy manſions, but ſometimes make excurſions into the *Elyſian* fields and myrtle groves;

Where crown'd with flow'rs they reſt on moſſy beds,
By cryſtal ſtreams that murmur thro' the meads.
No wintry horrors blaſt the bliſsful clime,
But ſpring perpetual ſmiles in roſy prime:
Nor pain, nor woe pollute the happy plains,
But pleaſure in eternal triumph reigns.

But the ſoothing viſion ſoon diſappears, and I return to dull mortality again, and eat, and drink, and dream ſucceſſively, with ſome ſhort intervals of reaſon; which are fill'd up with impatient wiſhes for the breaking of the immortal day, when this low and wretched part of exiſtence ſhall find a period;—— then all beyond is active pleaſure, and undecaying life.

ADIEU, my dear brother. I would willingly flatter myſelf that I am on the borders of the immaterial world, and ſhall never ſee you more, till we meet above the ſtars. But oh! may you ſee a thouſand happy days, and practiſe the nobleſt heights of virtue, when I am releas'd from all the toils and ſorrows of mortality, and gently reſt on my duſty bed.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame.

My dear brother,

YOU are not more charm'd with your hero, than I am to find you pleas'd with the moſt noble and ſublime parts of the new tragedy. 'Tis true, according to the weakneſs of my ſex, I might have been touch'd with beauties of a more ſoft and effeminate nature; but it ſhews a ſuperior turn of mind, to enter into public and generous ſentiments, of which you expreſs ſo juſt an admiration.

You have too modeſt an opinion of yourſelf, in ſuſpecting my friendſhip; tho' the tender relation I had to your brother is diſſolv'd, a thouſand other obligations bind me to the intereſt of your family, which no time, nor accident will have power to blot from my ſoul. While virtue and gratitude are words of ſacred importance, I ſhall never loſe the remembrance of the ſeries of favours I receiv'd from you in my late happy relation. Your whole family ſeem'd in a gentle confederacy, how to crown my hours with tranquility and joy.—— May that kind and generous treatment I had among you find a full retribution; whatever bleſſings Heaven has in ſtore for mortals, may they be all yours.

For myſelf, I aſk nothing but to conclude my part as ſoon as poſſible, and to finiſh the great action of life with the applauſe of that impartial Judge, who knows the moſt ſecret intentions of my ſoul.

But whatever variety of happineſs, whatever duration of being I ſhall paſs, my eſteem for you will be unalterable. Thoſe ſparks of amity and beneficence, which Heaven has kindled in my breaſt, can never be extinguiſh'd; this ſacred principle

ciple of love ſhall be perpetually improving in the peaceful realms of light.

When conſtant Faith, and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy;
Then thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive———
Shalt ſtand before the throne of heav'n confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

PRIOR.

Adieu.

LETTER XX.

To the ſame.

My dear brother,

MY friendſhip for you burns with an undecaying flame, and is as conſtant as the breath of life; and even when that ſhall ceaſe, and the duſt return to its primitive duſt, and the ſpirit to its divine original, this holy paſſion ſhall acquire new activity.

BE aſſur'd that nothing that concerns yourſelf can be inſignificant to me. If you would but lengthen out your letters, tho' it were with the moſt trifling things you can invent, 'twould be agreeable to one that has the fondeſt concern for you.

IF you knew the diſpoſition of my heart, you would have no reaſon to make an apology for not writing

writing in a more gay and ſprightly manner. Whatever is penſive and ſerious ſuits my natural taſte, and is entirely agreeable to the preſent gloomy circumſtances of my life. I am quite tir'd with the calm and happy mortals that ſurround me, and, to my great vexation, I can't meet one countenance in which there is not an abſolute vacancy of thoughtfulneſs and care. 'Tis ſurprizing that ſuch ſerene and untroubled ſtupidity can be maintain'd amidſt all the miſeries of mortality.

How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought!
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious ev'ry ſtep! how gloomy ev'ry ſtage!
This courſe of vanity almoſt complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the ſtill ſhades of death: For dread, and pain,
And grief, will find their ſhafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

PRIOR.

I am, *&c.*

P. S. I forgot to bid the honeſt man who is to call at your houſe, knock, if he found the door ſhut. If that ſhould be the caſe, I am ſure he'll be guilty of no violence, but will return back as innocently as any *Hottentot* juſt brought out of his native rock. I believe he never made any noiſe ſince he was born.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

I HAVE a thouſand kind and ſerious things to ſay to my deareſt brother; but oh! in what language ſhall I ſpeak? Lend me your harps, ye angels, and teach me ſome of the melting notes by which you give departing ſaints a taſte of celeſtial raptures.

Such notes as echo thro' the bliſsful plains,
When your immortal loves inſpire the ſtrains.

Heavens! that creatures born for infinite things ſhould ever trifle! that beings form'd for laſting and unmingled happineſs, ſhould give up their pretenſions for unſubſtantial dreams and fleeting ſhadows!

INSTEAD of opening the ſcenes of paradiſe, I am got into a ſplenetic reflection on the miſeries of mortality.—— 'Twill not be otherwiſe, while my ſoul wears a mortal frame; but when I have learn'd the ſongs of paradiſe, I'll endeavour to allure you from this vain world to the heavenly regions.

I HAVE juſt heard that Mr.—— is dead, and ſo ſuddenly, that he was ſitting in his chair with no mortal in the room; only his wife heard a diſmal groan, and running to him, found him ſpeechleſs, and his eyes ſet in death. His wretched life and infidel principles have given my thoughts a very melancholy turn, and I have choſen this ſerious moment to write to my deareſt brother. Nor can I imagine why the ſubject ſhould be diſagreeable to you: To you, I would perſuade myſelf, death has

has nothing in his aſpect but ſmiles and graces. And oh!

Whene'er thou dy'ſt, may arms of angels waft thee
To thoſe ſmooth joys that have no broken moment.

I FANCY you look on my letters as conſtant *memento*'s of mortality, and open them with as much ſolemnity as you do a ſermon ſtitch'd in black paper, with a death's head in the frontiſpiece. But, my dear brother, while mortality hangs about us, the ſolemn truth will return on our memory, whatever pains we take to baniſh it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

I DO not envy you the pleaſure of reading Mr. ——'s tragedy; but, my dear brother, I confeſs I envy him the happineſs of having pleas'd ſo exact a judge. I don't queſtion but 'tis extremely fine, ſince it has deſerv'd your approbation. I believe you need not be in any pain about the diſpoſal of the author's heart. He knows how a heroine ſhould be made, and if he does not find real graces, can eaſily ſupply them out of his own gay imagination. You know a poetic fancy has

Lengths, and heights, and depths unknown,
Broad fields with blooming glories ſown,
And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars its own,
In an unmeaſur'd ſphere.

Dr. WATTS.

BUT

But I fancy, when your turn comes to love, you will not be so cheaply provided with materials to complete your felicity. But oh! indulge this noble delicacy, it may guide you to perfect happiness. For sure the charming passion has a divine original, for *God himself is love*; by him the sacred flame was kindled, and fills the soul with generous sentiments and elegant desires: It breaks thro' all created perfection, and keeps on its restless course to the first pattern of whatever is excellent or fair.

You see, my dear brother, whether I tread the paths to perdition, or those that guide me to the stars, love is the moving principle. 'Tis so, I am sure, when I make wishes for your happiness, and pray that every gentle power above may be propitious to my dearest brother.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

PERHAPS I treated you with too much sincerity in my last; but, my dear brother, you find by it that I believe every thing of you that can be an advantage to your character, and would fancy that you possess every shining quality that makes you resemble the object of my fondest thoughts and endless grief. He taught my heart a passion, whose nicety and grandeur could not fail of giving my future thoughts a sort of serious elevation; while with gratitude I acknowledge the power, and bless the divinity of love.

When you make wishes for me again, my dearest brother, let not long life be join'd to the blessings

you ask. I am tir'd with the vanities beneath the ſun; all that amuſes mankind are but dreams of happineſs, ſhades and fantaſtic appearances. You don't believe me, I know; but the fatal experiment will convince you of this melancholy truth, within the courſe of a few circling years, if Heaven permits you to reach them; if not, when arm'd with virtue,

What is there in this dreadful nothing, death,
That we ſhould fear?

Whatever darkneſs hangs on the gloomy valley, beyond it ten thouſand dazzling ſcenes ariſe, more beautiful than the viſions of *Mirza*. For my part, I ſet no limits to my expectations, nor reſtrain my fancy from making the boldeſt excurſions into theſe infinite regions, where I behold beauty in all its exquiſite variety, and hear the ſound of immortal harmony.

I walk among the manſions of the Gods,
The ſoft receſſes, and the bleſt abodes.

I AM got into the celeſtial ſtile, and would fain forget that I am writing to a beau, a mere terreſtrial creature. But oh!

I ſink at once, and leave the skies.

How tranſient are the flights of devotion! how ſoon do earthly objects return with all their ſeducing advantages!

Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal paſſion charms my ſoul aſtray.

ADIEU, my deareſt brother. May Heaven make you happy beyond the limits of your own wiſhes.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame.

YOU are in the right, my dear brother, in believing that I had much rather date my letters to you from the morning ſtar, or the argent fields of the moon, than from a little village in the county of *Somerſet*. Mortality itſelf, without its attendant evils, ſeems to me a very humbling circumſtance; and I am delighted with the divines for giving it the reproachful terms of ſlavery, chains, impriſonment, and every thing hateful to reaſon and nature. But ſince there is no concealing the mortifying truth, without quitting the pleaſure of your correſpondence, I am content you ſhould know that I am ſtill below the ſtars, confin'd to theſe duſty regions, breathing the groſs element of air, and drinking tea inſtead of nectar, and encumber'd with a body of clay, inſtead of ſparkling in a vehicle of light. I am ſtill no better than a wretched mortal, and am forc'd to content myſelf with walks of turf or gravel, however ambitious you think me of ſetting my feet on the ſpangled pavement, and tracing the milky way. But ſtill my fancy is unconfin'd, and makes many a gay excurſion to the realms of day, wanders thro' *Elyſian* fields, and reclines beneath myrtle ſhades; where

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy ſecure.

But the ſoothing viſion quickly takes its flight, the celeſtial ſcenes vaniſh, and, for an ethereal enlargement, I find myſelf limited to a den, a dwelling

in the duſt. Inſtead of feaſting on ambroſia, and banquetting with angels, I am reduc'd to the common food of mortals; and, inſtead of the muſic of the ſpheres, am ſerenaded with a ploughman's whiſtle, or ſome ruſtic ſhepherd's jovial roundelay. However, I have my ſhare of tranquility in this ſtormy world. This low part of exiſtence will ſoon be ended, and all beyond is refin'd and exalted happineſs.

Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

To the ſame.

My dear brother,

YOUR letter has given me a little reliſh for life and the world again, which I had entirely loſt before. Whatever wild ambition craves, or boundleſs vanity can paint, the ſplendor of the great, and the pleaſures of the libertine, had loſt their enchanting appearances; while my gloomy imagination fancy'd my deareſt brother expiring, and with him all the charms that youth and blooming life could boaſt.

The faireſt flow'r (hard fate!) but blows and dies,
Does its gay honours to our eyes diſplay,
And while we praiſe its beauty, ſinks away.

STRENGTH of reaſon, and fortitude of mind! what pompous words are theſe? but how little do they ſignify to a mind ſo unguarded and effeminate as mine? I have a concern for my deareſt brother's life,

life, which no argument can remove, nor any amuſement divert; nothing but ſilent tears can relieve me. Heaven, who knows the ſecret idolatry of my heart, may perhaps remove the darling object, and blot every name but what is divine from my ſoul.

I WAS going to pray for you, but, my deareſt brother, I know not what bleſſings to ask. Not what would make you happy, that relate only to this world; let the ardor of my vows (and liſtening angels can witneſs how ſincere they are) let them procure immortal pleaſures for you, and I ſhall cloſe my eyes in peace, and thank the propitious powers with my expiring breath. Adieu. If half my prayers reach the skies, you muſt, you will be happy.

MR.—— has a ſofter propoſal to make to you, but the truth of this appears

To none but quick poetic eyes.

I COULD not fold up my letter, without encloſing Mr. *Grove*'s ode on his recovery. The eaſy harmony of the numbers, and exalted piety of the ſentiments, I'm ſure, can't fail of pleaſing you.

On the AUTHOR'*s Recovery out of Sickneſs.*

Written April 1717.

I.

THEE, bounteous author of my days,
Thee, their reſtorer, let me praiſe;
Thee, gracious God, who from the gates of death,
Where I in penſive ſilence ſate,
Waiting the dread arreſt of fate,
My ſoul didſt ſave, and ſnatch my fleeting breath.

II.

My voice with weakneſs faint become,
And hollow, like the empty tomb,
Hoarſe, and ſcarcely to be known;
Strong, and animated grown,
Shall be employ'd to ſound thy fame:
And while in loftier notes I laud that name,
Which lately I invok'd with feeble cry,
Rocks, hills and vales ſhall to my ſong reply.

III.

Let me remember too, with what ſurprize
The ſudden darkneſs veil'd my eyes.
How ſickly, and how pale the light,
When death's impending ſhade,
Preſage of everlaſting night,
Had round involv'd my head!
To heav'n my languid looks I turn'd,
Nor long my ſtate unpity'd mourn'd;
Celeſtial effluence purg'd the gloom away,
And to my fainting eyes reſtor'd the day.
Therefore for thee, my God, theſe orbs ſhall roll,
And to thy radiant ſeat I'll dart, thro' them, my ſoul.

I.

Think, vain, fond heart, when on the ſteep
Of that tremendous, boundleſs deep,
Eternity, in ſad ſuſpence I ſtood,
How all my trifling hopes and fears,
My ſenſeleſs joys, and idle tears,
Vaniſh'd at proſpect of the frightful flood.

II. Sure

II.

Sure life is but a huddled dream,
And time a ſwift, deceitful ſtream,
This vain world a ſhining bubble,
Only full of wind and trouble:
Yet this, great God, this is the prize,
For which deluded mortals heav'n deſpiſe;
Blinded with paſſion after this they run,
And ſee not, till they ſee themſelves undone.

III.

When, Lord, thy hand the ſable curtain drew,
And future worlds diſclos'd to view,
Theſe were my thoughts; and ſuch are ſtill
The leſſons of the grave;
But as the purple channels fill,
We gayer fancies have;
The world its former charms puts on,
And we to doat again are won.
But, rather than this ſhameful chace repeat,
And groſsly ſuffer, having ſeen the cheat,
A ſtranger let me live to fatal eaſe,
That greatneſs may not tempt, wealth ſhine, nor
flatt'ry pleaſe.

I.

Rais'd from my bed, I'll higher riſe,
And ſpringing upward, mate the skies,
Nor ſhall this load of fleſh reſtrain my flight:
So, when the eagle's youth returns,
With thirſt of bold attempts he burns,
Eſſays his wings, and tow'ring, mocks the ſight.

II.

All my paſt follies be forgot,
Loſt in one univerſal blot:
From this æra years begin
Happy, and unſtain'd with ſin;
And as if life did now commence,
And nature's beauties now firſt ſtruck my ſenſe,
Tranſported, let me ſing from whom I came,
Admire his works, and praiſe the faultleſs frame.

III.

My ſoul, thou ſource of life, with health inſpire,
And actuate it with thy fire;
Let all its pow'rs partake the heat,
Imparted by thy love;
In all a heav'nly vigour beat
Its ev'ry ſpring to move.
If thus my body and my mind
Shall both thy quick'ning influence find,
With both thy glory I will ſtrive to raiſe,
And to thy ſervice conſecrate my days;
And while this aims at heav'n, that bows to earth,
Each part will honour Thee, and own its ſeveral birth.

I.

Tho' now delay'd, yet death will come,
By fate's inevitable doom;
When once the deſtin'd period is mature,
No pray'rs for reſpite will prevail,
That mightieſt engine then muſt fail,
And the diſeaſe we ſlight deſpair of cure.

II. *Sun*,

II.

Sun, ſtand thou ſtill, a mortal ſaid,
The mortal's voice the ſun obey'd,
Sudden check'd his rapid wheel,
On the brow of heaven's hill.
To double length he ſtretch'd that day:
But then, impatient of his longer ſtay,
His fall he haſten'd, and withdrew the light:
So ſtopp'd awhile, my ſun muſt ſet in night.

III.

Wiſely the bleſſing uſe, thou muſt reſign;
The bleſſing will not long be thine;
Prepare, my ſoul, for thy remove
From this frail houſe of clay,
To ſeats of fadeleſs bliſs above,
And ever-during day.
Death ſhews not there his meagre face,
And grief's a ſtranger to the place.
No annals to record, as here, the time,
The bleſt preſerve; but ever in their prime,
Let countleſs ages glide away untold,
Which witneſs, as they paſs, to joys that ne'er grow old.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. JOHN MUNCKLEY.

SIR,

THE confidence your letter gives me of my *brother's happineſs is all that can ſupport me under the diſmal tidings of his death: I bore the loſs of my father with much more compoſure. The moment your letter came, I was pouring out all the ardor of my ſoul before God, for my brother's life, or a full aſſurance of his future happineſs: The laſt your letter brought me. But, oh! could ſpending the day in tears, or the watches of the night in prayers; could my own life have reſcu'd him from the grave, I would have given it. I believe he died on the ſame day my father did; and now they are met to part no more.

I TOLD my father, two days before he died, of my mother's diſtreſs, and that ſhe deſir'd his prayers; on which he lifted up his hands, and fixing his eyes earneſtly toward heaven, ſpoke theſe words: *God Almighty bleſs her, and her family; bleſs them in their bodies, and bleſs them in their ſouls.* And, after a long and ſilent pauſe, he ſaid again; *God is faithful, he has bleſt them, and they ſhall be bleſt.*

MY father left all his eſtate to me by his will, without one legacy to any relation he had, and on the outſide of his will he ſet down this as his reaſon; *that he might not ſtraiten me, nor hinder any kindneſs that I ſhould deſign to ſhew to Mr.* Rowe's *family.* This generous concern for them has oblig'd me beyond all the indulgence of his life.

* Mr. *William Rowe.*

I AM

I AM afraid this affliction ſits heavy on my poor ſiſter: But her brother's reſemblance to my much-lov'd husband made him dear to me beyond all the ties of nature, and my grief knows no reaſon or limits.

I SHALL expect you here, according to your promiſe. If you are ſo inhuman as to diſappoint me, it will be the firſt ill-natur'd thing I ever knew you guilty of; which will vaſtly aggravate your crime. I hope you intend to make ſome ſtay: You ſhall be ſure of a ſincere welcome to

Your, &c.

P. S. The anguiſh of my heart will not ſuffer me to write now to my mother.

LETTER I.

To ———.

I WOULD fain perſwade you, and flatter my ſelf, that my inclinations to ſolitude are not the effect of any ſour auſterity, or vain ambition of being thought wiſer or better than other people. I aſpire to no character above that of a reaſonable creature; and am content to keep on a level with other indolent mortals, who are willing to be quiet and happy on the moſt eaſy terms they can find.

'TIS impoſſible for me to keep my mind in a proper ſituation in the noiſe and hurry of public diverſions. A train of impertinent images, a ſucceſſion of follies, runs thro' my imagination. My head is a perfect toy-ſhop, a *Raree-ſhow*; nor can I poſſibly baniſh from my memory a ſeries of troubleſome ideas of things to which I am wholly indifferent

different whether they ever had an exiſtence. But till the impreſſion is a little effac'd by retirement, theſe unſeaſonable vanities will intrude on my public and private devotions.

FREQUENTING aſſemblies of pleaſure would not be the way, as you imagine, to reconcile me to a crowd, unleſs I could find more ſincerity practis'd there. People ſeem indeed to meet with an obliging deſign to pleaſe and entertain one another, and you would think the whole world in a league of friendſhip and beneficent offices; but as ſoon as ever they are parted, the diſguiſe falls off, and the latent malignity breaks out in ſlander or ridicule. Whatever pains has been taken by every ſingle perſon to recommend themſelves by dreſs, behaviour, or wit, not one mortal comes away ſatisfy'd with any thing but himſelf. One has been too pert, another too ſullen; ſome are awkward, others hideous; ſome too old, and others too young; and nothing in nature is what it ſhould be; not a beauty or blemiſh that eſcapes cenſure: So that you would think mankind born in a ſtate of hoſtility with one another, and that the end of thoſe public aſſemblies was to pry into the faults, and expoſe the defects of their own ſpecies.

MY letter is of a decent length.

Adieu.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Mrs. ARABELLA MARROW.

Madam,

I FIND 'tis a hard thing for people that are quite out of the world, to converſe with thoſe that are in it. As I am cut off from the ways of the living, and ſeem to exiſt in the ſtate of departed ſpirits, I know not how to entertain my ſurviving friends. News from the dead, I fancy, would not be very agreeable to many of them; eſpecially to thoſe that are very well at eaſe in a ſtate of mortality, and have all the gay part of life before them. But ah! Madam, how ſoon will the ſoft deluding viſion fly! how ſwiftly will the circling years roll on, and convince you of the vanity of all your expectations from this falſe world! You'll think I am very well at leiſure, to utter theſe wiſe maxims: I don't expect you to believe me, but upon your own experience.

I THINK my ſelf very happy, that I have writ any thing capable of inſpiring ſuch noble ſentiments as thoſe of devotion muſt be in a mind form'd like Mrs. *Knightly*'s. I find, Madam, you are a little piqu'd, that I ſhould think you have no reliſh but *pour les poeſies tendres & galantes*. Why, to tell you the truth, Madam, I fancy people are never wiſe or devout in any remarkable degree, till they are married; and when once you are entred into that ſober ſolemn ſtate, I ſhall have the ſame charity for you, that I have for other people under thoſe grave circumſtances.

As for all the fine things you ſay of my wit and merit, take it for granted I ſubſcribe to them all, and give my full aſſent to them, and every thing elſe that can be ſaid to my advantage. I am extremely

tremely ſenſible what a loſs my retreat is to the world, and how much a perſon of my conſequence muſt be miſs'd in it. I am afraid the graſs will cover the circle in *Hyde-park*, if I ſhould not make my appearance there; and if a tender deſpair had not turn'd me ſavage, I ſhould certainly have more compaſſion for mankind, than to hide ſo much merit in the country ſhades. But where-ever I am, ſuch worth as yours will ſtill poſſeſs the eſteem of

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I HOPE this letter will find you in ſome interval of perfect leiſure, or elſe I cannot expect your forgiveneſs for ſo much wilful and deliberate impertinence. My thoughts are in ſuch a romantic ſituation in this place, that I am half convinc'd that every thing I ſee here is enchantment. I never venture out of my own apartment, with any ſecurity of returning to it again, but loſe myſelf in verdant labyrinths and flowery mazes; and am often reduc'd to enquire of the firſt intelligent being that I meet, which is the way into my Lord ———'s houſe. But 'tis my conſolation, that this gay confuſion of mind is not peculiar to myſelf; for I can aſſure you there are not two people in the family that are yet agreed to call any one thing beſides the mount, by the ſame name. What one reaſonable creature thinks fit to call a parterre, another, with a true poetical licence, calls a wilderneſs;

neſs; that which one, without the leaſt heſitation, terms a green and open ſquare, another, with full aſſurance, affirms to be a cloſe impenetrable ſhade, a retreat from the noon-day ſun. Amidſt this confuſion of languages, 'tis a great delight to me to find every body in as viſionary a diſpoſition as myſelf. Whether we are got into fairy land, or if 'tis the nature of this climate that has lull'd us all into a golden dream, is very uncertain; but for my part, I am ſo pleas'd with the place and company, that I am willing to indulge the charming madneſs, without envying the moſt ſedate reaſoner on earth. But whether you'll take my word, or not, 'tis certain I am in my right ſenſes, when I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I THINK myſelf very happy in your good opinion; but tho' I do the utmoſt juſtice to my own merit, I can't flatter myſelf that I deſerve your eſteem. —— This ſentence looks as if it was borrow'd out of the *Academy of Compliments*; but, without vanity, I can aſſure you 'tis my own.

THE news of your illneſs is a very ſenſible affliction to me; I find my letters are not the only *Memento's* you have of mortality. With regard to yourſelf, I think it could be no great diſadvantage to you to quit the world ſo early. To die in the pride of life, and in all the ſplendor of youthful virtue, has ſomething more glorious in it than

to

to languiſh out the dregs of life, in the exerciſe of no virtue but patience. But as you have all the gay part of life before you, and have ſome ſoft engagements to this world, I am not ſurpriz'd at the reluctance you find to make ſuch an early exit.

You would think me too reſign'd in parting with my friends, if I ſhould tell you, it is not worth your while to make a farther trial of any earthly enjoyment: However your own experience will be the ſtrongeſt conviction, and a few circling years will give you a full demonſtration of the vanity of all your gay expectations from this falſe world. Indeed I would have you diſappointed, and can't wiſh you perfectly happy and at reſt here; not from any ill-will or malignity in my temper, but for fear it ſhould ſtop your purſuit after more laſting and ſuperior joys.

If I appear more ſtoical than I ought on this occaſion, 'tis becauſe I apprehend you are in no danger; and I hope to leave you long behind me, poſſeſt of as much happineſs as dreams and ſhadows can give you.

Adieu.

LETTER V.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I AM extremely oblig'd to you, for the account of your travels. A view of thoſe fine proſpects, in your deſcription, is much more agreeable to my temper, than being at the pains of ſeeing them any other way; while I am perſwaded your images

of

of them are more beautiful and entertaining than the things you deſcribe.

My Lady——— has given me an account of Mr.———'s death. She ſpeaks of it in a manner that gives me the higheſt eſteem for her virtue, and the humanity of her temper. Indeed I never receive a letter from her, but what raiſes my opinion of her ſenſe and merit. To make ſuch juſt reflections on life and its vanities, in the pride of youth, and gayeſt circumſtance of fortune, is very uncommon: But nothing gives me a greater opinion of her wit, and the elegance of her taſte, than the value ſhe has for your converſation. You know I am very ſincere; and as I have no dependance, I am paſt all ceremony with the world. Since Mr. *Rowe*'s death, I have had neither hopes nor fears; but am in a ſtate of abſolute indifference with regard to this world. I have eaſe and plenty to the extent of my wiſhes, and can form no deſires but what my father's indulgence would procure; and I have nothing to aſk of Heaven beyond the good old man's life. The perfect ſanctity of his character, with the benevolence of his temper, makes him a refuge to the widow and fatherleſs. The people follow him with their bleſſings and prayers, when he goes abroad; which he ſeldom does, but with a deſign to reconcile ſome difference, or to right the injured and oppreſt. The reſt of his hours are entirely ſpent in his private devotion, or books, which are his only diverſions. But I forget myſelf, and acknowledge, it would be more a-propos to entertain you with the charms of ſome handſome young fellow, or the dreſs and equipage of a beau, than with the moral virtues and temperance of hermits and philoſophers.

Lady——— tells me you are in a conſtant hurry of company in *Warwickſhire*. I ſuppoſe you do not know that you deſerve my compaſſion; but

I can't help beſtowing it upon you. With all the graces of your perſon, the charms of your wit and addreſs, or all beſides that mortality can boaſt, I would not be in your circumſtances. O rather

Bear me, ſome God, to Hæmus' *dewy top,*

or to mount *Atlas*, or to the wilds of *Africa*, or any other ſavage wilderneſs on earth! O bear me

Far from the noiſy follies of the great,
The tireſome farce of ceremonious ſtate,
Far from the thoughtleſs crowd, who laugh, and play,
And dance, and ſing, impertinently gay,
Their ſhort, ineſtimable hours away!

In the humour I am now indulging, you will certainly think a deſart the moſt proper place for

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. ———.

Madam,

My ſatisfactions in this world are confin'd to very narrow limits; and as your letters and eſſays are among thoſe few entertainments, I can't but complain that you will not let me ſee the paper you promis'd to ſend.

The melancholy account you gave in your laſt letter, of the ill ſtate of your health, gives me a great ſolicitude for you; tho' I am convinc'd it yields

yields you a ſerene and pleaſant proſpect. I never recal your retir'd converſation in ſome of the charming walks at ———, without fancying myſelf in that moment wiſer and happier than before; but I dare not promiſe myſelf a return of thoſe ſatisfactions till we meet in the ever-blooming fields of paradiſe.

——The bliſsful plains,
Where pleaſure in its gayeſt triumph reigns.
Joys ever-young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year.
Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime,
The fields are florid with unfading prime.
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mold the round hail, or flake the fleecy ſnow:
But from the breezy deep the bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.
The firmament with living ſplendors glows,
And on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe.

This deſcription I borrow'd from Mr. *Pope*; and this gay ſcheme is I believe ſuited to your taſte, tho' I am afraid it would not be at all agreeable to the reverend Mr.——'s ſagacity; to whom I beg you will give my ſervice. I confeſs theſe flowery ſcenes ſeem to be the leaſt circumſtances of immortal bliſs. But in what its greateſt elevation conſiſts, never enter'd into the heart of man to conceive.

Make haſte, ye ling'ring hours,
To bring the promis'd joy!

THERE is no ſpell confines me to this place, but the brevity of human life; which would have made me content, on whatever ſpot of earth deſtiny had dropt me. I could never have been plac'd in a

more vacant ſituation, without any thing to pleaſe, or moleſt me; which in the concluſion of life is a great advantage. My principal concern is now, that I may paſs the fatal darkneſs without conſternation.

I AM ignorant whether heavenly or earthly love is at preſent your governing paſſion; if the laſt, this grave ſubject may perhaps come unſeaſonably, and the long life of the happy antediluvians might have been a more agreeable theme.

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. ——.

YOU obſerve very juſtly, religion does inſtruct mankind to act a becoming part in every period of human life; but ſtill piety looks like a retreat for declining years, and people ſeem to be reduc'd to it as a ſanctuary; goodneſs then has an air of neceſſity, and does not appear half ſo free and voluntary as in the bloom of life. And this, Madam, is the happy ſeaſon you have choſen to recommend the ſacred dictates of Chriſtianity, while the ſpirit and gracefulneſs of youth ſets off every virtue. Be it eaſy or ſevere, 'tis ſtill becoming, and attracts the ſpectators love and imitation; it ſtrikes the ſenſes as well as the ſoul. The heavenly flame mingles with the luſtre of the eyes, and makes itſelf viſible in the vivacity of a youthful face. The ſanctity of thought reveals itſelf in the modeſt aſpect, the guiltleſs and unaffected ſmile. The mind, conſcious of nothing but good-will and gentle diſpoſitions, gives the ſignal of its beneficence by

by a thouſand nameleſs graces peculiar to the advantage of youth and blooming life.

I HAVE made your compliments to Mrs.—, and obey'd your commands in recommending Biſhop *Hopkins*'s ſermons to her; but to no more purpoſe, than if I had perſwaded her to peruſe a treatiſe of navigation. She thinks it a greater toil to read twenty ſermons, than *Alexander* would have had to conquer twenty worlds, if he had known where to find them. A folio of divinity is certainly a dead weight in a fine lady's hands, and much more heavy and unmanageable than *Clelia*, or any other romance of the ſame bulk.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To the Revd. Mr. THO. AMORY.

Dec. 10.

IT would be putting you on an exploit of perfect knight-errantry, to deſire you to take a journey hither in this unpleaſant ſeaſon. You would find occaſion to equip yourſelf with *Mambrino*'s helmet, to defend your head from the inclemency of the wintry ſkies. As for Mr. *Grove*, if he ſhould come on, victorious over all the giants and enchanted caſtles on the road; if it ſhould happen to ſnow while he was here, he would fancy himſelf in *Lapland*, and abhor this place for ever. I am ſo ſincerely pleas'd with Mr. *Grove*'s company, that I would never deſire it, till I thought every circumſtance would concur to pleaſe the delicacy of his imagination, on which I know the weather has

ſome influence. I would never invite him, but when the ſun ſmiles on the gay creation,

Reſtores their leafy honours to the woods,
Flow'rs to the banks, and freedom to the floods;
While birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At nature's joyful reſtoration ſing.

For this, and two or three other wiſe reaſons, I am willing to deny myſelf the happineſs of your company till a month or two after *Chriſtmas.*

I FIND I have your leave to make my exit, and commence immortality as ſoon as I pleaſe, on condition I'll ſtudy divinity in the fields of light, and come back again to fright people out of their wits, and anſwer caſes of conſcience: But I am afraid my improvements will not be great this way. I am for the myrtle ſhades and roſy bowers; and if a ſilver lute and a celeſtial ſong will entertain you, I'll certainly oblige you, if it is in my power, with ſuch melting ſtrains as angels ſing to dying ſaints, when they would give them a taſte of celeſtial joys.

Such notes as echo thro' the bliſsful groves,
When they deſcribe their own immortal loves.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

SIR,

I HAVE been reading all this morning of the ſun, and ſtars, and comets; but I can't be ſo vain to tell you I underſtood perfectly one line that I read: Yet

Yet the subject has given a sort of elevation to my thoughts, and put them in such a kind of dazzling confusion, that I'm afraid you'll wish I had writ to you when my genius had been less exalted, and more turn'd to earthly objects. But you may be out of pain, for I find conversing with mortal things has a pernicious influence; I am already descended, and have bid the starry regions adieu. Without raillery, 'tis too true, that the mind does not long keep its heavenly, which is indeed its proper situation, and where alone it can find rest.

I SPENT a few days since you was here at *Longleate*; but tho' the gardens were in their perfect order and beauty, and look'd like paradise restor'd, I found greater charms in obscurity and solitude; which I think I should prefer to a public life, if 'twas on no other view than as a sanctuary from the censure of the world, and to be disengag'd from its interests and passions. An unenvy'd retirement, without standing a competitor for any of the advantages that the rest of mankind pursue, seems to be the nearest way to peace and happiness.——— Like *Sancho* in *Don John*, I can't reason long without interruption.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

To the same.

SIR,

YOU have addrest me with as much solemnity, as if I had been in holy orders. You certainly fancy'd yourself writing to Mrs. *Drummond*; while you know I am so far from assuming those

ſuperior airs, that I have hardly the confidence to put myſelf in the claſs of reaſonable creatures. All the pre-eminence I pretend to, is, that I came into the world before you; and, according to the propriety of time and action, hope to leave it firſt, and commence the dignity of a celeſtial ſpirit; while you are left below, a ſober plodding mortal, bleſſing yourſelf in the felicity of a prudent wife, and a houſe full of pretty, tractable children.

YOUR verſes contain excellent rules for happineſs; but you find they had not their juſt effect on your fair diſciple. One would really think mankind under ſome fatal enchantment, that they are reſolv'd never to be happy by rule or method; while, as Mr. *Grove* ſays,

'Heav'n warns us of the dang'rous road,
And would our ſteps recal;
But we muſt tread, where crouds have trod,
And where they fell, we fall.

Mr. *Pope* ſays juſtly enough, in his letters, that half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thought; they are rather ſtronger dreams, impreſſions on the imagination.—— But I have no inclination to be ſevere on human nature, and have ſtill the modeſty to put myſelf in the loweſt rank among intellectual beings, and pretend to no right to cenſure or dictate.

I AM impatient to ſee your ſermon; the * title has already byaſs'd me in its favour. I always have thought you warm in the cauſe of Chriſtianity; and for your peculiar notions I am ſo far from blaming your frankneſs and ſincerity, that it appears to me a beauty in your character.

* *Chriſt the Light of the World: Or, The principal Improvements made in Religion by Chriſtianity.* A Sermon preached at *Exon, Sept.* 11. 1735.

BEFORE

BEFORE I had finish'd my letter, your sermon came to my hands; which I have read with great satisfaction; and from an implicit believer, it has half made me a reasonable one; which you will think is a surprizing attainment for

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

To Mr. ——.

SIR,

YOU are too partial to my writings of any kind, and I am afraid my letters will soon convince you how much you have deceiv'd yourself in the value you seem to set on my correspondence. My way of life is so retir'd, that I am ignorant of every thing that passes in the busy world, and can inform my friends of no events nor changes, but what occur in the rural scenes and the variety of nature. If I live till *December*, I may be able to inform you that the waters are turn'd to ice; or in *April*, that the ground is cover'd with cowslips and daisies: But I am not positive that this important intelligence will very much improve or divert you.

PERSONS of the greatest merit are generally most diffident of themselves. There can be no other reason for your anxiety in writing to me. Criticism is not my talent, nor inclination; and I am pleas'd that you remember any part of my conversation, that had a tendency to clear me from the imputation of such a disagreeable character. The beauties of temper and action in human life delight and charm

charm me; while its blemiſhes give me a very mortifying proſpect, eſpecially when I conſider myſelf liable to the ſame follies.

YOUR commands to me to write a long letter are very obliging; but 'tis a happineſs for you, as well as the reſt of my correſpondents, that my impertinence is limited by the ſize of my paper to pretty narrow bounds; and that 'tis as great a fatigue to me to write a long letter, as it would be to you to read it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

To the ſame.

SIR,

I HAVE inclination to write to you, and yet I could not have choſen a more unlucky interval. My head ſeems perfectly vacant, without either bright or gloomy ideas, void of hopes or fears. This ſeems to be an unhappy, and is perhaps a criminal inſenſibility; and I often lament it as one of the miſeries of mortality, that the mind can remain in ſuch an indolence, in the view of things of eternal conſequence, unmov'd at the uncertainty of future happineſs, or miſery; while the important hour is advancing, that muſt decide this grand event.

I HOPE you are before this perfectly recover'd from your indiſpoſition. I have a real ſympathy with Mrs. ———, for the concern your diſorder muſt give her; tho', with regard to yourſelf, death can have nothing threatening or gloomy; and ſuch early piety as yours generally makes a graceful exit,

exit, whatever loſs the public ſuffers by it. But I hope your life will long be continu'd an example of virtue to an impious age.

You have favour'd me with the moſt agreeable employment in the world, to convey your generoſity to Mr.——. There is an exquiſite pleaſure in ſoftening the cares and ſupplying the neceſſities of a perſon of merit; and ſtill the joy is heighten'd in raiſing a thought of gratitude in a pious mind to the Supreme Benefactor: Nor can I help asking with a tender ſurprize, why am I free and independent, while one of ſo much greater virtue is ſtraiten'd and depreſs'd?

But who ſhall ask th' Eternal Ruler, why
His favours thus unmerited are plac'd?

Mrs.——'s invitation and care for my reception is exceeding obliging; but nothing is more uncertain than my being in town. I have ſuch an averſion to every thing that looks like fatigue, and find in myſelf ſuch a propenſity to indulge the tranquility of my temper; that 'tis a thouſand to one if I ſtir from the place where I am.

A thousand bleſſings attend you!

I am, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To the ſame.

SIR,

I HAVE felt your affliction with all the tenderneſs and ſympathy of friendſhip, and am equally affected with joy at the news of Mrs.——'s recovery

very. I hope she will long be a blessing to you, and a bright example of virtue in this dissolute age; where diversion and a giddy round of amusement, seem to banish every thing that is serious or rational. But satire is not my talent. I am conscious of too many follies of my own, to set up for a censurer of the manners of the age. However, I can't say you have strain'd your charity, in believing that I had rather hear the music of the spheres, than *Farinelli*'s *Cantato's*; and that, of the two, I had rather be among the angels, than crowded with the peers and peeresses of *Great Britain*, admiring Mrs. *Porter*'s graceful action.

'Tis not a very easy transition from Mrs. *Porter* to Dr. *Watts*; but I am sincerely glad of his recovery; but my tranquility will not be complete, till I hear from you that Mrs.—— is past danger of a relapse, and confirm'd in her health.

May blooming health still smile upon her face,
And all the joys that sacred virtue gives,
Brighten her mind, and crown her future years.

You need not make an excuse for sending a speedy answer to any of my letters; it will always be an obligation. Whatever liberties I take, I would not corrupt other people by the example of my indolence.

I find I have a little crampt my genius, for want of room; but next time you shall have more white paper, if nothing else.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

SIR,

YOUR good opinion, inſtead of raiſing my vanity, gives me a ſecret confuſion; while I reflect how little I deſerve it. Were my mind in that ſuperior ſituation you imagine, I ſhould be very happy; but your letter (in the moſt polite manner) rather tells me what I ought to be, than what I really am; and I hope I ſhall make that uſe of it: Tho', as Dr. *Watts* ſays, pride, that active iniquity, is never at reſt; whether I have to do with God or man, it beſets me on every ſide.

HOWEVER agreeable a retir'd life may be to your taſte, a perſon of your good ſenſe and piety will be more profitable to the public by an active life. Examples of truth and juſtice are too rare, to wiſh them conceal'd in an idle retirement.

BE pleas'd to make my compliments to Mrs. ——, and tell her my being in town is uncertain; but if I am, and have power to follow my inclinations, I ſhall ſpend ſome part of my time with her: Some gentle and friendly impulſe flatters me with a great deal of pleaſure in her converſation. But I would forbid myſelf expecting any perfect enjoyment either from ſociety or ſolitude. At a diſtance, the ſylvan ſhades ſeem to be the reſidence of innocence and peace; but in this degenerate ſtate, guilt and folly will intrude on the moſt retir'd manner of life. And yet I muſt own, if there is any happineſs below the ſtars, it conſiſts in a freedom from the hurry and cenſure of the world, where the mind may devote all its bright and ſerene intervals to Heaven.

How

How happy is the holy hermit's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n,
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.

O grace divine! O virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable gueſt:
Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!

THESE lines are borrow'd from Mr. *Pope*, and I wiſh I was ſenſible of their energy, while I repeat them; but I am afraid theſe thoughts are rather flights of poetry, than devotion.

YOU need not excuſe your want of method; your fine turn of thought, and eaſy manner of expreſſion, is vaſtly preferable to all the pedantry of rules.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

SIR,

THE news your letter brought me of your ſafe return to your family gave me a ſincere ſatiſfaction, both on your own account and Mrs.——'s, whom I often remember'd with anxiety and compaſſion,

paſſion, conſidering how the roads were infeſted with robbers. I look on your ſafety as the peculiar care of providence.

'TIS a ſort of mortification to me, to delay writing to you a few poſts; but I am unwilling you ſhould command too much of my attention; for after I have writ, I am impatient for an anſwer. Your friendſhip ſeems to make a part of my happineſs; but 'tis a happineſs ſo refin'd, that I hope it will be immortal. However, I muſt humble your vanity ſo far, as to let you know, I am talking the ſame language to Mrs.——, that I am dictating to you. Be pleas'd to preſent her with my acknowledgments for the pleaſure her ſociety gave me: I am perfectly charm'd with her character.

MAY Heaven aſſent to your pious wiſhes for me; and grant that I, the leaſt of all ſaints, may at the laſt ſummons ſpring triumphant from my duſty bed, and be number'd with the glittering aſſembly.

There let me vie with all the hoſt,
In duty and in bliſs;
While leſs than nothing I ſhall boaſt,
And vanity confeſs.

Dr. WATTS.

THIS ought always to be in my view, and if you knew the natural vanity of my temper, you would not ſay ſo many things that might indulge it. However, I would be on my guard, and deſire to make no uſe of the partiality of my friends, but the intereſt of religion, and the glory of my Redeemer.

I RETURN you my thanks for the ſermons you ſent me; they are worthy of Dr. *Watts*'s excellent pen. I have juſt read the *Eſſay on Reaſon*; 'tis writ by Mr.

Mr. *Harte*, and is very fine. Mr. *Pope*'s *Satire on Women* is more mild than I expected; and if well us'd, may reform the ſex.

I MUST bid you adieu; it will be prudence in me to manage my ſtock of thought, that you may not diſcover the inward vacancy too ſoon.

MAY attending angels conduct you in the ſacred paths of peace and virtue!

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

WHEN I conſider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit,
Truſt on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falſer than the former day,
Lyes more, and when it ſays we ſhall be bleſt
With ſome new joy, cuts off what we poſſeſt.

THIS is the picture of human life; when we view it without a connexion to the next permanent ſcene, paſt and future pleaſures have but an imaginary being. I have been taking ſome pains to reaſon myſelf into a ſtate of indolence, and endeavouring to put a full period to all expectation of happineſs below the ſtars. All that deſerves the name of happineſs on earth, is that friendly impreſſion, that real merit makes on virtuous minds; but that ſtamp is immortal, and will reach perfection in the bliſsful regions above.

Your poetical deſcription has ſet the beauties of nature in a full proſpect before my imagination. I am glad you met with ſuch variety of romantic ſcenes

ſcenes in your rambles; but the brighteſt appearances in nature cannot excite my envy, or raiſe my curioſity.

By what I've liv'd, I plainly know
The total ſum of all below.

WERE I permitted to make my tour among the ſtarry worlds, I ſhould leave you very gladly to make the beſt of whatever enjoyment the ſea or dry land could give you.

DON'T ask me to meet you at *Oxford*, that you may ſpare me the pain of a refuſal; which will be more tormenting to myſelf than to you.

ORIGINAL

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

BY

Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

———*Non haec ſunt edita ab illo;*
Sed quaſi de domini funere rapta ſui.
Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit,
Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat. Ovid.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXVIII.

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

HORACE *B.* I. *Ode* XII. *Imitated.*

1708.

CLIO, heav'n-born muſe! what happy man,
Or godlike hero, ſhall thy well-tun'd harp,
Or pipe ſhrill-ſounding celebrate? Or if
A loftier theme delight thee, ſay what God
Shall *Echo*, pleaſing babler, taught by thee,
Sing in the ſhades of *Helicon*, or *Pind*,
Or *Hæmus'* ſacred mount? where *Orpheus*, ſkill'd
In arts maternal, liſt'ning rivers ſtopt
In their ſwift courſes, lull'd the winds to ſilence,

And made the ſtubborn oaks attentive move
To aukward dances their unwieldy limbs.

WHERE better can the pious muſe begin,
Than with the univerſal Father's praiſe?
Who rules the pow'rs above, and man below,
The earth's wide plains, the ſea's unbounded waves,
And laws to all the vaſt creation gives,
With undiſputed ſway; himſelf ſecure
Of own'd preheminence; nor equal knows,
Nor aught that may deſerve a ſecond place.
Yet *Pallas* next our adoration claims;
Immortal maid, in arts and arms ſupreme:
Bacchus, the ſoft amuſer of our cares,
With *India*'s conqueſt proud: *Diana*, foe
To beaſts untam'd: *Apollo*, tuneful God;
Able alike to give the wretched life
By potent herbs, and villains certain death
By never-erring darts, command our lays.

NOR ever ſhall the grateful muſe forget
Alcides, matchleſs hero; nor the twins,
Whom *Leda* bore to *Jove*; this ſkill'd to tame
The fiery courſer, this in fight untam'd;
Both by the mariners rever'd: for ſoon
As their auſpicious ſtar adorns the ſkies,
The foaming waters trickle from the rocks,
The winds retire in whiſpers; blackeſt clouds,
That erſt portended ſtorms, divide, and leave
A pleaſing day, and ev'ry threat'ning wave
(So will the Gods! ſo unreſiſted fate!)
Sinks to a calm, and ſleeps upon the ſeas.

WHAT next forbids to ſing *Britannia*'s chiefs,
In war and peace illuſtrious? *Brutus* firſt,
Sire of the nation; *Egbert*, pow'rful prince,
Source of a thouſand kings; *Normannia*'s duke,
An eaſy, and a rightful conqueror
Of realms his own: Or ſhall I thoſe record,
Who, born beneath a throne, to diſtant climes
Extended *Britain*'s glory and their own?
Talbot, a name ſtill dreaded by the *Gaul:*
Warwick, ſure puniſher of perjur'd kings,
Who play'd with crowns, and toſs'd the gilded trifles
To whom he pleas'd, deſpiſing them, as far
Beneath his own acceptance: *Dev'reux*, long
By great *Eliza* favour'd, loſt at laſt
By wiles of ſtateſmen, and heroic crimes.
Who can enough or *Vere*, or *Cândiſh* praiſe?
Or *Drake*, *Iberia*'s ſcourge? Him poverty
Paternal, and a youth inur'd to hardſhips
Fitted for vaſt exploits, and taught to gain
By merit honours fortune had deny'd.
Thro' ev'ry age the *Ruſſels* patriot race
Riſes in fame. The bright *Naſſovian* ſtar
Shines with tranſcendent ſplendor, and excels
All leſſer lights, as *Phœbe* thoſe of heav'n.

FATHER and guardian of the human race,
Offspring of *Saturn*, who by fate's decree
Diſpoſeſt *Anna*'s deſtiny; preſerve
Thy precious charge, extend her glorious ſway.
May ſhe acknowledge thee alone ſuperior,
Nor have on earth an equal: If ſhe drives
From her realm's limits the invading *Gaul*,

Or on the hoſtile land due vengeance takes,
Haughty in well-got ſpoils; ſtill under thee
May ſhe in mildneſs happy nations rule.
Do thou *Olympus* with thy chariot ſhake;
Then juſtly on thy foes and ours, incenſt,
Dart forked lightning, make deſtruction ceaſe,
And bleſs the ſinking world with laſting peace.

TIBULLUS *Book* I. *Elegy* III.

WHILE you, *Meſſala*, with your warlike train,
In haughty triumph plow the ſubject main,
Me my hard fate in realms unknown detains,
Thro' all my frame a dire diſtemper reigns,
And very hardly life itſelf remains.
O could my pray'rs obtain a ſhort reprieve!
Would the grim tyrant a kind reſpite give!
I have no mother here to cloſe my eyes,
And grace with pious tears my obſequies;
No ſiſter, who in looſe, diſhevel'd hair,
And all the pomp of deſolate deſpair,
Should ſhed rich ſpices at my ſepulchre:
Nor *Delia*'s here, whoſe preſence could create
Health and new life, each raging pain abate,
And reconcile my ſoul to all the ills of fate.
She, ere I went, ſought ev'ry pow'r above,
And ev'ry pow'r ſeem'd gracious to her love;
All ſpoke a ſafe return, yet ſtill ſhe fear'd,
And tender anguiſh in her looks appear'd;

Tears

Tears from her eyes in briny torrents fell,
And ſighs in riſing choak'd her laſt farewel.
I too oft' ſought pretexts for my delay;
Foul birds and baleful omens ſtopt my way,
Or ſtars averſe, or *Saturn*'s luckleſs day.
Oft' I return'd a longer time to wait,
Mov'd by ill-boding ſtumblings at the gate.
Taught by my harms, let men with caution move,
Nor tempt the wrath of unconſenting love.
What is thy *Iſis*, *Delia*, now to me?
Or what the fruit of thy vain piety?
What have I gain'd from all thy widow'd nights,
Giv'n all to her, and ſtoln from our delights?
Yet, Goddeſs, ſave! exert thy healing pow'r,
And to loſt health a ſinking wretch reſtore!
That *Delia* may before thine altars bow,
Perform in pious gratitude her vow,
And oft', with hair unbound, in artful lays,
Among thy *Pharian* crowd, may chaunt thy praiſe;
When I to my poor houſhold Gods return,
And monthly incenſe to my *Lares* burn.
O for that age of innocence again,
That bleſt the world in good old *Saturn*'s reign!
Ere the diviſions of the earth were known,
Or men for foreign lands deſpis'd their own.
While the tall pine yet on the mountain ſtood,
The ſafe, unenvy'd monarch of the wood,
Not yet cut down, and taught on ſeas to brave
The rage of ev'ry wind, and ev'ry wave:
For yet no mariner, for ſordid gain,
Diſturb'd the quiet of the wat'ry reign.

The

The ox, unyok'd, might thro' the paſtures ſtray;
Nor the tough bits taught horſes to obey.
No doors ſecur'd the houſes yet, nor bounds
To private uſe confin'd the fruitful grounds.
Soft honey from the ſolid oaks diſtill'd:
The ſheep, that rang'd unguarded o'er the field,
Unſought, to ev'ry hand their ſwelling dugs would yield.
No thirſt of empire, no ambitious rage,
Nor fell debate, taught mortals to engage,
Nor broke the calm repoſe that bleſt the peaceful age.
Now under *Jove* reign rapine, ſlaughter, hate,
And wars, and ſtormy ſeas, and thouſand forms of fate.
O ſpare, great ſire! I never falſly ſwore,
Blaſphem'd thy awful name, nor dar'd thy pow'r.
But if the fatal, deſtin'd hour is come,
Be this inſcription plac'd upon my tomb:
While number'd with Meſſala's *martial train,*
The toils of land, and dangers of the main
Tibullus *prov'd*; *by early fate oppreſt,*
Beneath this humble tomb his aſhes reſt.
But me love's queen, her ever-faithful ſlave
Will ſtill protect, and cheriſh in the grave;
She bleſt me living, and will guard me dead,
And to th' *Elyſian* fields her conſtant vot'ry lead.
Bright ſcene of endleſs bliſs! where feather'd throngs,
With ſlender throats, repeat melodious ſongs.
Th' unlabour'd meads ſpontaneous caſſia bear;
And purple roſes flouriſh round the year.

Join'd

Join'd with ſoft nymphs the ſhepherds dance and play,
And ſport a glad eternity away.
Mirth and gay joys reign o'er the bliſsful ſpace,
And youth immortal ſmiles in ev'ry face.
Unhappy lovers, by ſtern fortune's hate,
And the rough hand of unrelenting fate,
Snatch'd ſudden from their joys, are doubly bleſt,
With myrtle wreaths diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Far from theſe regions of unmix'd delight,
Hid in thick ſhades of everlaſting night,
Are the dire manſions and ſevere abodes,
Sacred to vengeance and infernal Gods:
Round the ſad ſeats ſulphureous waters roar,
Vaſt *Cerb'rus* barks before the brazen door;
Tiſiphone, with ſnaky treſſes crown'd,
Laſhes the flying criminals around,
And with the dreadful noiſe the gloomy caves reſound.
Ixion there, whoſe inſolence durſt move
To impious fires the royal bride of *Jove*,
Fix'd on his reſtleſs wheel, while endleſs years
Purſue their courſe, the whirling vengeance bears.
Tityus extended o'er nine acres lies,
And daily food to rav'nous birds ſupplies:
And *Tantalus*, with ſeeming plenty curſt,
Sees waters court his lips, yet dies for thirſt.
There juſtly ſuffer *Danaus'* curſed race,
The horror and the hate of all the diſmal place;
Who braving love, and *Hymen*'s ſacred rites,
Could ſlay their huſbands on their nuptial nights.

There

There may the wretches howl, whoe'er they be,
Who wiſh'd ill-fortune to my love and me;
That I might from my *Delia* wander far,
Thro' all the hardſhips of a tedious war.
But thou, my love, thy conſtancy retain,
And true to me, and thy own vows remain;
In ſafe retirement my long abſence mourn,
Nor form a wiſh for joy till my return.
Let thy old faithful nurſe be ever by,
The ancient guardian of thy chaſtity;
Whoſe tales may chaſe the ling'ring ſhades away,
And lull thy ſorrows till the dawning day.
Sudden I'll come, as to thy wiſhes giv'n,
And ſent by ſome ſtrange miracle from heav'n;
Then thou, my *Delia*, with an haſty pace,
Run unadorn'd and looſe to my embrace.
When, when, ye pow'rs, will that bright morning riſe,
To paint with livelier red the eaſtern skies,
Which ending all my griefs and dire alarms,
Shall give my *Delia* to my longing arms?
Propitious heav'n, all obſtacles remove;
And let me die at-leaſt with the dear nymph I love!

An ODE on VIRTUE.

I.

CELESTIAL Virtue, offspring of the sky,
For thee alone I touch the trembling ſtring;
Aſſiſt thy modeſt votary,
And take the humble incenſe that I bring:
Excuſe at leaſt the doubtful ſong,
While mortal lays the lofty ſubject wrong.

II.

THY charms, bright Virtue, all mankind confeſs;
And ev'n the monſter Vice,
When ſhe th' unpractis'd ſinner would entice,
To meet his firſt attempt ſhe borrows thy addreſs,
Is baſhful yet and nice,
A virgin delicacy ſeems to wear:
For ſhould her own deformity
Without diſguiſe appear,
What doating wretch but would the terror fly?
What deſp'rate fool, ſhould ſhe unveil her face,
Would tempt perdition for the curſt embrace?

III.

PRECEDING times in great examples ſhew
What human minds, inſpir'd by thee, can do.
By gen'rous principles and honour led,
The lovely *Syrian*, in his blooming age,
Refus'd the fond *Egyptian*'s bed,
And ſtedfaſtly repuls'd her am'rous rage.

IV. WHEN

IV.

When ancient *Tanis* in her glory ſtood,
Proud of her palmy groves and ſacred flood;
Which gently flowing from its heav'nly ſource,
Enrich'd her level borders with its courſe:
Vaſt pyramids, with elevated heads,
Pointed the plains, and ſtretch'd their ſpiral ſhades
To diſtant woods, and far-extended meads.
Rich *Thebes*, devoted to the God of day,
Stood, like her own reſplendent planet, gay.
The lofty domes with golden luſtre ſhone,
An hundred gates adorn'd the pop'lous town;
The buildings all were rais'd with wond'rous coſt,
With ſilver foliage the high roofs emboſt;
Well-finiſh'd ſculpture on the walls was ſhown;
For art was here in full perfection known,
Ere *Phidias* wrought in *Parian* ſtone,
Or *Greece* her skilful *Dædalus* could boaſt.
Th' *Egyptian* court with ſoft *Aſſyria* vy'd
In all her luxury and pride.
But *Pharaoh*'s age no promis'd heir ſupply'd;
His beauteous daughter all his hopes betray'd,
To *Iſis* ſhe herſelf had vow'd
A conſecrated maid:
The ſacred creſcent on her breaſt ſhe wore,
Her robe with golden ſtars was ſpangled o'er.
To *Nilus*' banks the pious fair,
Performing holy rites did now repair;
When from the ſhore an infant's feeble cries
Her virgin train ſurprize:

Among

Among the reeds a lovely boy they found,
His temples with an ambient glory crown'd,
Divine preſages ſparkled in his face,
Unvulgar beauty, and expreſsleſs grace.
The Gods have thus, the joyful princeſs cry'd,
My father's wiſhes with an heir ſupply'd.
Young *Moſes* her adopted ſon ſhe nam'd;
But when his years had reach'd their manly prime,
The title he diſclaim'd;
Govern'd by motives more ſublime,
While heav'nly Virtue his high thoughts inflam'd.

V.

By heav'nly Virtue led,
Th' *Egyptian* court, and all its pomp he fled;
And wand'ring far away on *Midian* plains,
An humble life he choſe among the ſwains.
In moving lays he taught the rural throng
Celeſtial truths; while, liſt'ning to his ſtrain,
The flying winds their breath retain,
And winding currents ſlowly glide along.
Of chaos and the world's great birth he ſung,
How from the word divine the fair creation ſprung.
High *Horeb* from his cloudy ſummit heard
The tuneful ſounds, long ere the *Thracian* bard,
On *Hæmus'* banks, in potent numbers ſtrove
A ſavage nation wiſely to improve.

VI.

When on *Bethoron*'s plains great *Joſhua* chas'd
The *Amorean* kings;
Leſt darkneſs o'er their flight her veil ſhould caſt,

And

And from his ſword protect them with her wings,
Forward before his wond'ring troops he ſprung,
Pois'd in his hand a trembling jav'lin hung;
Mov'd by an inſtigation all divine,
Heroic Virtue, the great hint was thine:
When on the ſparkling skies
The daring warrior fix'd his eyes,
Some God the ſoldiers in his face regard,
While from his lips theſe mighty words they heard.
Thou ſun, he boldly cry'd, thou ſun, ſtand ſtill,
Nor ſtretch the ſhades on *Gibeah*'s lofty hill;
And thou, fair moon, retard thy haſty flight,
And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night:
Aſtoniſh'd nature inſtantly obey'd,
And in a deep ſuſpenſe the heav'nly motions ſtay'd.

VII.

Nor leave the tuneful heroine un-nam'd,
Ye virgin muſes, who her breaſt inflam'd;
Virtue no brighter votary can boaſt,
No brighter names in all her liſt appear.
She touch'd the lyre, and ſhook the pointed ſpear,
The life and glory of the *Hebrew* hoſt:
Old *Kiſhon* to her aid his billows brought,
And on her ſide the marſhall'd planets fought.

VIII.

The *Medes* ſubdu'd, and *Ecbatana* raz'd,
The haughty *Perſian* with freſh laurels grac'd,
To *Jordan*'s banks his num'rous forces led.
Wide as the eaſtern rule was ſpread,

The

The distant realms his glad assistants come:
From *Serica*, and *Oxus*' borders some,
From *Indus*' and imperial *Ganges*' shores,
And where *Iaxartes*' rapid current roars,
The hardy race on wild *Hyrcania* bred,
Advanc'd with bold intrepid breasts.
The tall *Armenians* with their waving crests,
And *Parthians* with their backward bows,
A dreadful scene on *Hebron*'s plains disclose.
But none in courage or in splendor vy'd
With the gay troops that left the flow'ry fields,
Where royal *Ulai* rolls his crystal tide;
Their helmets gold, and gold their blazing shields,
With dancing plumes and *Tyrian* scarves, from far
They shone the pride and terror of the war:
With airy feet their coursers spurn'd the plains,
In silver trappings deck'd;
With silver curbs and scarlet reins
Their fiery rage their graceful riders check'd.
Encamp'd before the sacred hill they lay,
Where *Salem*'s lofty tow'rs their strength display.

IX.

WHILE to their great forefather's aid
With stedfast zeal the sons of *Israel* pray'd.
The potent pray'r prevails; a *Hebrew* dame
By heav'n was destin'd to the great event,
To fix a scandal on th' *Assyrian* name,
A lasting scandal, and immortal shame.
Led by the mighty impulse *Judith* went
Undaunted to the *Persian* leader's tent;

The chief with wonder gazes on the fair,
Her geſture free, engaging all her air.
A nice reſerve and modeſt pride
Chaſten'd the native ſoftneſs in her looks deſcry'd.
Her features nobly turn'd, her cheeks diſcloſe
A freſher bluſh than paints the blooming roſe.
Her eyes were black, and black her ſhining hair;
Black as the midnight clouds, which ſometimes grace
With chequer'd ſhades the moon's reſplendent face;
Part to the ſight was in looſe curls expos'd,
The reſt a ſpangled caul enclos'd:
To that a white tranſparent veil was join'd,
Which negligently hover'd to the wind.
With envious art a ſhade of fineſt lawn
Was o'er her ſwelling boſom drawn.
A ſparkling diamond hung at either ear,
And rubies round her ſwelling neck appear.
Her robes were coſtly ſilk, and ev'ry fold
Vary'd with blue and winding ſtreaks of gold.
She ſoon protection and redreſs obtain'd;
While from the *Perſian* chief
Her moving words procur'd belief,
And eaſy credit gain'd.
A rich pavilion to his own adjoin'd
Was to the fair that night aſſign'd,
Aſſur'd from all a juſt reſpect to find.
The charming *Hebrew* with her maid retir'd,
And left the gen'ral with her beauty fir'd;
But gentle ſleep his am'rous cares appeas'd,
While thro' the camp the midnight riot ceas'd.
Darkneſs and ſilence now combine
To favour *Judith* in her great deſign.

Un-

Undaunted Virtue fill'd her breaſt,
Undaunted Virtue her whole ſoul poſſeſt;
While by a glimm'ring taper led,
She found the ſleeping warrior's bed:
His ſword with an audacious air ſhe took,
And freed her nation at one noble ſtroke.

X.

BY *Grecian* heroes wonders have been done,
And laſting fame for great atchievements won;
But all they tell wild fictions prove,
Of fated armor, and aſſiſting *Jove*.
No partial Goddeſs to *Achilles* brought
A ſpear and ſev'n-fold ſhield by *Vulcan* wrought.
No *Pallas* to the field *Atrides* led,
Nor grac'd the chariot with young *Diomed*,
When from his raging ſword the *Trojans* fled;
But Virtue own'd the *Argives* cauſe,
Avenging breach of faith and hoſpitable laws:
Their beſt ſucceſs was owing ſtill to thee,
Their proſp'rous Genius thou, and aiding Deity.

XI.

AT ancient *Rome* thy name was long ador'd,
For thee they drew, for thee they ſheath'd the ſword.
Great *Numa* oft' convers'd with thee,
Amidſt the gloomy night's ſolemnity.
While the pale moon with ſilver beams
Checquer'd the ſhades, and glimmer'd on the ſtreams,
Egeria or *Urania*, nymphs divine,
He oft' invok'd by ſome clear fountain's fall:

However nam'd, the lovely form was thine
That anſwer'd ſtill his call;
From thee he learn'd by gentle arts t' aſſwage
The *Sabines* ſullen hatred, and the *Roman* rage.
Nor *Faunus* gave (as ſtory tells)
The peaceful prince fantaſtic ſpells;
To charm fierce lions from their prey,
Or ſwelling torrents in their banks to ſtay;
To turn the lightning's fatal force,
Or break the raging thunder's courſe;
Theſe great effects, celeſtial Piety,
Theſe great effects belong alone to thee.

XII.

MANLIUS and great *Camillus* owe to thee
Their fame and glorious immortality.
Horatius fought by thee ſuſtain'd,
When ſingly he th' unequal war maintain'd;
In vain to paſs the bridge the *Tuſcans* ſtrove,
Backward whole ſquadrons with his ſpear he drove;
Fix'd as his country's guardian God,
On *Tyber*'s banks the hero ſtood,
And ſtain'd the foaming ſtream with hoſtile blood.

XIII.

In vain ill omens would *Flaminius* fright;
In vain his courſer, with unuſual fears,
Still backward from the fight
The furious warrior bears;
Unmanag'd o'er the wide campaign he flew,
And from his ſeat the daring rider threw;

The

The daring rider mounts again,
And urg'd the battle on the deſtin'd plain.
Unterrify'd with *Hannibal*'s great name,
And full of martial flame,
Still foremoſt on the glitt'ring ſpears he preſt:
The *Roman* Genius for his life diſtreſt,
With a prodigious earthquake ſhook the ground;
The violent force
Pour'd back the rivers to their inmoſt ſource,
Revers'd the floods, and chang'd their native courſe.
Thrice from the ſkies portentous thunders ſound,
And thrice ill-boding lightnings blaz'd around;
Nor earthquakes, lightnings, nor the thund'ring skies
A breaſt with virtue guarded can ſurprize:
Still reſolute and bold,
Flaminius on the thickeſt dangers flies,
And bravely met the fate the warning Gods foretold.

XV.

If ever praiſe to *Roman* worth was due,
If ever Virtue could diſtinction claim,
Great *Scipio*, thy illuſtrious name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the liſts of fame,
And future times thy triumphs ſhall renew.
The conduct of *Fabritius*' age,
And young *Minutius*' martial rage
In thee were eminently found:
With all that men revere, or heav'n applauds,
Thy glorious life was crown'd.
Rome's mighty empire ſeem'd alone on thee
Dependent for ſecurity:

Without thee, ev'n her boaſted Gods
Had ill defended their own gay abodes.
Whatever wreaths at *Thebes* or *Troy* were gain'd,
Whatever fame at *Salamis* obtain'd,
Or at *Arbella*'s fatal field,
Their moſt illuſtrious deeds to thine muſt yield.
Nor waſt thou in thy publick life more great
Than in thy laſt retreat
To the *Linternian* ſhades, thy humble ſeat.
In all things thou waſt modeſt ſtill and brave,
Neither to Vice, nor Virtue's ſelf a ſlave;
Virtue was choice, delib'rate choice, in thee,
Not philoſophic pride, nor dull neceſſity.

XVI.

Bright Goddeſs, what reſiſtleſs charms are thine,
That men for thee all human things forego,
And willingly reſign
The deareſt ties and ſofteſt names below?
By what ſtrange arguments doſt thou engage
Unpractis'd youth, and ſpiritleſs old-age,
To brave for thee the fierceſt tyrant's rage?
Bright Goddeſs, thou the cauſe alone canſt tell,
And all the ſacred myſtery reveal.

XVI.

'Tis done! immortal light without controul
Comes ruſhing like a mighty torrent on my ſoul.
Tranſporting ſcenes are open'd to my eyes;
I ſee the inmoſt glories of the skies.
I ſee the bright diſtinguiſh'd crown,
That led the conqu'ring martyrs on.

I walk

I walk among the manſions of the Gods,
The ſoft receſſes, and the bleſt abodes.
I trace the happy vales and lightſome plains,
Where pleaſure, peace and love triumphant reigns:
Thro' all the region round
The voice of feſtival and nuptial ſongs
Perpetually reſound.
Ineffable the reſt,
And by immortal tongues
Alone to be expreſt.
All hail, ye ſcourges, flames and tort'ring wheels!
Your force no more the ſhiv'ring fancy feels.
Enlighten'd thus, *Romanus* try'd
The tyrant's utmoſt cruelty and pride.
Lucius, with theſe bright proſpects fir'd,
And young *Hormiſda*, their tormentors tir'd;
Rhea and *Dionyſia* trampled down
Oppoſing hell, and gain'd the martyr's crown.

XVII.

With arts more fatal *Decius* ſtrove
Nicetas' fortitude to move.
In a delicious garden's ſoft retreat
The youth was gently laid,
Wrapt in a ſilken net,
A flow'ry couch beneath him ſpread,
Where fragrant jeſs'mins lent a grateful ſhade.
A dying breeze, a fountain's eaſy fall,
Mix'd with melodious birds, for gay delights did call.
While a young harlot, in the tempting pride
Of airy life and wanton beauty try'd

With guilty blandiſhment and art,
Obſcene careſſes and licentious ſong,
To poiſon with contagious flames his heart,
To tempt the ſaint his holy vows to wrong;
Unconquer'd yet the youthful ſaint remain'd,
And all her proffer'd charms and lewd addreſs diſdain'd.

XVIII.

EULALIA to the ſtern tribunal preſs'd,
And boldly there the *Chriſtian* faith profeſs'd:
The ſavage judge ſuſpends her doom,
Touch'd with her dawning charms and early bloom.
To *Jove*'s high ſhrine they led the tender maid;
The prieſt in his fantaſtic pomp array'd,
A golden cenſer brought,
With conſecrated odours fraught,
Which fiercely from his hand the virgin caught;
Beneath her feet the ſmoking gums ſhe trod,
Derides the bigot, and inſults his God:
Unmov'd the ſenſeleſs idol ſtands,
With uſeleſs thunder in his paſſive hands;
But all their rage his wild adorers ſhow,
And in their cruelty
Surpaſs'd the fiends below.
Their ſcourges, pincers, and their racks they try'd;
By more than human fortitude ſuſtain'd
The ſuff'ring maid her conſtancy retain'd.
Be all the pow'rs of death and hell defy'd!
Your malice can no more, ſhe faintly cry'd,
And ſmiling on her curſt tormentors dy'd.

XIX.

NOR Virtue with preceding times is loſt,
Nor *Rome* alone illuſtrious names can boaſt;
The charming Goddeſs has not left the ſtage,
A thouſand great examples grace the preſent age:
But Virtue ne'er with brighter pomp was ſeen,
Nor wore a nobler form than in the *Britiſh* Queen.

XX.

THOU art thy own immenſe reward,
Should man no future ſtate regard.
Were fields of light, and gay ethereal plains,
The ſanguine flights of viſionary brains;
The happy mind, poſſeſt of thee,
Would find unmingled joy, and true felicity.
Were there no gloomy ſhores, no burning lakes,
No chains of darkneſs, nor infernal racks;
Were hell a wild, enthuſiaſtic dream,
A ſtateſman's trick, a poet's lying theme,
A pious fraud, a black deceit
Of mercenary prieſts, the world to cheat;
Yet ſtill within itſelf a guilty mind
The emphaſis of ev'ry plague would find.

An Epiſtle to a FRIEND.

Written in the Spring, 1710.

WHILE pious *Anna*'s conqu'ring arms
Fill pow'rful guilt with juſt alarms,
Which now ſhall ſoon make diſcord ceaſe,
And bleſs the jarring world with peace;
While ſaucy prieſts ſedition prate,
Arraign the Queen, embroil the ſtate,
And murmur at they know not what;
Thou, *Daphnis*, by kind fate ſent down
From the wild tumults of the town,
Doſt, in a happy rural ſeat,
Taſte the pure joys of calm retreat.
Nature, with blooming honours gay,
And vernal ſweets, invites thy ſtay.
See the fair morning of the year
In all its richeſt pomp appear!
See the briſk ſongſters of the air
To the forſaken woods repair!
Hear them in artleſs harmony
Welcome back the ſpring and thee.
Baniſh'd from the charming plains,
No more the ſluggiſh ſeaſon reigns:
But ah! the ſad deteſted gueſt
Still keeps its empire in my breaſt;
For in the abſence of the fair,
Doubt, anguiſh, jealouſy, deſpair,
Make an eternal winter there.

DAPHNIS,

DAPHNIS, to whom by gentle heav'n
The bliſs I languiſh for is giv'n,
Who all thoſe beauties canſt admire,
That ſet my longing ſoul on fire,
And gaze on thoſe bewitching eyes,
For whoſe dear light poor *Strephon* dies,
And thoſe tender accents hear,
Which wound the heart, and charm the ear;
Gaze not on thoſe eyes too long,
Nor liſten to her tempting tongue,
Leſt all thy ſoul their influence prove,
And friendſhip yield to mightier love.
Call all that friendſhip to thy aid,
And tell, oh! tell the lovely maid,
With all thy eloquence and art,
What racking ſorrows rend my heart:
Tell her how I waſte away
In never-ceaſing moans the day;
Waſte in woes the tedious night,
Yet curſe the dull, ungrateful light,
That brings not *Delia* to my ſight.
Each ſun with fainter beams appears,
Tho' ev'ry breaſt but mine it chears;
And till from her my ſoul receive
The joys that ſhe alone can give,
While all things ſmile around, I grieve.
Tell her—But ah! I ask in vain
Thy aid to tell my am'rous pain,
Tho' none with nicer judgment knows,
To paint diſtreſs, and talk of woes.
Can artful tales my griefs expreſs?
Ev'n moving numbers make them leſs.

Not

Not all the muſes can inſpire,
Nor the great God that tunes the lyre,
With all his force and all his fire;
Not ev'n her own immortal lays,
Sacred to glory and to praiſe,
And of eternity ſecure,
Can paint the torments I endure.
O could the charming maid but know
Part of the pains I undergo,
Pains to none but lovers known,
And gueſs my ſuff'rings by her own!
Ye verdant plains, ye flow'ry hills,
Ye little, gentle, murm'ring rills,
Ye peaceful ſhades and ſilent groves,
Scenes of ſoft reſt and rural loves,
Say, for you beſt her ſecrets know,
And oft' have heard her tuneful woe,
Is the bright charmer ever kind?
Is *Strephon* always in her mind?
Does ſhe not teach the rocks my name?
On wounded barks inſcribe her flame?
To the attentive bending boughs,
Whiſper a thouſand am'rous vows?
Chide the dull lagging hours away,
And in ſoft ſighs accuſe my ſtay?
Zephyrs bear the charmer's ſighs,
Waft them gently to the skies;
Hear them, ye little Gods of love,
And all ye awful pow'rs above;
In your own regiſters record
Each am'rous vow, and melting word;

That

That firm, unſhaken they may be,
As the ſtern laws of deſtiny,
And the dear paſſion may remain
Fix'd as your own eternal reign.

DAPHNIS, deareſt youth, excuſe
The roving tranſports of the muſe;
If, while fantaſtic joys ſhe feigns,
To eaſe her real, mighty pains,
Joys too glorious to conceive,
Too vaſt to hope, or to believe,
Unmindful for a while ſhe be
Of ſacred friendſhip and of thee.
Friendſhip's holy link, that binds
In ſtricteſt ties the nobleſt minds,
My grateful ſoul ſhall never break:
For thee a thouſand vows I make,
And for thy bliſs, my conſtant care,
I tire the gracious Gods with pray'r.

THRO' all thy life mayſt thou poſſeſs
Uninterrupted happineſs;
Serene may every ſun ariſe,
To light thee to ſucceſſive joys;
May ev'ry hour glide ſmooth away,
And ſmiling as a ſummer's day.
No anxious thoughts diſtract thy breaſt,
And no unpleaſing dreams infeſt
Thy downy ſleep and ſilken reſt.
Whene'er thou lov'd, be light thy chain,
And gentle thy fair tyrant's reign;
Soft and melting may ſhe be,
Artleſs, innocent and free;

And

And in one word to ſum the reſt,
That thou mayſt be completely bleſt;
In mind, in form, in mien, in air
As near with *Delia* to compare,
As Heav'n can make another fair.

YE pow'rs, (if any pow'rs there be,
That mind ſo mean a wretch as me)
From your exalted ſtation hear,
And liſten to my humble pray'r.
Your choiceſt giſts on *Anna* ſhed,
Deck with freſh laurels *Marlbro*'s head;
Let the vaſt minds that guide the ſtate
Be without crime or envy great:
In lower ſpheres my wiſhes move,
I ask no other bliſs but love.
Let ſullen ſtars refuſe to bleſs
My meaner aims at happineſs;
Let envious fortune blaſt my toil,
And all things frown, if *Delia* ſmile.
Tremble mean ſouls, when lightnings fly,
And thunders rend the diſtant sky;
Secure the riſing ſtorm I'll wait,
And brave the malice of my fate:
Only let the tender fair
Eaſe the ſuff'rings I muſt bear,
With gentle pity cure my ſmart,
Appeaſe each horror in my heart,
Indulge my hopes, allow my fires,
And own the paſſion ſhe inſpires;
While I eternal vows repeat,
And die in raptures at her feet.

PARDON,

PARDON, *Daphnis*, ſtill I rove;
Whatever ſubject I would prove,
Still I return to her and love.
Delia's my everlaſting theme,
My waking thought, my nightly dream:
For her alone I touch the ſtring,
For her in artleſs numbers ſing;
I neither court, nor hope the bays,
Too bleſt if ſhe accept my lays,
Pity the weak unable muſe,
And what ſhe cannot praiſe excuſe.
Thou too, my friend, content receive
The wretched preſents I can give.
The feeble muſe unpractis'd ſings
In humble notes of humble things.
Perhaps, when the black ſtorms blow o'er,
When the waves gently kiſs the ſhore,
And wars and tumults are no more;
When peace with balmy wings ſhall ſmile,
And brood auſpicious on our iſle;
My ſoul with the bright proſpect fir'd,
With nobler warmth ſhall be inſpir'd,
With new-born ſtrength ſhall dare to riſe,
And in bold flights attempt the skies,
Paint all the gay, tranſporting ſcene,
And ſing the Hero and the Queen:
Then with juſt fires, and loftier lays,
I'll ſpeak my friendſhip, and thy praiſe;
Great as my theme my force ſhall be,
And all my numbers worthy thee.

DAVID's *Lamentation over* SAUL *and* JONATHAN.

2 SAM. *Chap.* I.

OFFSPRING of *Iſrael*, by peculiar grace,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of human race,
With ſplendid names and haughty titles proud,
Fav'rites of heav'n, the choſen ſeed of God;
Too bleſt while *Saul* your conqu'ring armies led,
And *Jonathan* commanded at their head;
With a long train of ſhining glories crown'd,
The envy and the dread of all the nations round;
Now preſs'd beneath a loſs without relief,
And only great and eminent in grief;
In all the pomp of moving ſorrow come,
To pay vain honours at your prince's tomb.
Your beauty and your glory loſt deplore:
The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.
Let all mankind the glorious dead bemoan,
From pole to pole be the wide ruin known.
Ye gentle ſtreams, with your kind waves diffuſe
Throughout the realms you bleſs, the diſmal news,
And bid th'unbounded waters, as they flow,
Convey to worlds unknown the mighty woe.
Winds, that in tempeſts heav'n's juſt wrath declare,
And you that in ſoft murmurs fan the air,
In all your fleeting courſes thro' the sky,
Bear on your wings our loſs, and ſpread it as you fly:
Only of *Gath* and *Aſcalon* beware,
Nor whiſper out the fatal ſecret there;

Leſt

Leſt the deteſted race, our ancient hate,
Hear the ſad ſound, and triumph in our fate.
Ah! 'tis in vain, the long untaſted joys
Already fill their minds with glad ſurprize,
Glow in their cheeks, and ſparkle in their eyes.
The vile idolaters the temples crowd,
With coſtly ſpices ev'ry altar load;
And while the sky's obſcur'd with fragrant ſmoke,
Their ſenſeleſs fancied deities invoke,
Their impious madneſs openly proclaim,
And loud blaſpheme th'*unutterable name.*
With niceſt art the unbelieving fair
Give a new luſtre to each tempting air,
Point ev'ry dart, and level all ther charms,
To win ſome haughty warrior to their arms,
O'er ſome great chief an eaſy conqueſt gain,
And drag the conqu'ror in a willing chain.
The barb'rous poets tune their loftieſt lays,
To reach in awkward notes the victor's praiſe;
In artleſs numbers celebrate the day,
And boaſt of vict'ry and of *Gilboa.*
Gilboa! curſt mount! thou ever hated ground,
To after-times by our defeat renown'd!
No more on thee let ſacred incenſe riſe,
Perfume the neighb'ring plains, and glut the greedy skies;
No more on thee let gentle dews deſcend,
Nor heav'n of fruitful ſhow'rs the ſuccour lend;
The deſart earth nor fruits, nor herbage know,
But all be wild and barren as our woe!
Since upon thee our princes fell, the ſhield
Vilely abandon'd on thy guilty field!

Thou saw'st the dreadful ruin we deplore,
On thee the great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.
O *Saul!* O *Jonathan!* illustrious pair!
How great! how good! how excellent you were!
In peace our only pleasure and delight,
Our only safety and defence in fight!
Philistia oft' has felt *Saul*'s mighty hand
Scatt'ring wide desolation o'er the land;
Nor less the force of *Jonathan* has mourn'd,
Whose sword ne'er empty to its sheath return'd;
But deeply stain'd, and glutted well with gore,
The noblest and the best the hated nation bore.
Less swift the eagle bears his prize away,
Less fierce the lion rends the panting prey.
Alike their skill, alike their matchless art,
To twang the far-resounding bow, and dart
The never-erring jav'lin to the heart:
Alike they dar'd, and fought, and overcame,
The same their martial fire and thirst of fame;
Ah, that their hapless end should also be the same!
That hapless end we ever must deplore,
The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.
Ye num'rous fair that *Israel*'s court adorn,
Above the rest your prince, your monarch mourn;
For yours he was, stoop'd to your pow'r alone,
Your pow'r that only could exceed his own.
How was he pleas'd when he from conquest came,
Crown'd with fresh laurels and eternal fame,
A fair, a radiant circle to behold,
Clad in rich silk, and proud in pompous gold!
Who stopt the noisy triumph in its way,
And made the greatest splendor of the day;

Who

Who in ſoft numbers, and melodious lays,
Made heav'n's wide arch reſound the conqu'ror's
praiſe;
And by the charming muſic of their tongue,
Added new glories to the deeds they ſung;
Who with kind love could ſoften all his care,
And more than recompenſe the ſullen toils of war.
How have you ſtrove t'avert the fate we mourn!
Aſcending ſpices on each hill did burn,
And heav'n was tir'd with vows for his return.
In vain, alas! you vow'd, in vain you pray'd,
In vain your unavailing off'rings paid;
Heav'n, by our crimes incenſt, refus'd your pray'r,
And bad the wanton winds diſperſe it in the air.
At leaſt, lament the prince you could not ſave,
Shed a ſoft tear in pity on his grave;
Suſpend a while the conqueſts of your eyes,
And in true woe and unaffected ſighs,
Pay your laſt homage at his obſequies:
The vaſt, the univerſal loſs deplore,
The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.
But my wild grief no limits e'er ſhall know,
Who to the public join a private woe:
Ne'er till my ſorrows with my life ſhall end,
I'll ceaſe to mourn my brother and my friend.
O *Jonathan!* like thee none ever knew
To pay a debt to ſacred friendſhip due:
'Tis not in words or numbers to expreſs
Thy vaſt, thy unexampled tenderneſs.
Not the ſoft maid, but lately taught to prove
The wild diſorders of unruly love;

Tho' the fierce paſſion reigns throughout her frame,
And all her ſoul is melting in the flame,
E'er felt a love like that which thou haſt ſhown,
Soft as the tender ſex, and manly as thy own:
Yet thou art fall'n, alas! no more to riſe,
And death's cold ſleep ſits heavy on thine eyes.
Howe'er thy name ſhall live, the world ſhall know
What to thy honour'd memory I owe:
To all the wond'ring people I'll rehearſe
Thy deathleſs glories, in no vulgar verſe.
Thou in the firſt and nobleſt rank ſhalt ſtand
Of conſtant friends, a rare, but ſhining band!
Where-e'er unhappy virtue meets renown,
Where-e'er the name of love or friendſhip's known,
Thou ſhalt be ever ſung; taught by my lays,
Old men ſhall ſigh, and infants liſp thy praiſe,
And ev'ry age and nation ſhall deplore
The great men fall'n, the mighty now no more.

To DAPHNIS. *An Epiſtle.*

DAPHNIS, among my deareſt friends approv'd,
And more by me than thy own muſes lov'd,
Whoſe parts mature in nature's early bloom,
Give certain hopes of miracles to come,
Of tender eloquence, and gentle lays,
And females crown'd with everlaſting bays:
To thee I ſing, than whom none more can know
From a ſoft lyre what heav'nly numbers flow.

Thou

Thou ſcorn'ſt with me thoſe brutes, who rudely wiſe,
The whole creation's faireſt part deſpiſe;
Thou too haſt felt their pow'r, and own'd their
conqu'ring eyes:
Thou too with me wilt humble altars raiſe,
Nor blame my theme, nor envy at my praiſe.

OFT' have the muſes their own ſex inſpir'd,
And with a more than mortal ardor fir'd,
Taught them in wit and numbers to excel,
Nor yield to man alone the praiſe of writing well.
Corinna rival'd *Pindar*'s nobleſt lays,
And gain'd by merit the conteſted bays.
Old *Greece* the charming *Sappho* did adore,
And hardly boaſted in her *Homer* more:
Still with her fires the love-ſick virgins burn;
Her lays they ſing, her tender griefs they mourn;
Still celebrate her love and her deſpair,
And curſe the villain that betray'd the fair.

OF all the nymphs the *Roman* empire bore,
When great *Auguſtus* held the ſov'reign pow'r,
None could *Sulpitia* equal, ſhe alone
Of beauty and of wit could claim the throne;
With ev'ry grace and ev'ry muſe adorn'd,
A thouſand ſlaves ſhe made, a thouſand ſcorn'd,
And in wild fires for coy *Cerinthus* burn'd:
He only her ſoft meaſures could inſpire,
For him ſhe ſung, for him ſhe tun'd her lyre.
Long ſince death ended the fair tyrant's reign;
Now not the ruins of her charms remain:

Devouring time has moulder'd all away,
Nor left one atom of diſtinguiſh'd clay:
Yet ſtill the charmer in her verſe ſhall live,
And ſhall to all eternity ſurvive;
Still in her lays immortal beauties ſhine,
And kindle love and fire in every line.

BRITAIN, next *Greece* and *Italy* renown'd
For artful ſongs, a diff'rent fortune found.
When ancient *Chaucer* in unpoliſh'd verſe
Did wond'rous tales with wond'rous art rehearſe;
When *Spencer* in a myſtic fairy ſcene,
Proclaim'd the glories of the *Virgin Queen*;
When the great *Shakeſpear* charm'd the liſt'ning ſtage,
With *Juliet*'s ſoftneſs, and *Othello*'s rage;
When ſurly *Ben* with nicer judgment writ,
And bore from *Greece* and *Rome* the prize of comic wit;
No females could aſpire to equal praiſe:
Then men alone poſſeſs'd the envy'd bays,
With haughty majeſty unrival'd ſhone,
Nor fear'd a ſhe-pretender to the throne.

At laſt ('twas long indeed!) *Orinda* came,
To ages yet to come an ever-glorious name;
To virtuous themes her well-tun'd lyre ſhe ſtrung,
Of virtuous themes in eaſy numbers ſung.
Horace and *Pompey* in her lines appear
With all the worth that *Rome* did once revere;
Much to *Corneille* they owe, and much to her:
Her thoughts, her numbers, and her fire the ſame,
She ſoar'd as high, and equal'd all his fame;

Tho'

Tho' *France* adores the bard, nor envies *Greece*
The coſtly buſkins of her *Sophocles*.
More we expected, but untimely death
Soon ſtopt her riſing glories with her breath.
In her youth's prime the charming virgin dy'd:
Aſtræa well *Orinda*'s place ſupply'd.
Phœbus did ne'er before a breaſt inſpire
With larger portions of poetic fire:
On ev'ry ſubject ſhe her art could prove,
Well on each ſubject ſung, but beſt of love;
At once ſhe ſung, and felt the pleaſing ſmart,
Love in her numbers reign'd, and lorded in her heart.
With what amazing force the charmer writes
Of the dear paſſion, and its fierce delights!
Leſs tender fires the *Cyprian* Goddeſs moves,
Leſs ſoft the am'rous cooings of her doves.
Warm'd by her moving lays the cruel fair
Learn to put on a more relenting air,
Indulge their lovers hopes, and pity their deſpair:
Chill age is fir'd to unaccuſtom'd heats,
The curdling blood a vig'rous courſe repeats,
And ev'ry pulſe with youthful ardor beats.
O! had chaſte tranſports fill'd her virtuous mind,
And to permitted pleaſures moſt inclin'd,
Sappho had yielded to her nobler fame,
And only *Philomel*'s had been a brighter name:
But while too oft her guilty fancy roves
To looſe deſires, and wild, diſorder'd loves;
Unheeding minds with lewd ideas warms,
And gives adultery and inceſt charms;
The good and chaſte abhor the vitious lays,
And hate the beauties they are forc'd to praiſe.

GODDESS of harmony, thy ſuccour bring,
While I thy darling *Philomela* ſing!
In vain I call, nor hears the muſe my pray'r,
Hurry'd away by winds, and loſt in air:
Nor, did ſhe hear, would ought her aid avail,
Beneath the mighty theme all numbers fail;
All numbers flag beneath her, but her own;
She is ſufficient to herſelf alone.
Heav'ns! how ſhe charms! how graceful is her mien!
Her countenance how like her mind ſerene!
Youth's livelieſt bloom, a never-fading grace,
And more than beauty ſparkles in her face.
How ſoon the willing heart her empire feels!
Each look, each air, each melting accent kills.
Yet the bright form creates no looſe deſires;
At once ſhe gives, and purifies our fires,
And paſſions chaſte as her own ſoul inſpires:
Her ſoul, heav'n's nobleſt workmanſhip, deſign'd
To bleſs a ruin'd age, and ſuccour loſt mankind,
To prop abandon'd virtue's ſinking cauſe,
To ſnatch from vice its undeſerv'd applauſe,
To lead in piety's forſaken ways,
By bright example, and celeſtial lays.
With what high tranſport in thoſe lays we find
Expreſs'd the image of her godlike mind?
How ſmooth her ſtrains! how eaſy flow her lines!
Throughout the whole how vaſt a genius ſhines!
Whate'er ſhe writes, in ev'ry part we ſee
Aſtræa's fire, *Orinda*'s purity;
And while her greater glories we admire,
Leſs pure's *Orinda*'s verſe, leſs fierce *Aſtræa*'s fire.

If she describes the youthful conqu'ror's charms,
That gave her liberty unknown alarms;
If of the faithless *Theron* she complains,
And fir'd with just resentment breaks her chains;
Our souls with her begin, and cease to love,
And ev'ry passion learns from her to move:
Or if she rather tries the rural lays,
And in a country dress immortal charms displays;
Our souls th'enchanting sounds transported hear,
Nor *Mantua* now, nor *Sicily* prefer:
With her we seek the desolate abodes,
The simple mansions of the rustic Gods;
We shun the city, and we court the woods.
If she with *Tasso* sings the *Christian* chief,
Who, sent by heav'n to a lost realm's relief,
While hell and hellish men in vain withstand,
Freed from base servitude the holy land:
Or in a softer and more melting strain,
Repeats thro' ev'ry grove, and ev'ry plain,
The constant passion of the *faithful swain*;
Unnumber'd beauties in each part we view,
And graces *Italy* itself ne'er knew:
Other translations we faint copies call,
But what she writes is all original.
But when in more exalted lays she brings
A pious off'ring to the King of kings,
Not purer sweets *Sabæan* hills supply,
Or with more grateful odours glad the sky.
The seraphs hover in the ambient air,
Nor think a mortal form inhabits there;

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, awhile they leave the ſtarry throne,
To ſee on earth ſo pure devotion ſhown,
And wonder at a ſtrain ſo very like their own.

DAPHNIS, dear youth, to whom propitious heav'n
A kind retreat from noiſe and cares has giv'n,
Near the calm ſeat, pure ſtream, and verdant ſhade,
Bleſt by the preſence of the matchleſs maid;
Content enjoy the bleſſings of thy fate,
Pity the wretches who are curſt and great.
Let the proud *Gaul* for boundleſs ſway contend,
Till with his life his dire ambition end;
'Tis more than empire to be *Singer*'s friend!
O would hard fortune, which has fix'd me down
To the deteſted hurries of the town,
Relenting change my hapleſs deſtiny,
Grant ſome few lucky hours, and make me bleſt like thee!
I'd to the charming ſolitude repair,
There wait a glad attendant on the fair,
There on her lovely lips with tranſport dwell,
And catch each tender accent as it fell;
Till new inform'd, and kindling from her eyes,
Sure ev'n my grov'ling ſoul ſhould learn, at length, to riſe.
Then in each grove, near ev'ry purling ſtream,
Bright *Philomel* ſhould be my conſtant theme,
In numbers like her own the nymph I'd praiſe,
And equal the vaſt ſubject with my lays.
The ſylvan Gods to hear my notes ſhould throng,
And ſilent rivers liſten to my ſong;

To

To all the hills, and vales, and groves around
The babbling echo ſhould repeat the ſound,
And *Amaryllis'* ſelf be leſs renown'd.

An Epiſtle to CLIMENE.

Imitated from the French *of Madame* DES HOULIERES.

STILL muſt we mourn your abſence? ſtill complain,
And court you from your ſad retreat in vain?
When teeming earth with fruitful moiſture fed,
Brings forth new flow'rs to deck the paths you tread;
When each returning morn ſhines doubly bright,
And each cool ev'ning brings a charming night,
The country ſhades may yield a ſoft delight:
But when o'er all the ſavage winter reigns,
Makes bare the groves, and deſolate the plains;
When nature's face is chang'd, and ev'ry day
Snatches ſome poor, decaying charm away,
'Tis downright madneſs, *Climene*, to ſtay.
What new unheard-of pleaſures can you find?
What ſtrange delights to entertain your mind?
Or do important reaſons force your will,
And to the gloomy ſcene confine you ſtill?
I gueſs the mighty cauſe: You fear to prove,
In this vile town, the dreadful thing call'd love.
The little tyrant reigns amidſt the ſport,
The ſmiles and pleaſures of the town and court:

Nor

Nor only there, him ev'n the wilds obey,
And country deſarts own his awful ſway.
In vain to woods and ſolitudes we fly,
In vain the city change for purer sky;
More dang'rous ev'n than courts, the ſhades may prove,
And with more eaſe admit th'invader love.
Wild was the place, and ſavage all around,
Where fair *Angelica* young *Medor* found;
Severe the dame, and grave, and ſternly coy,
Am'rous, and ſoft, and tender was the boy:
You know the reſt.—Then haſte from your abodes,
Leave the weak ſhelter of the fields and woods:
O come, and in a thouſand breaſts inſpire
Succeſsleſs rage, and unavailing fire;
Nor dread th'effects of all their treach'rous arts,
Their boaſted ſtratagems to conquer hearts;
Unleſs the fates aſſiſt, their moving tale
Will never o'er your native cold prevail.
To prove this true, believe the tale I tell,
Not oracles more ſacred truths reveal.

As wand'ring penſive thro' the ſilent groves,
I meditate my ſorrows and my loves,
Daphnis, the terror of our woods, I view;
A mightier name love's empire never knew:
None e'er ſo well a haughty breaſt could tame,
Or warm to fires unknown the coldeſt dame.
Proſtrate before a heedleſs fair he lies,
Sheds fruitleſs tears, and waſtes a thouſand ſighs;
Then love and ſorrow pleading in his look,
Thus to the cruel nymph the charmer ſpoke.

How

How long, my fair, will you your fate delay?
Still will you idly waſte the precious day,
And in indiff'rence loiter life away?
Hear always with contempt my tender theme,
Deſpiſe love's pleaſures, and his pow'r blaſpheme?
Ah, no! the joys my paſſion courts in vain,
Another ſhepherd with more eaſe will gain;
His happier flame will your fierce pride remove,
Subdue your ſtubborn heart, and melt it all to love.
All nature owns the God: In barb'rous plains,
Where half the year is night, and cold eternal reigns,
The frozen race is warm'd to ſoft deſires,
And feels in ev'ry vein the genial fires.
However diſtant, the dread hour muſt come,
Which all your fading beauties will reſume:
Then in a juſt revenge, th'offended boy
May give his ſuff'rings, and with-hold his joy;
Send a freſh warmth, as ev'ry charm decays,
And wild deſires you want the pow'r to raiſe.
Ah, nymph! the horror of this fate prevent,
Appeaſe the angry God, and yet in time repent.
Let taſtleſs age th'ecſtatic bliſs deſpiſe,
Grow coldly grave, and ſtoically wiſe;
Do you, my fair, while blooming youth invites
To warmer ſentiments, and gay delights,
Your ſcorn and dull indiff'rence diſpoſſeſt,
Receive the gentle tyrant to your breaſt;
Reward a conſtant flame, and yield to prove
The mighty tranſports of a mutual love:
No other ſolid bleſſings mortals know,
Nor heav'n can on its fav'rites more beſtow,
To give a taſte of its own joys below.

He ceas'd. The neighb'ring echoes caught the
found,
The little birds ſung tender notes around;
The liſt'ning waves in gentle murmurs move,
And ev'ry balmy *Zephyr* whiſper'd love:
Yet her cold heart in ſilence heard his pain;
When the heart's ſilent, all things ſpeak in vain.

The Caprice.

From the ſame.

Near a pure ſtream, beneath a cooling ſhade,
Charming retreat! the penſive *Iris* ſtray'd;
Iris, a name to diſtant nations known,
By her fam'd verſe's beauties, and her own:
Heedleſs ſhe rov'd; for nor the murm'ring ſound
Of the ſmooth waves, nor flow'rs that deck'd the
ground,
Nor the birds tender ſongs could charm the fair,
Or eaſe her gloomy thoughts, and melancholy care.

At laſt ſhe cries, Fond love, I own no more
Thy awful tyranny, and boaſted pow'r;
No more thro' thee tumultuous fears ariſe,
Pain my torn breaſt, and ſwell my ſtreaming eyes;
A native coldneſs reigns in ev'ry part,
And all is calm and quiet in my heart:
But ah! how poorly I that calmneſs taſte,
Forc'd to regret ev'n all my ſuff'rings paſt!
Alas!

Alas! th'unwary ſoul but little knows,
That wiſhes for the bleſſings of repoſe:
In the ſad ſtate of idleneſs and eaſe,
When nothing buſies, nothing too can pleaſe.
The treach'rous tyrant, love, leſs faintly charms,
Sweet are his ills, and pleaſing all his harms:
The mind each moment to delights improves;
For all is pleaſure to a heart that loves.
In what a tedious round of griefs he lives,
Who, wretched, his own tenderneſs ſurvives?
Can one who ever felt an am'rous pain,
Unloving life's vexatious load ſuſtain?
Loſe ev'ry ling'ring hour, and waſte away,
In dull, unactive indolence the day?
Ah, no! return, ſoft God, reſume thy reign,
Bring all thy fires to kindle mine again——
Alas! thou wilt not come, and all my calls are vain.
Cruel! thou cam'ſt an uninvited gueſt,
And mad'ſt, unſought, a paſſage to my breaſt:
Now thou canſt all my pray'rs and vows deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a weak, inglorious prize.
I ask not for the tranſports thoſe poſſeſs
Whom thou with ſmiling fates, and mutual loves doſt bleſs.
The barb'rous, charming youth that rul'd my heart,
Has taught me all thy rigor, and thy ſmart;
Heedleſs of mine, in other flames he burns,
And hate, or worſe indifference returns.
The joy of being lov'd I ne'er can prove;
I ask no other now, but that of love.

Have

Have not my fears and my alarms been vain?
How am I ſure that I have broke my chain?
Don't I, while I deſire, already feel the pain?
What ſhall I do? what method take to find
The true condition of my floating mind?
See, while I ſpeak, the dear ungrateful come!
His preſence clears my doubts, and fixes all my doom.

I view the lovely ſwain; his ſight inſpires
Soft, melting thoughts, and raging, fierce deſires,
And all my ſoul conceives the well-known fires.
Welcome, ye boundleſs griefs, and racking pains!
Welcome, ye ne'er-to-be-forgotten chains!
Amidſt confuſion, horror and deſpair,
Studious I'll feed the dear diſtracting care,
And thank thee, gracious love, that well haſt heard my pray'r.

PINDAR's

*PINDAR's *Ode to* PROSERPINE.

Tranſlated from the French *of Monſieur* de la Motte.

Inſcrib'd to the Rev. Mr. John Ruſſel.

I.

BRIDE of the gloomy king, whoſe awful ſway
The dreadful realms of night obey,
By unrelenting fate at laſt
Upon thine empire I am caſt.
The dreary banks of *Styx* I've paſt:
'Tis time my faithful ſhade ſhould pay
The tributary verſe I owe,
And what above I promis'd, give below.
Goddeſs, liſten to thy praiſe,
Liſten to no vulgar lays,
Fix'd in dumb attention hear
The nobleſt ſounds that ever reach'd thine ear.
Not the fam'd *Thracian* bard, who bold by love,
Could change relentleſs deſtiny,
And ev'n thy ſoul to tender ſoftneſs move,
E'er touch'd the lyre ſo well, or ſtrain'd a note ſo high.

* As an incorrect copy of this ode of Mr. *Rowe*'s has been lately printed under the name of another gentleman, who pretends not only to have corrected ſeveral errors, but to have *really written* many lines in it; 'tis abſolutely neceſſary, in juſtice to Mr. *Rowe*, to aſſure the public that they are indebted to that editor for no more than two lines, and the alteration of a very few words in this poem; and that (excepting the removal of one or two expletives) it is now publiſhed exactly as the author wrote it.

Leſs than my charming numbers pleaſe
The treach'rous * muſes of the ſeas;
Tho' with an art unerring they
The liſt'ning mariners betray:
In vain before their eyes they view,
Deluded wretches their own death purſue,
The death they would not wiſh to ſhun;
Charm'd to the ſoft delicious fate they run,
And long to be themſelves ſo pleaſingly undone.

II.

TYPHŒUS, whoſe vaſt bulk and monſtrous pride
Omnipotence itſelf defy'd,
By ſad experience taught to know
Th'unbounded force of an almighty foe,
Under all *Sicily* oppreſt,
Feels hills, and plains, and realms lie heavy on his breaſt.
Oft' ſtruggling yet, he moves the ground;
Fierce *Ætna* vomits ſulph'rous ſmoke,
And cities ſink beneath the ſhock,
And his wide priſon trembles all around.
The God of darkneſs trembled too;
He fear'd leſt op'ning earth admitting light,
With dazzling terrors and affright,
Should fill the pale inhabitants of night,
And his dire ſecrets ſhow to public view;
While the bright God would with his piercing ray
Invade th'eternal gloom, and ſcatter boundleſs day.

* The *Syrens*.

III. WITH

III.

WITH careful haſte the frighted God
Viſits the upper air, and gains
The fertile *Syracuſian* plains,
And *Pergus'* banks made bleſt by thy abode.
There quickly all his anxious fear
A ſofter paſſion did remove,
And turn'd his ſtubborn ſoul to love:
Illuſtrious triumph of thine eyes!
In one ſhort moment he draws near,
He ſees, he loves, he bears away the prize.

IV.

O DEAR companions of my virgin joys!
O mother dearer than them all!
O all ye kindred deities!
And thou, great ſire, the ruler of the skies,
Haſte to my aid, and ſave me when I call!
Vain regrets, and fruitleſs cries!
The earth divides to make the monarch way;
And ſoon the ſad, *Tartarean* ſhore
With wond'ring joy receives the beauteous prey,
Its happy lord from injur'd *Ceres* bore.

V.

HEAV'NS! what wild cares her ſoul oppreſt!
What rage her breaſt inſpires!
See! in *Ætnean* furnaces
She lights avenging fires.
Unhappy iſland! deſolated plain!
Fruitful and promiſing in vain!

Thou saw'st her raging hand
Burn rising crops, a grateful load,
Spread wide destruction o'er her fav'rite land,
And ruin all the blessings it bestow'd.

VI.

Cold, dull reason, hence! be gone!
A noble madness seize my mind,
Transports to vulgar breasts unknown;
Wild and roving be my fire,
My numbers loose and unconfin'd,
As when above I charm'd, and touch'd th'audacious lyre.
I would not please by artful lays;
Let others curious gardens praise!
Their nice exactness does but tire my sight,
And less than happy chance delight:
I love the forest's waste retreat,
Where all's irregularly great;
Where nature uncorrected, unsupply'd,
Profusely lavishes her bounteous pride,
The foreign aids of servile art disdains,
And beauteous in her own disorder reigns.

VII.

Goddess, all thy pow'r must own,
All must bend before thy throne.
Pious pray'rs may move the skies,
And angry *Jove* is pleas'd with sacrifice;
But nor pray'rs, nor piety,
Nor sacrifice preserves from thee.

The

The ſons of art with fruitleſs care
The tott'ring building may repair:
Quickly the feeble ruins ſink away,
And moulder into common clay;
Themſelves too yield at laſt, and thy ſtern force obey.
Thetis, who ſtudious her great ſon to ſave,
Doom'd long before to fall at *Troy*,
Dipt him all o'er in *Styx*'s wave,
Yet left a place for fate, and mourn'd the daring boy.

VIII.

How num'rous are the worlds of dead,
That o'er thy vaſt domain are ſpread!
New nations ev'ry moment land,
And cover all the ſpacious ſtrand.
The ſtubborn deſtinies no mercy ſhow;
All mankind ('tis fate's decree,
And fix'd as fate itſelf can be)
Muſt people the dark realms below.
Grandeur, courage, learning, wit
To thy reſiſtleſs laws ſubmit:
The king and beggar ſhare an equal doom;
The mightieſt conquerors muſt come,
To join the crowds they vanquiſh'd, in the tomb.
Vainly, tuneful bards, ye ſtrive
To gain that immortality you give;
In vain you ſeek to ſhield your deſtin'd head,
In vain by meaner worth would ſave
Your ſinking carcaſs from the grave;
Dare ye to hope for life, when *Pindar*'s ſelf is dead?

IX.

INEXORABLE queen, thy force proclaim,
In ſullen majeſty maintain
Thy dreaded, univerſal reign,
Nor own imperial *Juno*'s greater name.
Only my verſe ſhall with thy pow'r engage,
Dare all thy might, and brave thy feebler rage;
My verſe which ſpight of fate, and thee,
Shall pleaſe to all eternity.
Let Gods averſe, and hoſtile pow'rs
Level with earth *Thebes*' lofty tow'rs;
Still the more laſting notes I ſung,
My country's ruins ſhall ſurvive,
And rev'renc'd ev'n by foes ſhall live,
Charm ev'ry ear, and dwell on ev'ry tongue.

X.

BUT hark! what ſounds are theſe I hear?
What other muſic wounds my ear?
Heav'ns! 'tis *Corinna* ſings! too well I know
The rival lyre, and lovely, conqu'ring foe.
Ah! 'tis too much, inſulting maid!
To hope a ſecond triumph o'er my ſhade:
No longer thou in thoſe bright charms canſt truſt,
Which forc'd ev'n rev'rend age to be unjuſt;
Thy pow'rful eyes no longer plead thy cauſe,
Prevent all cenſure, and ſecure applauſe.
See, while I ſpeak, thy weakneſs all appear!
Only the vulgar dead, a nameleſs throng,
About thee crowd, and liſten to thy ſong;
While all th'illuſtrious ſhades my numbers hear:

Orpheus,

Orpheus, who firſt inſpir'd the vocal lyre,
Homer, the *Grecian* muſe's ſire,
And the gay * *Teian* bard attend my lays;
And by their ſilence beſt proclaim my praiſe.

XI.

My charming muſic can aſſwage
The triple-headed monſter's rage;
Gentle at my feet he lies,
No longer threatens with his eyes;
And all his ears are buſy on the notes,
That ſtop the yellings of his idle throats.
Here *Siſyphus*, with endleſs toil oppreſt,
Leans on th'unmoving ſtone, and ſhares a pauſe of reſt.
Fix'd on my voice, there the dire † *Siſters* lie,
Their empty veſſels ſtand neglected by.
Ev'n the ſtern *Minos*, for a while,
His rugged viſage ſoften'd to a ſmile,
Puts off the judge, and yields to give
The trembling criminals a ſhort reprieve.
The fates, that never pity knew,
Are ſoften'd into pity too;
And negligent to cut the tender thread,
Rob hell awhile of its appointed dead.
See! ev'n the furies liſt'ning ſtand,
And on my ſongs intent,
Forget the care of puniſhment;
And each avenging whip drops gently from their hand.

* *Anacreon.* † The *Belides.*

XII.

THUS, *Ruſſel*, in the ſhades below,
The godlike *Theban* tun'd his lyre;
While the ſad ghoſts th'enchanting ſounds admire,
And unknown pleaſures fill the realms of woe.
Alas! in vain I would thy judgment cheat,
Thou ſeeſt thro' all the thin deceit;
Thou ſeeſt my trifling rage, and counterfeited fire.
O! were my ſoul, like thine, poſſeſt
Of all the nobleſt treaſures of the *Eaſt*;
Could there in each well-poliſh'd line
Appear a genius as refin'd as thine;
Were all my verſe like thy juſt language ſtrong,
And ſoft as when thy moving tongue
Charms ev'ry paſſion of th'attentive throng;
My daring muſe ſhould never fall
Beneath its vaſt original;
Like the * *Dircæan* ſwan I'd nobly riſe,
Spurn the dull earth, and ſoar above the ſkies:
The diff'rence ev'n by thee ſhould ſcarce be known,
And the great bard himſelf my equal numbers own.

* *Pindar.*

An ODE.

To DELIA.

I.

ETERNAL God, whoſe awful pow'r
The trembling ſeraphs own;
When proſtrate low before thy throne,
With cover'd faces they adore,
And ſing thro' all the vaults above,
The wonders of thy grace, and glories of thy love:
How vaſt the pleaſures! how intenſe!
That from thy throne in living torrents roll;
How well they raviſh ev'ry ſenſe,
And fill up all the ſoul!
Where happy minds repos'd in thy embrace,
Unveil'd behold the ſplendor of thy face,
And in ineffable delight,
Feaſt on thy love, and on thy ſight
Thro' all eternity employ
Their pow'rs ſublime, and equal to their joy.

II.

FAIN would the humble muſe aſpire,
And to celeſtial tranſports tune her lyre;
But ah! in vain her ſtrength ſhe tries,
Feeble and faint, ſhe dreads the ſkies,
And ſinks the more, the more ſhe ſtrives to riſe.
My ſoul too ſinks as well as ſhe,
Forgets its own immortal pedigree,

Forgets

Forgets the ſkies, its native ſeat,
And grov'ling low in duſt and clay,
Heedleſs of ought divinely great,
It waſtes the precious hours away,
In joys that fly as ſwift as they.
The ſinful fleſh, a heavy load,
Drags down the bright, immortal part,
Weakens its pow'rs, and fixes all the heart
Far from its heav'n, and from its God:
Terreſtrial objects ev'ry rapture move,
For them alone it learns to love,
For them with eaſe neglects the diſtant joys above.

III.

DELIA, whom propitious heav'n
The ſofteſt cure for my worſt ills has giv'n;
To aid in wand'ring thro' life's tedious road,
To baniſh horror and deſpair,
Tear from my heart each wildeſt care,
And lighten more than half its load;
Look down with pity on my ſtate,
And help as you compaſſionate.
Thou art my only hope below:
Where-e'er I ſtand, where-e'er I go,
'Tis all enchanted ground;
Temptations ev'ry where abound,
And ſnares, and baits, and darkneſs all around.
Enticing vice, with fatal charms,
Tempts me from virtue's noble toils,
To her deſtructive arms:
With what a grace the *Syren* ſmiles!

How

How fair her painted face!
Eager I gaze myſelf away,
Long her bewitching dictates to obey,
And ruſh to mis'ry in the ſoft embrace.
Thou art my guide, and if thou lead,
Ev'n yet, perhaps, I virtue's paths may tread,
Trace without fear the bright, but toilſome way;
If thou neglect thy care, infallibly I ſtray.
Thus if a poor, benighted traveller
Sees in the gloomy skies one friendly ſtar,
He bleſſes the auſpicious light;
Then thro' the horrors of the night,
With cautious ſteps, purſues his doubtful way,
And patient waits the ſlow approach of day,

IV.

How ſtrange, alas, my frailties be!
I find temptations ev'n in thee:
Diſſolv'd in bliſs, and melting in thy arms,
I loſe the reliſh of celeſtial charms;
On thee alone my wand'ring thoughts employ,
And loſt in thee, forget ſuperior joy.
O thou whoſe unreſiſted ſway
My wildeſt paſſions ſtill obey!
Uſe all thy pow'r, each baſer thought controul,
Raiſe juſt deſires, and regulate my ſoul;
Inſtruct my feeble fancy to conceive
Joys above all that earth, or thou canſt give.
O couldſt thou to my frozen breaſt inſpire
One ſpark of thy own heav'nly fire;
That I too might th'immortal tranſports know,
And more than taſte a paradiſe below!

Scarce

Scarce the bright cherubs, or the bleſt above
A more celeſtial ardor prove;
Scarce all their harps and all their lays
Their great Creator better praiſe,
Or reach in loftier notes the triumphs of his love.

V.

WHENE'ER I read the moving lines,
Where well expreſt the lofty ſubject ſhines,
I ſee the joys I ſhould purſue,
And all the skies are open'd to my view:
Hail, happy realms! divine abode!
Hail, manſions worthy your creator, God!
And can a mortal then poſſeſs
A place in your bright palaces?
Who could refuſe, ſuch glories to obtain,
A few ſhort hours of toil or pain?
The martyrs gain'd you thro' a bloody way,
Sure I could dare as well as they;
With vig'rous zeal in virtue's cauſe engage,
And ſtem the torrent of a vitious age.
Enchanting vice no more my ſoul ſhall warm:
I ſee the fiend reveal'd in open light:
Heav'ns! how the hideous form offends my ſight!
Amaz'd I ſhrink away, and wonder ſhe could charm.
How ſoon the noble warmth's decay'd!
How ſoon the gen'rous raptures fade!
I ceaſe to read; and now they are no more,
And I grow faint and wretched, as before.
O help me ſtill! let the great theme you've ſung
Still entertain your thoughts, and dwell upon your tongue.

When-

Whene'er I ſink, whene'er I fall,
Attempt the heav'nly ſtrain,
Again my ſpirits to juſt heights recal,
Touch ev'ry ſprightly ſtring, and raiſe my ſoul again.

VI.

So may pure joys crown each returning day,
Soft be thy nights, and ev'ry dream be gay;
Roll ſmooth each hour, thy breaſt no trouble prove,
But the kind, gentle cares of mutual love:
So long may thy inſpiring page,
And bright example bleſs the riſing age;
Long in thy charming priſon mayſt thou ſtay,
Late, very late aſcend the well-known way,
And add new glories to the realms of day.
At leaſt Heav'n will not, ſure, this pray'r deny;
Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier long than thine the deſtin'd hour of fate!
Whene'er it comes, may'ſt thou be by,
Support my ſinking frame, and teach me how to die;
Baniſh deſponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come.
With ſwimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And claſp thee, dying, in my fainting arms;
Then gently leaning on thy breaſt,
Sink in ſoft ſlumbers to eternal reſt;
Without a groan reſign my breath,
Nor ſhrink at the cold arms of death;
The ghaſtly form ſhall have a pleaſing air,
And all things ſmile, while heav'n and thou art there.

VII. Now

VII.

Now of immortal crowns poſſeſt,
Humbly adoring with th'inferior bleſt,
I'll leave each mortal care below;
Only my love for thee ſhall ne'er a period know.
Whenever ſtorms are threat'ning, I'll be near,
Avert the danger, and prevent thy fear;
Oft' mingle with the bright, deſcending throngs,
And learn from thine to raiſe my ſongs.
Then, when thou muſt at laſt reſign to fate,
On thy departing ſoul I'll wait,
With ſtudious pleaſure guide my fair
Thro' the firſt paths of bliſsful air;
Then led by thee purſue a loftier road,
To upper regions daring ſoar,
Vaſt realms of bliſs unknown before,
Heav'n's inmoſt palaces explore,
And bear th'enjoyment of a ſmiling God.
New pow'rs, new graces ſhall adorn my mind,
Almoſt like thine exalted and refin'd:
My flame ſhall with my ſtrength improve;
While we a tuneful off'ring bring,
(For taught by thee, I too ſhall ſing)
And bleſs thro' endleſs years the fountain of our love.

An ODE on LIBERTY.

I.

BRIGHTEST offspring of the skies,
Great ſource, from whence to hapleſs mortals flow
Pleaſures ſincere and noble joys,
And ev'ry real bleſſing left below,
Immortal Liberty, to thee
The tribute of my voice I bring;
Goddeſs, accept the diſproportion'd praiſe,
Accept the well-deſigning lays,
Mean and humble tho' they be,
And wrong the mighty theme they ſing:
Others may better plead thy glorious cauſe,
By loftier ſtrains ſecure of juſt applauſe;
But none could e'er admire thy beauties more,
Or with a purer zeal at thy bleſt ſhrine adore.

II.

OF his own image thee, the nobleſt part,
To new-born man th'Almighty gave;
Thee deep infix'd within his breaſt,
The principle of all that's good and brave.
And well on earth thy dictates were purſu'd,
When ſhining with unſullied grace
His work the pleas'd Creator view'd,
And bleſt a well deſerving race,
Bleſt the riſing golden age;
Too ſoon, alas! it ceas'd, ſucceeded impious rage:
And

And vile, degenerate men deſerv'd to be
Hated of heav'n, and ignorant of thee.

III.

To endleſs ages be the monſter curſt,
That baniſh'd thee from nations firſt!
Who for fond notions of unbounded pow'r,
(Heav'n's right alone) deſpis'd a lawful ſway;
Could think it great to ruin and devour,
And force unwilling wretches to obey.
Nor leſs reproaches load his head,
Be he the ſcorn of all th'illuſtrious dead!
Who firſt could live and be a ſlave,
With ſervile awe could bear unbroke
On his baſe neck the galling yoke;
Nay more (ye pow'rs!) could bleſs the tyrant's reign,
Submit with pleaſure to his fate,
Praiſe the dire ills of arbitrary ſtate,
Thy ſacred name blaſpheme, and hug the hated chain.
How far unlike thoſe ſouls, that form'd
Of purer mold, of more celeſtial clay,
By thy great rules had all their boſoms warm'd,
And made impatient of unequal ſway,
Were born in happy climes above the reſt
Of loſt abandon'd men, by thy bright preſence bleſt.
O Goddeſs, could I feel but half the fire
That caus'd the deathleſs actions I admire,
Thro' which unmov'd thy vot'ries ſtood
Still true to honour, and to thee,

Eſpous'd

Eſpous'd thy cauſe, and laviſh of their blood,
Run thro' a thouſand certain deaths to ſet their country free.

IV.

I'D ſing their deeds, and ſing thy praiſe,
In ſuch vaſt, ſuch lofty lays;
That not alone the neighb'ring hills around,
But heav'n's wide arch ſhould echo to the ſound:
Tyrants ſhould hear the moving ſtrain,
Tyrants in nations yet unknown,
Should ſcatter bleſſings from the throne,
And try the pleaſures of a gentle reign;
And crowds of ſenſeleſs ſlaves again,
Strange miracle! ſhould turn to men.

V.

ALL other ſuccour I refuſe;
My glorious theme, be thou alone my muſe!
The humbleſt bard, if thou inſpire,
Shall touch the ſtring, and tune the lyre,
And kindle to a more than mortal fire:
With forces not his own ſhall riſe,
Leave far the airy *Alps* below,
And mountains rev'rend with eternal ſnow,
And ſoar with daring flight above th'inferior ſkies.

VI.

UNJUSTLY we *Apollo* praiſe,
Author of verſe, and God of lays;
Nor he to *Linus* did his art infuſe,
Nor *Orpheus* learn'd it from his parent muſe:

Can aught or great or charming be,
That knows another ſource than thee?
By thee the firſt of poets taught,
(Whom heav'n a great deliv'rer gave,
Iſrael's fav'rite ſons to ſave)
Sung the ſtupendous miracles he wrought:
He ſung a race by long oppreſſion broke,
And ſunk beneath the curſt *Egyptian* yoke,
Set free, and led from out the barb'rous land,
By ſigns ſurpaſſing faith, and heav'n's extended hand.
Yet ſo deliver'd, that they ſeem to be
Abandon'd to more certain miſery;
They view the raging ſea before,
With angry billows laſh the ſhore;
Their foes more dreadful urge behind,
And eager on their prey, outſtrip the wind.
In vain your chariots and your hoſts purſue,
Almighty vengeance flies more ſwift than you.
The ſea retir'd with joyful haſte,
While thro' its depths the *Hebrews* paſt;
Yet with more joy turn'd back its waves,
T' o'erwhelm the tyrant, and his herd of ſlaves.

VII.

THINE too the numbers, when his awful tongue
Call'd heav'n and earth to liſten to his ſong,
To hear a tale, a ſight to view,
Strange beyond thought, beyond example new:
A people proud by heav'n's protection made,
Secure amidſt ſurrounding troops of foes,
Thro' wilds unknown and trackleſs deſarts led,
To victory, to freedom, and repoſe:

To

To whom the rocks gave water, bread the ſkies;
And ev'ry ſlighteſt want found ſure ſupplies
From never-ceaſing prodigies;
Baſe and ungrateful murmur'd ſtill,
Scorn'd to be ſav'd againſt their will,
Mourn'd in warm tears their broken chain,
And wiſh'd for nauſeous ſlavery again.
Well, wretches! you ſhall quickly prove
The bleſſings of the ſtate you love;
Soon will your crimes the heav'ns provoke
To curſe you with a foreign yoke.
Then your repentant grief and ardent pray'r,
Will reach yon azure vault, and ev'ry God that's there;
The pow'rs will lend a pitying ear,
The pow'rs, tho' much incenſt, will hear:
Commiſſion'd heroes ſhall ariſe,
Arm'd with the vengeance of the skies;
Whoſe righteous force ſhall the loſt nations ſave,
And make fierce tyrants, in their turn, feel all the woes they gave.
Th' event confirm'd his words; of peace poſſeſt,
Weaken'd by luxury and reſt,
By heav'n abandon'd, by themſelves betray'd;
They fell an helpleſs prey to all that durſt invade:
Then great deliv'rers to their reſcue came;
A ſhining liſt, each glorious name,
Worthy of Liberty and fame.

VIII.

BEGIN my muſe with *Ehud*'s praiſe,
Ehud claims the nobleſt lays;
His ſingle and unaided hand
Freed by one daring ſtroke the land;
He (ſhrink, uſurpers, as you hear!)
Free from danger as from fear,
Attack'd a tyrant on his throne,
And reach'd his life, yet ſav'd his own.

IX.

THE laurels gain'd near *Kiſhon*'s ſtream
By *Deborah*, be next thy theme.
To make the *Hebrew* matron juſtly known,
Requires ſuch numbers as her own:
But who like her can terribly delight,
Paint the dire horrors of th' amazing fight,
All heav'n's artillery diſplay,
And ſet the ſtars embattled in array?

X.

WHAT wonders troops, tho' deſpicably few,
Engag'd for freedom, and by heroes led,
'Gainſt mighty crowds of ſlaves can do;
Let *Midian*'s vanquiſh'd armies tell,
Who by the ſword of *Gideon* fell,
Or from his terrors fled.
Happy the chief in num'rous conqueſts won!
Happy in all the ſofter joys of peace!
Happy in ſev'nty males, a large encreaſe!
Yet more unhappy in a tyrant ſon!

The

The hated product of a lawleſs flame,
Stain to his blood, and ruin to his name:
For whom all *Iſrael* curſt him more,
Than for his pious care they e'er had bleſt before.

XI.

ABIMILECH, by crimes unknown,
Aſcended to the guilty throne;
By crimes unknown he fix'd his pow'r,
Three whole years, a tedious age,
Iſrael felt the monſter's rage.
Heav'n and earth could bear no more:
Proſtrate and grov'ling on the ground he lies,
Deſpair and horror in his dying eyes;
By a vile woman reach'd, his curſt deſigning brain,
Mix'd with the clotted gore, beſmears th' illuſtrious plain.
Go! by thy brother's blood begin thy ſway,
By envious murders blacken ev'ry day,
All human and all ſacred laws defy,
And wake the ſleeping juſtice of the sky;
Then, full of honour, to the ſhades deſcend,
And to the envying ghoſts relate thy glorious end!
Thus, thus, ye pow'rs, conclude all impious ſtate;
May none that match his crimes e'er ſhare a nobler fate!

XII.

SING *Jephtha* next, my muſe; if verſe can crown
Deſerving heroes with renown,
The brave, th' unhappy ſhall be ſung,
Fix ev'ry liſt'ning ear, and dwell on ev'ry tongue.

The chief, with *Ammon*'s ſons in fight engag'd,
When with uncertain force the battle rag'd,
Thus ſuppliant vow'd: If by my hand,
Peace and ſafety glad the land;
To you, ye ſov'reign pow'rs, that bleſs
My righteous arms with wiſh'd ſucceſs,
Whatever firſt meets my return,
Upon your altars ſlain ſhall burn.
Heav'n heard; and conqueſt hov'ring in the sky,
Flew to the juſter ſide, the ſervile ſquadrons fly.
His only hope, a nymph divinely fair,
Ran with ſwift joy to meet her doom;
To bid the gen'ral welcome home
From the rough toils of war.
Heav'ns! what a ſight! can words, can lays expreſs
Th' unbounded woes, th' extent of wretchedneſs?
Griev'd, yet reſolv'd, he view'd the charming maid,
And his dire vows with ſtrict obedience paid.
See to the ſhrine the lovely victim bound!
A thouſand loſt adoring youths around
Shrink at the ſtroke, and faint beneath the wound:
The father dropt a tender tear;
But ſoon reflecting on what heav'n had done,
And freedom ſettled by the conqueſt won,
He check'd his raſh complaint, nor judg'd the price
too dear.

XIII.

WHATE'ER in fables daring *Greece*
Boaſts of her *Theſeus* and her *Hercules*;
In *Samſon Iſrael* view'd, and bleſt
The gift of heav'n employ'd to give them reſt.

Witneſs

Witneſs his ſtrength, ye thouſands ſlain
By him unarm'd on *Lehi*'s plain!
Witneſs, ye maſſy gates, he tore,
And on his ſhoulders a light burthen bore!
O! had he ſtill been true to freedom's cauſe,
And never felt a meaner care,
Unrival'd then had been his juſt applauſe,
Nor *Iſrael*'s annals known a name ſo fair:
But he to luſtful fires a prey,
In a deceitful harlot's arms,
Heedleſs of virtue's deathleſs charms,
Idly conſum'd the precious day.
Juſtly he loſt the ſtrength th' immortals gave
Not for ſuch uſe, juſtly was made a ſlave:
With freedom too depriv'd of ſight,
Waſted in ſervile works, the conſtant jeſt
Of barb'rous foes, and ſport of ev'ry feaſt;
Doom'd by his woes to heighten their delight.
His ſuff'rings move the skies; his force returns,
And all the hero with new vigor burns.
'Twas a great feſtival, and crowds reſort;
Collected nobles fill the ſpacious court;
The *Hebrew* captive's call'd, to finiſh all the ſport.
He comes, the crowd the roofs with clamours rend;
He graſps the ſolid pillars in his hand,
Beneath the graſp the ſolid pillars bend,
Down ſinks the pond'rous pile, and cruſhes half
the land.
The conqu'ror fell amidſt the ſlain,
And dying, ſav'd a wretched race in vain;
Unus'd and undeſerving to be free,
They ſoon abandon'd dear-bought Liberty,

Choſe the vain ſplendor of a lawleſs throne,
And fix'd their children's ruin, and their own.

XIV.

GREECE with hoſpitable care
Receiv'd and bleſt the flying Fair;
But *Athens* moſt ador'd her charms,
Athens renown'd in arts and arms.
Nor leſs the Goddeſs lov'd the grateful place;
There moſt ſhe choſe to fix her ſeat,
There ſtudious form'd a godlike race,
And minds divinely great:
Yet there a * tyrant roſe with treach'rous arts,
Well fitted to ſeduce the people's hearts;
With ſoothing charms to force their ſenſe away,
And make their liberties an eaſy prey:
Gentle his rule, but heroes juſtly free
Know no gentle tyranny.
Twice baniſh'd, he as oft' return'd,
And free-born ſouls the gilded bondage mourn'd.
In peace he dy'd: Unequal to the weight,
His ſons in ſullen rigor rule the ſtate:
Not long; for ſoon a choſen band,
With well-concerted plots conſpire
To ſend the tyrants to their ſire,
And eaſe the groaning land.
Leæna, eminent above the reſt,
Deck'd in ſuperior glories ſtand confeſt.
To the great theme, ye muſes, tune your lays,
Nor bluſh to ſing the glorious harlot's praiſe:

* *Piſiſtratus.*

Known

Known be her praiſe, but in oblivion lie
All her former infamy.
What tho' her fatal beauties could entice
From virtue's manly joys to the ſoft bane of vice;
Lull heedleſs youth in wanton eaſe,
And make the gay perdition pleaſe!
Poſterity ſhall think her crimes undone,
And nothing real, but the fame ſhe won.
Ariſtogiton lov'd the dame;
Ariſtogiton moſt renown'd of thoſe,
That vow'd deſtruction on their country's foes.
He lov'd, yet not abandon'd to his flame,
Lov'd *Athens* more: Oft' in her arms
He ſigh'd for freedom's nobler charms;
Oft' mighty vengeance would his thoughts employ,
Diſturb his looſer hours, and interrupt the joy.
The fair herſelf at laſt was warm'd,
And with new fire her hero arm'd,
Bleſt his deſign, and taught him, in her turn,
To court brave death, and ſhameful life to ſcorn.

XV.

* One tyrant falls; ſtern *Hippias* ſtill ſurvives,
And for his brother's ſeeks his murd'rers lives:
Some prove his rage, but more eſcape, by fate
Reſerv'd the future patriots of their ſtate.
Leæna, urg'd in vain, ſuppreſt
Th' important ſecret in her breaſt:
Her tender limbs now curſt tormentors tear,
And waſte their barb'rous arts upon the fair;

* *Hipparchus.*

In

In ev'ry nerve convulſive horrors reign,
And ſtruggling nature ſinks beneath the pain:
Thrice on her lips the half-form'd accents hung,
As oft' th' undaunted heroine ſtopt her tongue:
But when ſhe found her courage fail,
And all the ſofter ſex prevail;
Begone, ſhe cry'd, falſe, treach'rous part,
Unworthy of my greater heart!
She ſpoke, and tore the traitor from his place,
And ſpit it in the trembling tyrant's face.

XVI.

TAUGHT by the great example, *Athens* roſe;
Far from the happy land the tyrant flies,
And *Perſia*'s realm a ſafe aſylum choſe:
There the proud monarch, with a tender care,
Receives his fellow-raviſher;
Grants him of ſlaves immenſe ſupplies,
To Liberty a glorious ſacrifice;
That great *Miltiades* might be divine,
And *Marathon* in deathleſs honours ſhine.

XVII.

BUT *Xerxes*' arms, for vengeance, to his cauſe
Millions of ſlaves, a world in fetters draws:
Swell'd into madneſs, as the tyrant view'd
The vaſt, unnumber'd multitude;
Sure ruin his preſumptuous thoughts decree
To *Greece*, and ev'ry land that dar'd be free:
Nor vain his pride, were it to numbers giv'n
To change the firm reſolves of heav'n.

The

The groaning earth th' unwieldy burthen feels,
Exhauſted rivers ſcarce ſupply their meals.
Europe from *Aſia* to divide, in vain
Rolls its fierce waves the eaſtern main;
The monarch ſpeaks, and ſwift at his command,
The lab'ring ſquadrons join the land.
With laſhes and with chains he aw'd
The courage of the watry God;
The curling billows foam no more,
And tam'd to dull ſubmiſſion kiſs the ſhore:
All nature ſhrinking from his rage,
Scarce dar'd in freedom's cauſe engage;
Suſpended ev'n the Goddeſs ſeem'd to ſtand,
Doubted of fate's decree, and trembled for the land.

XVIII.

THREE hundred *Spartans* (Heav'n requir'd no more,
To ſhake th' intolerable pow'r)
Thy ſtreights, *Thermopylæ*, ſecure; and there
Suſtain the wildeſt fury of the foe;
Yet think it cowardice no more to dare,
They ſeek the combat, and prevent the blow.
Thus iſſue from the *Lybian* wood
Fierce lions preſt by want of food;
O'er weak incloſures force their way,
Fill all the ſpacious folds with blood,
And make the trembling fugitives their prey:
Nor more the bleating troop th' invaders fears,
Than *Perſia*'s hoſt their conquerors.
The monarch ſculks behind his fartheſt bands,
Deſtin'd to periſh by leſs noble hands.

His coward vaſſals threaten from afar,
And diſtant dart a miſſive war;
The chiefs urge on, with rage they wound,
And deal inevitable death around;
Then with their glorious toil oppreſt,
And tir'd with conqu'ring, ſunk to reſt.

XIX.

Pleas'd in th' *Elyſian* ſhades they hear
The honours by their country won,
The num'rous glories of a war
Ended by wonders, as begun.
Deſcending heroes proud in conqueſt tell
What numbers at *Platæa* fell;
At *Mycale*, what heaps of ſlain,
And *Salamis*, diſcolour'd all the main.
The curſed inſtruments of publick woe
Crowd all the wide infernal plains;
There juſtly ſentenc'd undergo
Infinite tortures, and eternal chains.
But the dire monſter, whoſe unbounded rage
A gen'ral ruin only could aſſuage,
Fills all the griſly ruler's mind,
And ev'ry thought employ'd, to find
Some equal puniſhment, ſome full reward,
For all he acted, and for all he dar'd.
All hell is buſy to prepare his doom,
Stern juſtice waits impatient till he come;
For him omnipotence exhauſts its ſtore
Of vengeance yet unprov'd, and plagues unfelt before;
For him with double rage the fiery torrents roar.

The

The gloomy ſhade deſcends; a wretched ſlave
Mean as himſelf, and in this only brave,
Sent him unpity'd to a ſordid grave.

XX.

THE deathleſs trophy of the *Perſic* wars
Inteſtine broils (a dreadful ſcene!) ſucceed,
Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars;
While *Grecia*'s braveſt ſons conſpire to make their parent bleed.
Had but their matchleſs virtue been employ'd
In the ſoft arts of gentle peace,
Or ſav'd the free, and ſlaves alone deſtroy'd;
Ulyſſes' fame ſhould yield to *Pericles*,
And the great * youth, whom *Socrates* inſpir'd,
Beyond the ſon of *Thetis* be admir'd.
In how bright luſtre had the † *Theban* ſhone,
Had only barb'rous hoſts his valour known!
Nor *Sparta* can of her *Lyſander* boaſt,
Since all the hero in the tyrant's loſt.
Forbear, illuſtrious ſouls, forbear
To tempt the angry skies;
The pow'rs ſo much incenſt, prepare
Your madneſs to chaſtiſe:
An unknown, deſpicable hand
Shall join you in one common woe;
At *Cheronæa* ſtrike a fatal blow,
And drive th'unwilling Goddeſs from the land.

* *Alcibiades.* † *Epaminondas.*

XXI.

To *Rome* the Charmer wing'd her flight,
Rome, her darling and delight;
There *Brutus* fix'd the heav'nly Fair's abode,
Brutus, illuſtrious Demi-god!
Fain would the muſe his glorious acts purſue,
And bring the wonders of his life to view;
Shining and great in ev'ry part,
Ev'n then, when he beheld his *Rome* oppreſt,
Hid the wild tumults of his throbbing heart,
And in tame folly well the ſlave confeſt.
The Sov'reign thus, whom heav'n and earth adore,
With well-diſſembled patience bears
Some vile inſulter of his pow'r,
Deaf to his wrongs, and to the injur'd's pray'rs;
Till by repeated crimes the wretch ſecure,
Blaſphemes the eaſy God that can ſo long endure;
Then pointed lightnings pierce the skies,
And with amazing force the tardy vengeance flies.

XXII.

Ev'n now, methinks, I ſee the hero ſtand,
Graſping *Lucretia*'s dagger in his hand;
He ſummons to his aid deliv'ring *Jove*,
And all the tyrant-hating hoſts above;
Then from below the matron calls, to view
The great revenge to her wrong'd honour due.
Th'aſtoniſh'd crowd believe the chief inſpir'd,
And in a moment to like raptures fir'd,

Feel

Feel a loſt vigor to their breaſts reſtor'd,
Shake off their fetters, and abjure their lord:
The bleeding dame almoſt remain'd unmourn'd,
While peace, and liberty, and blooming joys return'd.

XXIII.

Too mighty were thoſe joys, too vaſt,
Unmix'd with leſſer ſorrows long to laſt;
A few raſh youths, a thoughtleſs band,
Attempt the exil'd monarch to reſtore,
To fix on former props the ſhaken pow'r,
And load with heavier chains the reſcu'd land.
What various horrors, Conſul, rack'd thy mind,
Thy ſons the firſt in the black liſt to find!
Not long the father with the patriot ſtrove,
Soon prevail'd his country's love:
The awful judge to the tribunal comes,
And to the axe his guilty offspring dooms;
And views unmov'd in each expiring ſon
Rome's fears deſtroy'd, and his own hopes undone.
The anguiſh of his ſoul and woe,
He well avenges on th' invading foe:
Then dies; but ſtruck for freedom as he fell,
And ſent a riſing * tyrant down to hell.
Hail, great deliv'rer of a race oppreſt!
Hail, name to future ages bleſt!
There ſhall pure matrons ſing, ſoft virgins thee,
Avenger ſure of injur'd chaſtity!
Tyrants ſhall tremble at thy name,
And heroes yet to come be kindled by thy flame.

* *Arruns.*

XXIV. BUT

XXIV.

But what avail the wonders done,
Tyrants expell'd, and conqueſts won?
Within *Rome*'s bowels a domeſtic foe
Erects a fortreſs to enſlave the land;
Its lofty heights the town command,
And threaten ruin all below.
In words like theſe the frighted crowd
Utter their complaints aloud;
Raſh complaints! ill-grounded fears!
The great *Valerius*, ſee, appears!
Submiſſive, ſee! he bows around,
And bends his humble *Faſces* to the ground.
To you, he cries, from whom all ſway deſcends,
Romans, to you your ſubject Conſul bends:
Juſtly you ſhrink at arbitrary ſtate,
But hard to judge your magiſtrate!
If e'er a pow'r above your laws I ſought,
Or e'er your freedom injur'd but in thought;
Turn, turn on this devoted head
The dreadful axes that you gave;
Or ſpeedier lightning flaſh me dead,
And op'ning earth become my grave!
Soon ſhall this houſe be raz'd, and ſunk to duſt,
Clear my ſuſpected faith, and prove your fears unjuſt.
Already levell'd as he ſpoke,
The building ſinks amain;
Down the wide hill the ruins ſmoke
And fill th' extended plain.

Sublime

Sublime in impious ſtate *Verſalia* riſe,
Fit for the wrath and juſtice of the skies;
This houſe deſtroy'd eternal praiſe ſhall claim,
When with thy pile is loſt the hated † founder's name.

XXV.

NOR Gods by all the ſpacious earth ador'd,
With half ſuch joy a thouſand kings behold,
Each of unnumber'd ſlaves the lord,
Decking their ſhrines with tributary gold;
As fill'd the Goddeſs when ſhe ſaw
Rome's glorious offspring own her law.
Whom ſhall I firſt rehearſe? the deathleſs throng
Confounds the muſe, and tires the lab'ring ſong.
Who can enough the *Gracchi* praiſe,
Or ſtern *Torquatus* to due honours raiſe?
What colours paint *Servilius* as he ſtood
Warm with great rage, and more than half a God,
His arm freſh reeking with a * tyrant's blood?
Who thro' a train of heroes trace
Th'unfading glories of the *Fabian* race?
In equal numbers who extol
Camillus, terror of the impious *Gaul*;
And *Manlius* thund'ring from the *Capitol*?

XXVI.

BLEST *Italy!* where ev'ry plain and ſtream
Immortal actions crown;

† *Lewis* XIV. * *Sp. Malius.*

The free-born muſes grateful theme,
And ſacred to renown.
Horatius here alone an army ſtood,
Guardian of *Rome* amidſt ſurrounding foes:
Sav'd *Tyber*, bear his praiſes on thy flood,
And bid old ocean ſpread them as he flows!
There *Coſſus* from a ſcepter'd tyrant tore
His life, and all the gorgeous arms he wore;
The ſpoils adorn *Feretrian Jove*'s abode,
A preſent worthy of the thund'ring God.
Marcellus here firſt taught deſpairing *Rome*
That *Hannibal* could be o'ercome.

(Left unfiniſh'd.)

FINIS.

BOOKS *printed for* R. HETT.

In a Fortnight will be publiſh'd the Second Edition (Price Six Shillings) of

THE *Divine Authority of the Old and New Teſtament aſſerted*; with a particular Vindication of the Characters of Moſes and the Prophets, our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt and his Apoſtles, againſt the unjuſt Aſperſions and falſe Reaſonings in a late Book entitled *The Moral Philoſopher*. By *John Leland*, M. A. Author of an Anſwer to a Book entitled *Chriſtianity as old as the Creation*. "*Why doſt thou ſtrive againſt God? for he giveth not account of any of his matters: For God ſpeaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.*" Elihu *in* Job, xxxiii. 13, 14.

Written by I. WATTS, D. D.

Horæ Lyricæ: Poems chiefly of the Lyric Kind; in Three Books: Sacred, 1. To Devotion and Piety. 2. To Virtue, Honour and Friendſhip. 3. To the Memory of the Dead. The Seventh Edition, corrected.

Reliquiæ Juveniles: Miſcellaneous Thoughts in Proſe and Verſe, on natural, moral, and divine Subjects. Written chiefly in younger Years. The Second Edition.

A Short View of the whole SCRIPTURE HISTORY; with a Continuation of the Jewiſh Affairs, from the Old Teſtament till the Time of Chriſt: And an Account of the chief Prophecies that relate to him; repreſented in a Way of Queſtion and Anſwer. Illuſtrated with various Remarks on the Hiſtory and the Religion of the Patriarchs, Jews and Chriſtians; and on the Laws, Government, Sects, Cuſtoms and Writings of the Jews; and adorn'd with Figures relating to their Camp, Tabernacle and Worſhip. The Second Edition.

Humility

Humility repreſented in the Character of St. Paul, the chief Springs of it opened, and its various Advantages diſplay'd; together with ſome occaſional Views of the contrary Vice. Price 1 s.

BOOKS, *&c. printed for* R. DODSLEY *at* Tully's Head *in* Pall-mall.

MR. *Pope*'s Works in Folio, Quarto and Octavo.

Les Avantures de Telemaque Fils d' Ulyſſe. Printed on a fine Writing-paper, neat Letter, with a beautiful Set of new Cuts.

Leonidas. A Poem. The Third Edition in Twelves.

Drayton's Heroic Epiſtles. In Imitation of *Ovid's Epiſtles.*

Rapin's Critical Works. Two Volumes Octavo.

Guſtavus Vaſa. The Deliverer of his Country. A Tragedy. Written by *Henry Brooke*, Eſq;.

Comus. A Maſk. Alter'd from *Milton*'s Maſk at *Ludlow-Caſtle.* By Mr. *Dalton.*

The ancient Tragedy of *Gorboduc.* Being the Firſt regular Play that ever was wrote in the *Engliſh* Language.

The Art of Preaching. In Imitation of *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry.*

The King and the Millar. Two Parts.

The Toy-ſhop.

DEVOUT
EXERCISES
OF THE
HEART
IN
Meditation and Soliloquy, Prayer and Praiſe.

By the late PIOUS and INGENIOUS
Mrs. ROWE.

Review'd and Publiſhed at her *Requeſt*,
By I. WATTS, *D. D.*

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON,
Printed for R. HETT, at the *Bible* and *Crown* in the *Poultry*.
M.DCC.XXXVIII.

TO

* * * * * * *

An intimate Friend of
Mrs. ROWE.

MADAM,

IF theſe pious MEDITATIONS of ſo ſublime a Genius ſhould be inſcrib'd to any Name, there is none but YOUR's muſt have ſtood in the Front of them. That

long and conſtant Intimacy of Friendſhip with which You delighted to honour her, that high Eſteem and Veneration You are pleaſed to pay her Memory, and the ſacred Likeneſs and Sympathy between two kindred Souls, abſolutely determine where this Reſpect ſhould be paid.

Besides, Madam, You well know, that ſome Copies out of theſe Papers have been Your own ſeveral Years by the Gift of the Deceaſed; and the Favour You have done me lately

lately by Your Permiſſion to peruſe them, has aſſiſted the Corrections of theſe MANUSCRIPTS, and would add another Reaſon to ſupport this Inſcription of them, if Your Fear of aſſuming too much Honour could but have admitted this Piece of Juſtice.

I KNOW, Madam, Your Tenderneſs and Indulgence to every thing Mrs. ROWE has written, cannot withold Your Judgment from ſuſpecting ſome of her Expreſſions to be a little too rapturous, and too

near a-kin to the Language of the myſtical Writers; yet Your Piety and Candour will take no ſuch Offence as to prevent Your beſt Improvement by them in all that is Divine and Holy: and may Your retired Hours find ſuch happy Aſſiſtances and Elevations hereby, that you may commence the Joys of Angels and of bleſſed Spirits before-hand.

And when Your valuable Life has been long extended amidſt all the temporal Bleſſings you enjoy, and the Chriſtian

ſtian Vertues You practiſe, may You at the Call of God find a gentle Diſmiſſion from Mortality, and aſcend on High to meet Your deceaſed Friend in Paradiſe. Nor can I ſuppoſe that any of the Inhabitants of that bliſsful Region will ſooner recognize Your glorify'd Spirit, or will ſalute Your firſt Appearance there with a more tender Senſe of mutual Satisfaction. There may You join with Your beloved *Philomela*, in paying celeſtial Worſhip in exalted and unknown Forms, to her God, and Your God;

and may the Harmony of the Place be assisted by Your united Songs to *Jesus*, your common Saviour!

I AM, Madam, with great Sincerity and Esteem,

Your most Faithful

and Obedient

Servant,

Newington, Sept. 29. 1737.

I. Watts.

THE PREFACE.

THE *admirable Author of these devotional Papers has been in high Esteem among the Ingenious and the Polite, since so many excellent Fruits of her Pen, both in Verse and Prose have appear'd in Publick. She was early honoured under the feigned Name of* Philomela *before the World was allowed to know Mrs.* Elizabeth Singer *by the Name drawn from her Family, or that of Mrs.* Rowe *which she acquired by Marriage.*

THO' many of her Writings that were publish'd in her Life-time discover a pious and heavenly Temper, and a warm Zeal for Religion and Virtue; yet she chose to conceal the Devotions of her Heart *till she was got beyond the Censure and the Applause*

plauſe of Mortals. 'Twas enough that God, whom ſhe loved with ardent and ſupreme Affection, was Witneſs to all her ſecret and intenſe Breathings after him.

IN February *laſt he was pleaſed to call her out of our World, and take her to himſelf. Some time after her Deceaſe theſe Manuſcripts were tranſmitted to me, all incloſed in one Sheet of Paper, and directed to me at* Newington *by her own Hand. In the midſt of them I found her Letter, which intreated me to review them, and commit them to the Preſs. This Letter I have thought neceſſary to ſhew the World, not ſo much to diſcover my Right to publiſh theſe Papers, as to let the Reader ſee ſomething more of that holy and heavenly Character which ſhe maintain'd in an uniform Manner both in Life and Death.*

'TIS now almoſt thirty Years ago ſince I was honour'd with her Acquaintance, nor could her great Mo-

deſty

deſty conceal all her ſhining Graces and Accompliſhments; but it is not my Province to give a particular Account of this excellent Woman who has bleſs'd and adorn'd our Nation and our Age. I expect, her Temper, her Conduct, and her Virtues will be ſet in a juſt and pleaſing Light among the Memoirs of her Life, by ſome near Relations, to whom the Care of her poetical Pieces, and her familiar Letters is committed.

THESE Devout Exerciſes *are animated with ſuch Fire as ſeems to ſpeak the Language of holy Paſſion, and diſcovers them to be the Dictates of her Heart; and thoſe who were favour'd with her chief Intimacy will moſt readily believe it. The Style, I confeſs, is raiſed above that of common Meditation or Soliloquy; but let it be remember'd ſhe was no common Chriſtian. As her Virtues were ſublime, ſo her Genius was bright and ſparkling, and the Vivacity of her Imagination had*

had a Tincture of the Muſe almoſt from her Childhood. This made it natural to her to expreſs the inward Sentiments of her Soul in more exalted Language, and to paint her own Ideas in Metaphor and Rapture near a-kin to the Diction of Poeſy.

THE Reader will here find a Spirit dwelling in Fleſh, elevated into divine Tranſports, congenial to thoſe of Angels and unbodied Minds. Her intenſe Love to her God kindles at every Hint, and tranſcends the Limits of Mortality. I ſcarce ever met with any devotional Writings which give us an Example of a Soul, at ſpecial Seaſons, ſo far raiſed above every thing that is not immortal and divine.

YET ſhe is conſcious of her Frailties too: She ſometimes confeſſes her Folly and her Guilt in the Sight of God, in the moſt affecting Language of a deep Humiliation. 'Tis with a pathetick Senſibility of her Weakneſs,

and in the ſtrongeſt Language of Self-diſplicency, ſhe bewails her Offences againſt her Creator and Redeemer; and in her Intervals of Darkneſs, ſhe vents her painful Complaints and Mournings for the Abſence of her higheſt and beſt beloved.

LET it be obſerved, that it was much the Faſhion, even among ſome Divines of Eminence in former Years, to expreſs the Fervours of devout Love to our Saviour in the Style of the Song of Solomon : *And I muſt confeſs that ſeveral of my Compoſures in Verſe written in younger Life were led by thoſe Examples unwarily into this Track. But if I may be permitted to ſpeak the Senſe of maturer Age, I can hardly think this the happieſt Language in which Chriſtians ſhould* generally *diſcover their warm Sentiments of Religion, ſince the clearer and more ſpiritual Revelations of the New Teſtament. Yet ſtill it muſt be own'd, there are ſome Souls favour'd*

with

with ſuch beatifying Viſits from Heaven, and raptur'd with ſuch a Flame of divine Affection, as more powerfully engages all animal Nature in their Devotions, and conſtrains them to ſpeak their pureſt and moſt ſpiritual Exerciſes in ſuch pathetick and tender Expreſſions as may be perverſely profaned by an unholy Conſtruction. And the Byaſs and Propenſity toward this Style is yet ſtronger, where early Impreſſions of Piety have been made on the Heart by devout Writings of this kind.

IT ſhould be remember'd alſo, there is nothing to be found here which riſes above our Ideas; here are none of thoſe abſurd and incomprehenſible Phraſes which amuſe the Ear with ſounding Vanity, and hold Reaſon in ſovereign Contempt: Here are no viſionary Scenes of wild Extravagance, no Affectations of the tumid and unmeaning Style, which ſpreads a glaring Confuſion over the Underſtanding;

ſtanding; *nothing that leads the Reader into the Region of thoſe myſtical Shadows and Darkneſs which abound in the* Romiſh *Writers, under the Pretence of refined Light and ſublime Ecſtaſy. Nor is the Character of this ingenious Author to be blemiſhed with any other Reproaches which have been ſometimes caſt on ſuch ſort of Meditations.*

I KNOW it hath been ſaid, that this Language of Rapture addreſs'd to the Deity, is but a new Track given to the Flow of the ſofter Powers after the Diſappointment of ſome meaner Love; *or, at leaſt, 'tis owing to the Want of a proper Object and Opportunity to fix thoſe tender Paſſions: But this cannot be allowed to be the Caſe here*; *for as Mrs.* Rowe *had been ſought early by ſeveral Lovers, ſo ſhe ſpent ſeveral Years of younger Life in the connubial State with a Gentleman of ſuch Accompliſhments and ſuch Circumſtances,*

ſtances, that he was well fitted to be a Partner of her Joys and Cares.

I KNOW alſo that this ſoft and paſſionate Turn of religious Meditation has ſometimes been imputed to Injuries and ill Treatment in the Marriage State, whereby the ſame Affections are wean'd from an undeſerving Object, and pour'd out in amorous Language upon an Object ſupremely worthy and divine. But neither has this Reproach any Pretence in the preſent Caſe: That happy Pair had Souls ſo near a-kin to each other, that they perſever'd in uncommon Amity and mutual Satisfaction, ſo long as Providence favour'd him with Life. 'Tis ſufficiently evident then, that in theſe Meditations there is no ſecret panting after a mortal Love in the Language of Devotion and Piety.

NOR yet can it be objected, that it was any Diſplicence and Peeviſhneſs toward other things round about her, that taught her to expreſs herſelf with ſuch

such Contempt of the Things of Mortality, and all the gay and tempting Scenes of the present State: She was by no means sour and morose, and out of Humour with the World, nor with her Acquaintance that dwelt in it: She often conversed freely with the Gay and the Great, and was in high Esteem among Persons of Rank and Honour. But Honour and Rank among Mortals, with all the Scenes of Gaiety and Greatness, were little, despicable, and forgotten Things, while in her devout Moments, her Eye and her Heart were fixed on God, the supreme Original of all Excellence and all Honour.

IN common Life she was affable and friendly with Persons of every Rank and Degree; and in her latter Years, as she drew nearer to Heaven, if she avoided any thing, it was Grandeur and publick Appearances on Earth. But she never so conceal'd

and abſtracted herſelf from the Society of any of her Fellow-creatures, as to deſpiſe the meaneſt of her Species. She was ever kind and compaſſionate to the Diſtreſſed, and largely liberal to the Indigent. Nor did ſhe neglect the daily Duties of human Life, under a vain Imagination that ſhe moved in a higher Sphere, and was ſeraphically exalted above them.

IN ſhort, there is nothing in theſe Papers that can juſtly ſupport any ſuch ſort of Cenſures, tho' Men of corrupt Minds may cover the Bible itſelf with Slander and Ridicule. Let all ſuch Readers ſtand aloof, nor touch theſe ſacred Leaves, leſt they pollute them.

THO' there is not one complete Copy of Verſes amongſt all theſe Tranſports of her Soul, yet ſhe ever carry'd with her a Reliſh of Poeſy even into her ſacred Retirements. Sometimes ſhe ſprings her Flight from a

Line

Line or two of Verſe, which her Memory had impreſs'd upon her Heart: Sometimes from the Midſt of her religious Elevations ſhe lights down upon a few Lines of ſome modern Poet, even Herbert *as well as* Milton, &c. *though 'tis but ſeldom ſhe cites their Names. At other times the Verſes ſeem to be the Effuſion of her own rapturous Thoughts in ſudden Melody and Metre; or at leaſt I know not whence the Lines are copy'd: But ſhe moſt frequently does me the Honour to make uſe of ſome of my Writings in Verſe in theſe holy Meditations of her Heart. Bleſſed be that God, who has ſo far favour'd any thing my Pen could produce, as to aſſiſt ſo ſublime a Devotion.*

FROM the different Appearance of the Paper and Ink in ſome of theſe Pieces, as well as from the early Tranſcripts of ſeveral of them among her Friends, 'tis evident they were written

in her younger Days; others are of a much later Original, tho' there is but one that bears a Date, and that is April 30. 1735. *They ſeem to have been pen'd at ſpecial Seaſons and Occaſions throughout the courſe of her Life. A few of them bear the Corrections or Additions of her own Pen, which diſcovers itſelf by a little difference of the Hand-writing.*

THO' ſhe was never tempted away from our common Chriſtianity into the faſhionable Apoſtaſies of the Age; yet I am well informed from many Hands, that in her later Years ſhe entered with more Zeal and Affection into ſome of the peculiar Doctrines of the Goſpel: And 'tis evident that ſome of theſe devotional Pieces have a more evangelick Turn than others, and probably moſt of thoſe were compoſed or corrected in the latter Part of Life. The Oppoſition which has of late been made to ſome

of

of these Truths, gave occasion to her further Search into them, and her Zeal for them. However, I have placed these Papers all as I found them pinned up in a Wrapping-paper, tho' 'tis evident, from plain Circumstances, this is not the Order in which they were written, nor is that of any great Importance.

THO' these Writings give us the Aspirations of a devout Soul in her holy Retirements, when she had no Design to present the Publick with them; yet they did not want a great deal of Adjustment or Correction, in order to see the Light. The Numbers and the Titles are added by the Publisher, as well as the Breaks and Pauses, which give a sort of Rest to the Reader's Mind, and make the Review more easy. Here and there a too venturous Flight is a little moderated; sometimes a Meditation or a Sentence is compleated, which seemed very im-

perfect, or a short Line or two inserted to introduce the Sense where the Language seem'd too abrupt, or the Meaning too obscure. Her Soul had a large Set of Ideas in present View, which made every Expression she used easy and perspicuous to herself when she wrote only for her own Use; tho' sometimes her entire Sense might not be quite so obvious to every Reader, without a little Introduction into her Track of Sentiments. Upon the whole, I must acknowledge I was very unwilling that this excellent Work should lose any Degrees of Elegance or Brightness by passing thro' my Hands.

WHEN the Manuscript came first under my Revisal, I read it over with the Eye of a Critick and a Friend, that I might publish it with Honour to the Hand that wrote it, and with religious Entertainment and Advantage to the World: nor was this Employment

ployment deſtitute of its proper Satisfaction. But never did I feel the true Pleaſure of theſe Meditations, till I had finiſhed this Labour of the Head, *and began to read them over again as* Devout Exerciſes of the Heart: *Then I endeavour'd to enter more entirely into the Spirit of the pious Author, and attempted to aſſume her Language as my own. But how much ſuperior was the Satisfaction which I received from this Review, eſpecially whereſoever I had Reaſon to hope I could pronounce her Words with Sincerity of Soul? How happily did this raiſe and entertain all my pleaſing Paſſions, and gave me another ſort of Delight than the dry critical Peruſal of them, in order to judge concerning their Propriety? But I confeſs alſo, it was an abaſing and mortifying Thought, when I found how often I was conſtrained to drop the ſublime Expreſſion from my Lips, or forbid my Tongue to uſe it, becauſe my*

own Attainments ſunk ſo far beneath thoſe ſacred Elevations of Spirit, and fell ſo far ſhort of thoſe tranſcendent Degrees of Divine Affection and Zeal.

LET me perſuade all that peruſe this Book, to make the ſame Experiment that I have done; and when they have ſhut out the World, and are reading in their Retirements, let them try how far they can ſpeak this Language, and aſſume theſe Sentiments as their own: And by aſpiring to follow them, may they find the ſame Satisfaction and Delight, or at leaſt learn the profitable Leſſons of Self Abaſement and holy Shame: And may a noble and glorious Ambition excite in their Breaſts a ſacred Zeal to emulate ſo illuſtrious an Example. Whatſoever Ardours of divine Love have been kindled in a Soul united to Fleſh and Blood, may alſo be kindled by the ſame Influences of Grace in other

other Spirits, labouring under the ſame Clogs and Impediments.

BUT perhaps, it will be neceſſary here to give a Caution to ſome humble Chriſtians, that they would not make theſe higher Elevations of Piety and holy Joy the Teſt and Standard by which to judge of the Sincerity of their own Religion. Ten thouſand Saints are arriv'd ſafe at Paradiſe, who have not been favour'd, like St. Paul, *with a Rapture into the third Heaven, nor could ever ariſe to the affectionate Tranſports, and devout Joys of Mrs.* Rowe : *Yet I hope all ſerious Readers may find ſomething here, which, thro' the Aids of the Bleſſed Spirit, may raiſe them above their uſual Pitch, may give a new Spring to their religious Pleaſures and their immortal Hopes, and thereby render their Lives more holy and heavenly.*

THAT

THAT the Publication of this little Book may be favour'd with the divine Bleſſing for this happy End, is the ſincere Deſire and Requeſt of the Publiſher, as it was the real Motive of the ingenious and pious Writer to commit them, by my Hand, to the publick View. This ſufficiently diſcovers itſelf in the following Letter.

To

To the Reverend

Dr. Watts, at *Newington.*

SIR,

THE Opinion I have of your Piety and Judgment is the Reaſon of my giving you the Trouble of looking over theſe Papers, in order to publiſh them; which I deſire you to do as ſoon as you can conveniently; only you have full Liberty to ſuppreſs what you think proper.

I think there can be no Vanity in this Deſign, for I am ſenſible ſuch Thoughts as theſe will not be for the Taſte of the modiſh Part of the World; and before they appear, I ſhall be entirely diſintereſted in the Cenſure or Applauſe of Mortals.

The Reflections were occaſionally written, and only for my own Improvement; but I am not without Hopes that they may have the ſame Effect on ſome pious Minds, as the reading the Experiences of others have had on my

my own Soul. The experimental Part of Religion has generally a greater Influence than its Theory; and if, when I am ſleeping in the Duſt, theſe Soliloquies ſhould kindle a Flame of Divine Love in the Heart of the loweſt and moſt deſpiſed Chriſtian, be the Glory given to the great Spring of all Grace and Benignity.

I HAVE now done with mortal Things, and all to come is vaſt Eternity------Eternity-----How tranſporting is the Sound! As long as God exiſts, my Being and Happineſs is ſecure. Theſe unbounded Deſires, which the wide Creation cannot limit, ſhall be ſatisfy'd for ever. I ſhall drink at the Fountain Head of Pleaſure, and be refreſh'd with the Emanations of original Life and Joy. I ſhall hear the Voice of uncreated Harmony ſpeaking Peace and ineffable Conſolation to my Soul.

I EXPECT eternal Life, not as a Reward *(of Merit)* but a pure Act of Bounty. Deteſting myſelf in every View I can take, I fly to the Righteouſneſs and Atonement of my great Redeemer, for Pardon and Salvation; this is my only Conſolation and Hope. *Enter not into Judgment, O Lord, with thy Servant; for in thy Sight ſhall no Fleſh be juſtify'd.*

THRO'

THRO' the Blood of the Lamb, I hope for an entire Victory over the laſt Enemy; and that before this comes to you, I ſhall have reach'd the celeſtial Heights; and while you are reading theſe Lines, I ſhall be adoring before the Throne of God, where Faith ſhall be turn'd into Viſion, and theſe languiſhing Deſires ſatisfy'd with the full Fruition of immortal Love. Adieu.

ELIZ. ROWE.

THE

THE

CONTENTS.

Page

I. *Supreme Love to God* 33
II. *The Truth and Goodneſs of God* 39
III. *Longing after the Enjoyment of God* 41
IV. *God my ſupreme, my only Hope* 45
V. *God a preſent Help, and ever near* 51
VI. *God an all-ſufficient Good, and my only Happineſs* 53
VII. *A Covenant with God* 57
VIII. *A Thank-offering for ſaving Grace* 60
IX. *Evidence of ſincere Love to God* 65
X. *Aſſurances of Salvation in Chriſt Jeſus* 69
XI. *Thou art my God* 74
XII. *Confeſſion of Sin, with Hope of Pardon* 78
XIII. *The Abſence of God on Earth* 83
XIV. *Baniſhment from God for ever* 86
XV. *The Glory of God in his Works of Creation, Providence, and Redemption* 90
XVI. *Longing for the Coming of Chriſt* 94

XVII. *Seek-*

XVII. *Seeking after an abſent God* Page 96
XVIII. *Appeals to God concerning the Supremacy of Love to him* 100
XIX. *A devout Rapture, or Love to God inexpreſſible* 103
XX. *Self-reproof for Inactivity* 112
XXI. *A joyful View of approaching Death* 114
XXII. *A devout Reſignation of Self to the divine Power and Goodneſs* 118
XXIII. *Redeeming Love* 121
XXIV. *Pleading for Pardon and Holineſs* 126
XXV. *A Tranſport of Gratitude for ſaving Mercy* 133
XXVI. *Importunate Requeſts for the Return of God to the Soul* 134
XXVII. *Breathing after God, and weary of the World* 142
XXVIII. *Prayer for ſpeedy Sanctification* 150
XXIX. *Gratitude for early and peculiar Favours* 154
XXX. *Aſpiring after the Viſion of God in Heaven* 157
XXXI. *A ſolemn Surrender of the Soul to God* 159
XXXII. *Truſt and Reliance on the divine Promiſes* 160
XXXIII. *Application to the divine Truth* 164

XXXIV.

XXXIV. *Glory to God for Salvation by* Jesus *and his Blood* Page 171
XXXV. *A Review of divine Mercy and Faithfulness* 173
XXXVI. *Daily Experiences of the kind Providence of God, and pious Breathings of the Soul towards the heavenly World* 179

DEVOUT

DEVOUT EXERCISES OF THE HEART, &c.

I. *Supreme Love to* God.

WHY, O my God, must this mortal Structure put so great a Separation between my Soul and thee? I am surrounded with thy Essence, yet I cannot perceive thee; I follow thee, and trace thy Footsteps in Heaven and Earth, yet I cannot overtake thee; thou art before me, and I cannot reach thee; and behind me, and I perceive thee not.

O THOU, whom unſeen, I love, by what powerful Influence doſt thou attract my Soul? The Eye has not ſeen, nor the Ear heard, nor has it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive, what thou art; and yet I love thee beyond all that mine Eye has ſeen, or my Ear heard, beyond all that my Heart can comprehend. Thou dwelleſt in Heights of Glory, to which no human Thought can ſoar, and yet thou art more near and intimate to my Soul than any of the Objects of Senſe. Theſe Ears have never heard thy Voice, and yet I am better acquainted with thee, and can rely on thee with more Confidence, than on the deareſt Friend I have on Earth.

MY Heart cleaves to thee, O Lord, as its only Refuge, and finds in thee a ſecret and conſtant Spring of Conſolation. I ſpeak to thee with the utmoſt Confidence, and think thy Being my greateſt Happineſs. The Reflection on thy Exiſtence and Greatneſs recreates my Spirits, and fills my Heart with Alacrity; my Soul overflows with Pleaſure, I rejoice, I triumph in thy independant Bleſſedneſs, and abſolute Dominion. Reign, O my God, for ever, glorious and uncontroul'd.

I, a Worm of the Earth, would join my Aſſent with the infinite Orders above, with all

all thy flaming Miniſters who rejoice in thy Kingdom and Glory.

Tho' not with them, thy happier Race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd Divinity;
(By no audacious Glance from mortal Eyes,
Thoſe myſtick Glories are to be profan'd)
But yet I feel the ſame immortal Flame,
And love thee, tho' unſeen.

I LOVE thee——Thus far I can ſpeak, but all the reſt is unutterable; and I muſt leave the pleaſing Tale untold till I can talk in the Language of Immortality: and then I'll begin the tranſporting Story, which ſhall never come to an End, but be ſtill and ſtill beginning: for thy Beauties, O thou faireſt of ten thouſand, will ſtill be new, and ſhall kindle freſh Ardor in my Soul to all Eternity. The ſacred Flame ſhall riſe, nor find any Limits till thy Perfections find a Period.

I LOVE thee, and O thou that knoweſt all things, read the Characters that Love has drawn on my Heart; What Excellence but thine in Heaven and Earth could raiſe ſuch Aſpirations of Soul, ſuch ſublime and fervent Affections as thoſe I feel? What could

fix my Spirit but boundleſs Perfection? What is there elſe for whoſe ſake I could deſpiſe all created Glory? why am I not at reſt here among ſenſible Enjoyments? Whence ariſe theſe importunate Longings, theſe infinite Deſires? Why does not the compleat Creation ſatisfy, or at leaſt delude me with a Dream of Happineſs? Why do not the Objects of Senſe awake a more ardent Sentiment than things diſtant and inviſible? Why ſhould I, who *ſay to Corruption, Thou art my Father*, aſpire after a Union with the immenſe Divinity?

YOU Angels of God, that behold his Face, explain to me the ſacred Myſtery; tell me how this heavenly Flame began, unriddle its wondrous Generation: Who hath animated this mortal Flame with celeſtial Fire, and given a Clod of Earth this divine Ambition? What could kindle it but the Breath of God, which kindled up my Soul? And to thee, its amiable Original, it aſcends; it breaks through all created Perfection, and keeps on its reſtleſs Courſe to the firſt Pattern of Beauty.

YE flow'ry Varieties of the Earth, and you ſparkling Glories of the Skies, your Blandiſhments are vain, while I purſue an Excellence

cellence that caſts a Reproach on all your Glory. I would fain cloſe my Eyes on all the various and lovely Appearances you preſent, and would open them on a brighter Scene. I have Deſires which nothing viſible can gratify; to which no material things are ſuitable. O when ſhall I find Objects more entirely agreeable to my intellectual Faculties? My Soul ſprings forward in purſuit of a diſtant Good, whom I follow by ſome faint Ray of Light, which only glimmers by ſhort Intervals before me. Oh when will it diſperſe the Clouds, and break out in full Splendor on my Soul?

BUT what will the open Viſion of thy Beauties effect, if while thou art but faintly imagin'd, I love thee with ſuch a ſacred Fervour? To what bleſſed Heights ſhall my Admiration riſe, when I ſhall behold thee in full Perfection; when I ſhall ſee thee as thou art exalted in Majeſty, and compleat in Beauty? How ſhall I triumph then in thy Glory, and in the Privileges of my own Being? What ineffable Thoughts will riſe to find myſelf united to the all-ſufficient Divinity, by Ties which the Sons of Men have no Names to expreſs, by an Engagement that the Revolution of eternal Years ſhall not diſſolve?

The League of Nature ſhall be broken, and the Laws of the mingled Elements be cancell'd; but my Relation to the Almighty God ſhall ſtand fix'd and unchangeable as his own Exiſtence: *Nor Life, nor Death, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers, nor things preſent, nor things to come, ſhall ever ſeparate me from his Love.*

TRIUMPH, O my Soul, and rejoice; look forward beyond the Period of all terreſtrial things: Look beyond ten thouſand Ages of celeſtial Bleſſedneſs, look forward ſtill, and take an immeaſurable Proſpect; preſs on and leave unnumber'd Ages behind, Ages of ineffable Peace and Pleaſure; plunge at once into the Ocean of Bliſs, and call Eternity itſelf thy own.

THERE are no Limits to the Proſpect of my Joy; it runs parallel with the Duration of the infinite Divinity: My Bliſs is without bounds; O when ſhall the full Poſſeſſion of it commence?

II. *The Truth and Goodneſs of* GOD.

ENgrav'd as in eternal Braſs,
The mighty Promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the Powers of Darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting Lines.

The ſacred Word of Grace is ſtrong
As that which built the Skies;
The Voice that rolls the Stars along
Speaks all the Promiſes.

AND they all are built on the immutable Truth and Goodneſs of thy Nature: Thou doſt not ſpeak at random like vain Man; but whatever thou haſt engag'd to perform, is the Reſult of eternal Counſel and Deſign. Thou haſt utter'd nothing that thou can'ſt ſee occaſion to alter on a ſecond Review: Thou canſt promiſe nothing to thy own Damage, nor be a Loſer by the utmoſt Liberality. Thou art every way qualified to make good thy Engagements by the Fulneſs of thy Riches and Power.

NOR haſt thou any Neceſſity to flatter thy Creatures, or to ſay kinder things to them than

thou meaneſt to fulfil. Miſerable Man can bring no Advantage to thee, nor has he any thing to claim from thee. By what Benefit has he prevented thee? By what Right can he demand the leaſt of thy Favours? Thy Engagements are all free and unconſtrain'd, founded on thy own Beneficence, and not on the Merits of thy Creature. While I conſider this, my Expectations riſe, I ſet no Limits to my Hopes: I look up with Confidence, and call thee *my Father*; and with a humble Faith, I claim every Advantage that tender Name imports. My Heart confides in thee with Stedfaſtneſs and Alacrity; Fear and Diſtruſt are inconſiſtent with my Thoughts of the Beneficence of thy Nature.

EVERY Name and Attribute by which thou haſt reveal'd thyſelf to Man, confirms my Faith. Thy Life, thy Being is engaged: I may as well queſtion thy Exiſtence, as thy Faithfulneſs: As ſure as thou art, thou art juſt and true. The Proteſtations of the moſt faithful Friend I have, cannot give me half the Conſolation that thy Promiſes give me. I hear vain Man with Diffidence, I bid my Soul beware of truſting falſe Mortality; but

but I hear thy Voice with Joy and full Aſſurance.

THY Words are not writ in Sand, nor ſcatter'd by the fleeting Winds; but ſhall ſtand in force when Heaven and Earth ſhall be no more. Eternal Ages ſhall not diminiſh their Efficacy, nor alter what the Mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken. I believe, I believe with the moſt perfect Aſſent: I know that *thou art, and that thou art a Rewarder of them that diligently ſeek thee*; I feel the Evidence, for thou haſt not left thyſelf without Witneſs in my Heart.

III. *Longing after the Enjoyment of* GOD.

MY God, to thee my Sighs aſcend, every Complaint I make, ends with thy Name: I pauſe, I dwell on the Sound, I ſpeak it over again, and find that all my Cares begin and end in thee. I long to behold the ſupreme Beauty, I pant for the fair Original of all that is lovely, for Beauty that is yet unknown, and for intellectual Pleaſures yet untaſted.

MY

MY Heart aſpires, my Wiſhes fly beyond the Bounds of Creation, and deſpiſe all that Mortality can preſent me with. I was form'd for celeſtial Joys, and find myſelf capable of the Entertainments of Angels. Why may I not begin my Heaven below, and taſte at leaſt of the Springs of Pleaſure that flow from thy Right-hand for ever?

SHOULD I drink my fill, thoſe Fountains are ſtill exhauſtleſs; Millions of happy Souls quench their infinite Deſires there: Millions of happy Orders of Beings gaze on thy Beauty, and are made Partakers of thy Bleſſedneſs; but thou are ſtill undiminiſh'd. No Liberality can waſte the Store of thy Perfection; it has flow'd from Eternity, and runs for ever freſh, and why muſt I periſh for Want?

MY thirſty Soul pines for the Waters of Life: Oh! who will refreſh me with the pleaſurable Draught? How long ſhall I wander in this deſart Land, where every Proſpect is waſte and barren? I look round me in vain, and ſigh ſtill unſatisfy'd: Oh! who will lead me to the ſtill Waters, and make me repoſe in green Paſtures, where the Weary are for ever at reſt? How tedious are the Hours of Expectation?

Come,

Come, Lord, my Head doth burn, my Heart is ſick,
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay;
Thy long deferring wounds me to the Quick,
My Spirit gaſpeth Night and Day:
O ſhew thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee.

DISPATCH thy Commiſſions; give me my Work, and Activity to perform it, and let me as a Hireling fulfil my Day. Lord, 'tis enough: *What am I better than my Fathers?* they are dead, and I am mortal.

I'm but a Stranger and a Pilgrim here
In theſe wild Regions, wand'ring and forlorn;
Reſtleſs and ſighing for my native Home,
Longing to reach my weary Space of Life,
And to fulfil my Taſk. Oh! haſt the Hour
Of Joy and ſweet Repoſe. Tranſporting Hope!

LORD, here I am waiting for thy Commands, attending thy Pleaſure; O ſpeak and incline my Ear to hear; give me my Work, let me finiſh it, and gain my Diſmiſſion from this Body of Sin and Death; this hated Clog of Error and Guilt, of Corruption and Vanity.

Oh!

Oh! let me drop this Load, and bid theſe Scenes of Guilt a final Adieu.

I have waited for thy Salvation, O Lord; when wilt thou let me into thy holy Habitation? How long ſhall I pine at this Diſtance from thee? What can I ſpeak to ſhew thee my Pain, to utter my Anguiſh, when I fear the Loſs of my God? Oh! ſpeak an aſſuring Word, and confirm my Hope.

Tranſporting Moment! when wilt thou appear,
To crown my Hopes, and baniſh all my Fear?

AGAIN, O my Father, and my eternal Friend, I breathe out my Requeſts to thee in this Land of Fatigue and Folly! What is this Life but a ſorry tireſome Round, a Circle of repeated Vanities? Happineſs has been never ſeen in it ſince Sin and Folly enter'd: All is empty Appearance, or vain Labour, or painful Vexation.

Suffic'd with Life, my languid Spirits faint,
And fain would be at reſt. Oh! let me enter
Thoſe ſacred Seats, and after all the Toil
Of Life, begin an everlaſting Sabbath.

YET again, O Lord, I aſk leave to tell thee, I have *waited for thy Salvation*, and hourly

hourly languiſh'd after the Habitations of my God. My Heart grows ſick, and I almoſt expire under theſe Delays: What have I here to keep me from thee? What to relieve the tedious Hours of Abſence? I have pronounc'd all below the Sun, Vanity and Vexation, all inſipid and burthenſome. Amidſt Health and Plenty, Friends and Reputation, thou art my only Joy, my higheſt Wiſh, and my ſupreme Delight. On thee my Soul fixes all her Hopes; there I reſt in a celeſtial Calm! Oh! let it not be broken with earthly Objects; let me live unmoleſted with the Cares or Delights of Senſe.

Oh! let me flee
From all the World, and live alone to THEE.

IV. GOD *my ſupreme, my only Hope.*

WHY do I addreſs thee, my God, with no more Confidence? Why do I indulge theſe Remains of Unbelief, and harbour theſe Returns of Infidelity and Diſtruſt?

Can

Can I ſurvey the Earth, can I gaze on the Structure of the Heavens, and aſk if thou art able to deliver? Can I call in queſtion thy Ability to ſuccour me, when I conſider the general and particular Inſtances of thy Goodneſs and Power? One Age to another, in long Succeſſion, hath convey'd the Records of thy Glory; *In all Generations thou haſt been our Dwelling-place, my Fathers truſted in thee, and were deliver'd.* They have encouraged me, my own Experience has encourag'd me to truſt in thee for ever.

THE Sun may fail to riſe, and Men in vain expect its Light; but thy Truth, thy Faithfulneſs cannot fail: The Courſe of Nature may be revers'd, and all be Chaos again; but thou art immutable, and can'ſt not by any Change deceive the Hopes of them that truſt in thee. I adore thy Power, and ſubſcribe to thy Goodneſs and Fidelity, and what farther Objection would my Unbelief raiſe? Is any thing too hard for God to accompliſh? Can the united Force of Earth and Hell reſiſt his Will?

Great God, how wide thy Glories ſhine!
How broad thy Kingdom, how divine!
Nature and Miracle, and Fate and Chance
are thine.

THERE-

THEREFORE I apply myſelf immediately to thee, and renounce all the Terror and all the Confidence that may ariſe from Heaven or Earth beſides.

Not from the Duſt my Joys or Sorrows ſpring;
Let all the baleful Planets ſhed
Their mingled Curſes round my Head;
Their mingled Curſes I deſpiſe,
Let but the great, th'eternal King,
Look thro' the Clouds, and bleſs me with his Eyes.

LET him bleſs me, and I ſhall be bleſs'd; bleſs'd without Reſerve or Limitation; bleſs'd in my going out, and coming in; in my ſitting down, and riſing up; bleſs'd in Time, and bleſs'd to all Eternity. That Bleſſing from thy Lips will influence the whole Creation, and attend me wherever I am. It ſhall go before me as a leading Light, and follow me as my protecting Angel. When I lie down, it will cover me, I ſhall reſt beneath the Shadow of the Moſt High, and dwell ſafely in the Secrets of his Tabernacle.

THY

THY Kingdom ruleth over all, O Lord, and thou *doſt according to thy Will in the Armies of Heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth:* I confeſs and acknowledge thy Providence. The ways of Man are not at his own diſpoſal, but all his Goings are order'd by thee; all Events are in thy Hands, and thou only canſt ſucceed or diſappoint his Hopes. If thou blow on his Deſigns, they are for ever blaſted; if thou bleſs them, neither Earth nor Hell can hinder their Succeſs: Therefore I apply myſelf immediately to thee; for not all created Power can aſſiſt me without thee.

Hence from my Heart, ye Idols, flee,
Ye ſounding Names of Vanity!
No more my Tongue ſhall ſacrifice
To Chance and Nature, Tales and Lies;
Creatures without a God can yield me no
Supplies.

NOT all the Power of Men on Earth, nor Angel, nor Saint in Heaven, can help or relieve me in the leaſt Exigence, if my God hide himſelf and ſtand afar off from me. Second Cauſes are all at thy Direction, and cannot aid me till commiſſion'd by thee.

Lord,

Lord, when my thoughtful Soul ſurveys
Fire, Air and Earth, and Stars and Seas,
I call them all thy Slaves;
Commiſſion'd by my Father's Will,
Poiſon ſhall cure, or Balms ſhall kill;
Vernal Suns, or Zephyrs *breath*
May burn or blaſt the Plants to Death
That ſharp December *ſaves.*
What can Winds or Planets boaſt,
But a precarious Power?
The Sun is all in Darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be Fire, and Fire be Froſt,
When he appoints the Hour.

AT thy Command Nature and Neceſſity are no more; all things are alike eaſy to a God: Speak but thou the Word, and my Deſires are granted: Say, *Let there be Light*, and there ſhall be Light. Thou canſt look me into Peace, when the Tumult of Thoughts raiſe a Storm within. Bid my Soul be ſtill, and all its Tempeſt ſhall obey thee.

I DEPEND only on thee; do thou ſmile, and all the World may frown: Do thou ſucceed my Affairs, and I ſhall fear no Obſtacle that Earth or Hell can put in my way.

Thou only art the Object of my Fear, and all my Desires are directed to thee.

HUMAN Things have lost their Being and their Names, and vanish into nothing before thee; they are but Shades and Disguises to vail the active Divinity. Oh! let me break thro' all these Separations, and see and confess the great, the governing Cause. Let no Appearance of created things, however specious, hide thee from my View: Let me look thro' all to thee, nor cast a Glance of Love or Hope below thee. With a holy Contempt let me survey the ample Round of the Creation, as lying in the Hollow of thy Hand, and every Being in Heaven and on Earth as unmoveable by the most potent Cause in Nature, till commission'd by thee to do me Good or Hurt. Oh! let thy Hand be with me to keep me from Evil, and let me abide under the Shadow of the Almighty: I shall be secure in thy Pavilion. To thee I fly for Shelter from all the Ills of Mortality.

V. GOD *a preſent Help, and ever near.*

THOU waſt found of me, O my God, when I ſought thee not, and wilt thou fly me when I ſeek thee? Am I giving my Breath to the Wind, and ſcattering my Petitions in the Air? Is it a vain thing to call upon God? and is there no Profit in crying to the Almighty? *Art thou a God afar off, and not near at Hand?* Is there any Place exempt from thy Preſence? any Diſtance whence my Cries cannot reach thee! Can any Darkneſs hide me from thy Eyes? or is there a Corner of the Creation unviſited by thee? Doſt thou not fill Heaven and Earth, and am I not ſurrounded by thy Immenſity?

ARE my Deſires unknown to thee? or is there a Thought in my Heart conceal'd from thee? Doſt not thou that haſt form'd the Ear, hear? Canſt thou forget the Work of thy own Hands? Or retir'd far in the Heavens, full of thy own Happineſs, canſt thou leave thy Creation to Miſery and Diſorder, helpleſs and hopeleſs? Are the Ways of Man at his own Diſpoſal, and his Paths

undirected by thee? Is calling on the living God no more than worshipping a dumb Idol? Canst thou, like them, disappoint and mock thy Adorers?

ART thou unacquainted with the Extent of thy own Power, that thou shouldst promise beyond thy Ability to perform? Or art thou *as a Man, that shouldst lie; or the Son of Man, that shouldst repent?* Is thy Faithfulness uncertain, and thy Power precarious? Are those Perfections imaginary for which Men adore thee, and thy gracious Names insignificant Titles? Do the *Children of Men* in vain *put their Trust under the Shadow of thy Wings?* Art not thou *a present Help in the Time of Trouble*, and is there no Security in the secret Places of the Most High? Whither then shall I look in my Distress? To whom shall I direct my Prayer? From whom shall I expect Relief, if there is no Help in God for me?

BUT, Oh! what Unrighteousness have my Fathers ever found in thee? What Injustice can I charge thee with? What Breach of Truth, or Want of Pity? Have the Records of thy Actions ever been stain'd with the Breach of Faithfulness? Art thou not my only Hope, and my long-experienc'd

Sup-

Support? Have I ever found Help from the Creatures when thou haſt fail'd me? Have I, or can I have, a greater Certainty than thy Word to depend on? Can any other Power defend or deliver like thee? Thou art *a Rock, and thy Work is perfect*, for *all thy Ways are Judgment: A God of Truth, and without Iniquity, juſt and right art thou.* With my laſt Breath I will witneſs to thy Truth and Faithfulneſs, and declare thy Goodneſs to the Children of Men.

VI. *God an All-ſufficient Good, and my only Happineſs.*

WHY is my Heart ſo far from thee,
My God, my chief Delight?
Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
With thee, no more by Night?

Why ſhould my fooliſh Paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch Sweetneſs be
As I have taſted in thy Love,
As I have found in thee?

WHERE can I hope to meet ſuch Joys as thy Smiles have given me? Where can I find Pleaſure ſo ſincere and unallay'd? When I have enjoy'd the Light of thy Countenance, and the Senſe of thy Love, has not all my Soul been fill'd? Have I found any Want or Emptineſs? Has there been any Room left for Deſire, or any Proſpect beyond, beſides the more perfect Enjoyment of my God? Have not all the Glories of the World been darkned, and turn'd into Blackneſs and Deformity? How poor how contemptible have they appear'd? Or rather have they not all diſappear'd and vaniſh'd as Dreams and Shadows in the Noon of Day, and under the Blaze of Sun-beams?

I HAVE never found Satisfaction in any thing but in God; why then do I wander from him? why do I leave the Fountain of living Water for broken Ciſterns? why do I abandon the full Ocean in ſearch of ſhallow Streams? What Account can I give for Folly like this? I can promiſe myſelf nothing from the Creature; thoſe Expectations ſhall deceive me no more. 'Tis thou, my God, thou art the only Object of my Hopes and Deſires; 'tis thou only that canſt make me happy.

IF thou frown, my Being is a Curſe: Thy Indignation is Hell with all its Terrors. Let me never feel that, and I defy all things elſe to make me miſerable. I ſeem independant on all Nature, to thee only I apply myſelf. Hear me, thou beneficent Author of my Being, thou Support of my Life, to thee I direct my Wiſhes, thoſe Deſires which thou wilt approve, while I aſk but the Happineſs I was created to enjoy. Oh! fix all my Expectation on thee, and free me from this Levity and Inconſtancy.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Priſon me round in thy Embrace;
Pity the Heart that would be thine,
And let thy Power my Love confine.

SUFFER me never to ſtart from thee; ſuch a Confinement were ſweeter than Liberty: *Thy Yoke is eaſy, and thy Burden light.* I ſhall bleſs the Chain that binds me to thee. Oh! give me ſuch a View of thy Beauty as ſhall fix my volatile Heart for ever; ſuch a View as ſhall determine all its Motions, and be a conſtant Conviction how unreaſonable it is to wander from thee.

Is it that I reliſh any thing beyond thy Love? Oh! no. I appeal even to thee, who canſt not be deceiv'd, and knoweſt the inmoſt Secrets of my Soul: Thou knoweſt where the Balance of my Love falls, and that my Wandrings are not deliberate; that 'tis not by Choice that I forſake thee. I grieve, I ſigh for my Folly; ſhouldſt thou forgive me. I can never forgive myſelf, for I know it inexcuſable.

I WANT nothing when I am poſſeſs'd of thee; without thee I want all things. Thou art the Centre of all my Paſſions; I have no Hope but what is thine, no Joy but what flows from thee: my greateſt Fears are thoſe of loſing thee; my inmoſt Care is to ſecure thy Favour. This is the Subject of my deepeſt Anxiety: Every Sigh I breathe ends in thy Name, and that lov'd Name alone allays every Anguiſh of my Soul, and calms its wildeſt Tempeſts.

FROM thy Frowns or Favour all my Joys or Sorrows ſpring; thy Frowns can make me infinitely miſerable, thy Favour can make me infinitely bleſſed. I can defy Hell, and ſmile in the Face of Death, whilſt I can call thee *mine*. MY GOD! ſtill let me bleſs the Sound, and part with all things rather than renounce

nounce my Propriety in thee: Let me hold it to my laſt Breath, and claim it with my expiring Sighs.

SECURE of thee nothing can terrify my Soul; all is peaceable and ſerene within, eternal Love and immortal Pleaſure: I deſire no more; Imagination ſtops here, and all my Wiſhes are loſt in eternal Plenty.——MY GOD! more cannot be aſked, and with leſs I ſhould be infinitely miſerable. The Kingdoms of the Skies ſhould not buy my Title to thee and thy Love: The Bleſſedneſs of all Creatures is complete here, for God himſelf is bleſſed in himſelf for ever.

What can I add, for all my Words are faint,
Celeſtial Love no Eloquence can paint?
No more can be in mortal Sounds expreſs'd,
But vaſt Eternity ſhall tell the reſt.

VII. *A Covenant with* GOD.

INcomprehenſible Being, who *ſearcheſt the Heart, and trieſt the Reins of the Children of Men*, thou knoweſt my Sincerity, and my Thoughts are all unveiled to thee;

thee: I am ſurrounded with thine Immenſity; thou art a preſent, tho' inviſible Witneſs of the ſolemn Affair I am now engaged in. I am now *taking hold of thy Strength, that I may make Peace with thee*, and entring into Articles with the Almighty God: Theſe are the happy Days long ſince predicted, when *one ſhall ſay, I am the Lord's, and another ſhall call himſelf by the Name of* Iſrael, *and another ſhall ſubſcribe with his Hand to the Lord*; and *I will be their God, and they ſhall be my Sons and my Daughters, ſaith the Lord* Jehovah.

WITH the moſt thankful Sincerity I take hold on this Covenant, as 'tis more fully manifeſted and explained in thy Goſpel by *Jeſus Chriſt*; and humbly accepting thy Propoſals, I bind myſelf to thee by a ſacred and everlaſting Obligation. By a free and deliberate Action, I do here ratify the Articles which were made for me in my Baptiſm into the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; I religiouſly devout myſelf to thy Service, and entirely ſubmit to thy Conduct. I renounce the Glories and Vanities of the World, and chuſe thee as my Happineſs, my ſupreme Felicity and everlaſting Portion. I make no Article with thee for any thing beſides:

beſides: Deny or give me what thou wilt, I will never repine while my principal Treaſure is ſecure. This is my deliberate, my free and ſincere Determination; a Determination, which, by thy Grace, I will never retract.

OH! thou, by whoſe Power alone I ſhall be able to ſtand, *Put thy Fear in my Heart, that I may never depart from thee:* Let not the World, with all its Flatteries; nor Death, nor Hell, with all their Terrors, force me to violate this ſacred Vow. Oh! let me never live to abandon thee, nor draw the impious Breath that would deny thee.

AND now let ſurrounding Angels witneſs for me, that I ſolemnly devout all the Powers and Faculties of my Soul to thy Service; and when I preſumptuouſly employ any of the Advantages thou haſt given me, to thy Diſhonour, let them teſtify againſt me, and let my own Words condemn me.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

THUS have I ſubſcrib'd to thy gracious Propoſals, and engag'd my ſelf to be the Lord's: And now let the Malice of Men, and the Rage of Devils, combine againſt me, I can defy all their Stratagems; for *God* himſelf

ſelf is become my Friend, *Jeſus* is my all-ſufficient Saviour, and the *Spirit of God*, I truſt, will be my Sanctifier and my Comforter.

O HAPPY Day! tranſporting Moment! The brighteſt Period of my Life! Heaven with all its Light ſmiles on thee: What glorious Mortal can now excite my Envy? What Scene to tempt my Ambition could the whole Creation diſplay? Let Glory call me with her exalted Voice; let Pleaſure, with a ſofter Eloquence, allure me; the World in all its Splendour appears but a Trifle, while the infinite God is my Portion. He is mine by as ſure a Title as eternal Veracity can confer: The Right is unqueſtionable, the Conveyance unalterable. The Mountains ſhall be remov'd, and the Hills be diſſolv'd, before the everlaſting Obligation ſhall be cancell'd.

VIII. *A Thank-Offering for ſaving Grace.*

BLeſs the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me bleſs his holy Name: Bleſs the Lord, and forget not all his Benefits, who redeemeth

deemeth thy Life from Deſtruction, and crowneth thee with Loving-kindneſs, and tender Mercy; who brought thee out of the Mire and Clay, and ſet thy Feet upon a Rock; who broke thy Fetters, and freed thee from the miſerable Bondage of Sin. I lay, a wretched Slave, pleas'd with my Chains, and fond of my Captivity, fatally deluded and undone, till Love, almighty Love, reſcued me. Bleſt Effect of unmerited Grace! I ſhall ſtand for ever an illuſtrious Inſtance of boundleſs Mercy: To that I muſt entirely aſcribe my Salvation, and thro' all the Ages of Eternity I'll rehearſe the Wonders of redeeming Love, and tell to liſtening Angels what it has done for my Soul.

I'll ſing the endleſs Miracles of Love;
For ever that my lofty Theme ſhall prove.

MY glorious Creator, why did I employ thy Thoughts before I had a Being? Why from all Eternity was an Immortality deſigned me, and my Birth allotted me in a Land illuminated with the Rays of ſacred Light? I might have been invoking the Powers of Hell with deteſtable Ceremonies, inſtead of adoring the omnipotent God. But when thouſands

thouſands are loſt in theſe Deluſions, why am I thus graciouſly diſtinguiſh'd? Inſtead of being born among the ſhameful Vices of impious Parents, and an Heir to their Curſes, why am I entitled to the Bleſſing of religious Anceſtors? Why, when I was incapable of Choice, was I devoted to the God that *keeps Covenant and Mercy to a thouſand Generations of them that fear him?*

WHY, when I knew thee not, didſt thou ſuſtain me? But oh! why, when I knew thee, and rebell'd againſt thee, why didſt thou ſo long ſuffer my Ingratitude? Why did thy watchful Providence perpetually ſurround me, croſſing all the Methods I took to undo my ſelf? Why was I not curſt with my own Wiſhes, and left to the quiet Poſſeſſion of thoſe Vanities I delighted in; thoſe Toys which I fooliſhly prefer'd to all the Treaſures of thy Love? Why didſt thou purſue me with the Offers of thy Favour when I fled thee with ſuch Averſion; and had fled thee for ever, if thou hadſt not compell'd me to return?

WHY did thy Spirit ſtrive ſo long with an obſtinate Heart, which reſiſted all its Motions, and turn'd thy Patience and Long-Suffering into Provocation and Guilt? Why am I not undone by thoſe pleaſing Snares in which I have

have ſeen ſo many deluded Wretches periſh? Like them I deſpiſe the unſearchable Riches of thy Grace; with them I had been content to ſhare the ſorry Portion and Pleaſures of this World, if thou had'ſt let me alone, and I ſhould never have enquired after thee; but why waſt thou found of one that ſought thee not? O why, but *becauſe thou wilt be merciful to whom thou wilt be merciful*?

THEREFORE again with Aſtoniſhment and Delight I look back on the Methods of thy Grace; and again I conſider myſelf loſt in an Abyſs of Sin and Miſery; when there was no Eye to pity me, no Hand but thine to aſſiſt me, thou madeſt it then the Time of Love. Never was Grace more free and ſurprizing than thine is; never was there a more obſtinate Heart than mine; and never ſuch unconquerable Love as thine. How glorioufly has it triumph'd over my rebellious Faculties? How freely has it cancell'd all my Guilt?

COULD I have made the leaſt Pretence to Merit, or have challeng'd any thing from thee, the Benefit had been leſs exalted; had there been any Foundation for human Pride, my corrupt Heart would ſoon have taken the Advantage, and have robb'd thee of thy Honour,

nour, by aſcribing the glorious Work to the Strength of my own Reaſon, or a natural Tendency to Virtue; but here my Vanity is for ever ſilenc'd. I am loſt in the boundleſs Abyſs. O Height! O Depth! O Length and Breadth immeaſurable! *How unſearchable are thy Ways*, Almighty Love, *and thy Paths paſt finding out?*

LET me here begin my eternal Song, and aſcribe *Salvation and Honour*, Dominion and Majeſty, *to him that ſits on the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever*, who has lov'd me, and ranſom'd me with his Blood; ranſom'd me from a voluntary Bondage, from the moſt vile and hopeleſs Captivity, a Captivity from which nothing but that unvaluable Purchaſe could have redeem'd me.

" *Infinite Love! Almighty Grace?*
" *Stand in amaze, ye rolling Skies:*

Bring hither your celeſtial Harps, ye beneficent Beings, who amidſt the Height of your Happineſs expreſs a kind Regard for Man: Teach me the Language of Paradice, the Strains of Immortality. But oh! 'tis all too feeble, the Tongues of Seraphim cannot utter what I owe my Redeemer: From what

what Misery, my adorable Saviour, hast thou rescued me? From Error, from Sin, from Snares and Death, from infernal Chains, eternal Horrour, and the Blackness of Darkness for ever.

NOR here my glorious Benefactor stay'd; but still went on to magnify the Riches of his Grace, and entitled me to an endless Inheritance, and an immortal Crown; to the Fruition of God, and the unutterable Joys that flow from his Presence.

Mysterious Depths of boundless Love
My Admiration raise:
O God, thy Name exalted stands
Above my highest Praise.

IX. *Evidence of sincere Love to* GOD.

IF I love thee not, my blessed God, I know not what I love: If I am uncertain of this, I am uncertain of my Existence: If I love thee not, what is the Meaning of these pathetick Expressions, MY GOD, MY ALL!

thou Spring of my Life, and Fountain of my Happineſs! my great Reward, and my exceeding Joy! the eternal Object of my Love, and ſupreme Felicity of my Nature! Does not my Heart attend my Lips in all this Language? How can this be, if my Soul does not love thee?

O MY God, if I love thee not, what is the Meaning of this conſtant Uneaſineſs at thy Abſence? From whence proceeds this painful Anxiety of Mind about thy Love, and all theſe intenſe, theſe reſtleſs Deſires after thee? Why are all the Satisfactions of Life inſipid without thee? Without my God what are Riches, and Honours, and Pleaſures to me? I ſhould eſteem the Poſſeſſion of the World but a Trifle, or rather my eternal Damage, if it muſt be purchaſed with the Loſs of thy Favour. Thy Benignity is better than Life, and the Moments in which I enjoy a Senſe of thy Love, are the only happy Intervals of my Life. 'Tis then I live; 'tis then I am truly bleſs'd: 'Tis then I look down with Contempt on the little Amuſements of the World, and pity them that want a Taſte for theſe exalted Pleaſures.

How calm, how peaceful in thoſe Seaſons are all the Regions of my Soul! I have enough,

enough, I aſk no more. Can they languiſh for the Stream, who drink at the overflowing Fountain? I have all the World and more, I have Heaven itſelf in thee: In thee I am completely and ſecurely bleſs'd, and can defy the Malice of Earth and Hell to ſhake the Foundation of my Happineſs, while thou doſt whiſper thy Love to my Soul. O bleſſed Stability of Heart! O ſublime Satisfaction! Haſt thou not told me that thou art mine by an inviolable Engagement, when my Soul devoted itſelf ſincerely to thee? Does not thy Word aſſure me, *that the Mountains ſhall depart, and the Hills be remov'd; but thy Kindneſs ſhall not depart, nor the Covenant of thy Peace be broken?*

HAST not thou terminated my Wiſhes, O Lord, in thyſelf, and fix'd my wandring Deſires? Is it for Riches or Honour, for Length of Days, or Pleaſure, that I follow thee with daily Importunities? Thou knoweſt theſe are not the Subject of my reſtleſs Petitions: Do I ever balance theſe Toys with thy Favour? Oh no: One Smile of thine obſcures all their Glory. When thou doſt bleſs my retir'd Devotions with thy Preſence, I can wink all created Beauty into Blackneſs. When I meet thee in my ſolitary Contemplations, with

what Contempt do I look back on the leſſening World.

How dazling is thy Beauty! how divine!
How dim the Luſtre of the World to thine!

How dull are its Entertainments to the Pleaſure of converſing with thee? Oh ſtay, in thoſe happy Moments, cries my ſatisfy'd Soul

Stay, my Beloved, with me here;
Stay till the Morning-ſtar appear;
Stay till the duſky Shadows fly
Before the Day's illuſtrious Eye.

OH! ſtay till the gloomy Night of Life is paſt, and Eternity dawn on my Soul. There's nothing in this barren Place to entertain me when thou art gone: I can reliſh nothing below after theſe celeſtial Banquets.

IF I love thee not, what's the meaning of this Impatience to be with thee? *My Soul longeth, yea, fainteth, for the Courts of the Lord; when ſhall I come and appear before thee? Oh! that I had the Wings of a Dove; for then would I fly away, and be at reſt.*

X. *Aſſu-*

X. *Assurances of Salvation in* CHRIST JESUS.

I HAVE put my Treasure, my immortal Part, into thy Hands, Oh! my dear Redeemer, and *shall the Prey be taken from the Mighty?* Shall a Soul consecrated to thee fall a Sacrifice to Hell?

BLESSED God, am I not thine? and shall the Temple of thy Spirit be profan'd, and the Lips that have so often ascrib'd Dominion, and Glory, and Majesty to thee, be defil'd with infernal Blasphemy, and the Execrations of the Damn'd? Shall the Sparks of divine Love be extinguish'd, and immortal Enmity succeed? And shall I, who was once bless'd with thy Favour, become the Object of thy Wrath and Indignation? Shall all the mighty things thou hast done for my Soul be forgotten? Shall all my Vows, and thy own sacred Engagements be cancell'd? 'Tis all impossible; for *thou art not as Man, that thou shouldst lie*; *nor as the Son of Man, that thou shouldst repent.*

THOU art engag'd by thy own tremendous Name for my Security: My God, and my Father's God, from Generation to Generation thou hast been our Dwelling-place. I was

devoted to thee in Baptiſm by the ſolemn Vows of my religious Parents: My Infant Hands were early lifted up to thee, and I ſoon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my Fathers. I have actually ſubſcrib'd with my Hand to the Lord, and am thine by the moſt voluntary and deliberate Obligations. The Portion of *Jacob* is my joyful Choice, nor need I fear loſing it while thy Word is eſtabliſh'd as the Heavens.

The Lord, who made Heaven, Earth and Sea,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
Nor make his Promiſe vain.

WERE my Dependance on myſelf, I were undone: The firſt Temptation would ſhake my Reſolutions; I ſhould ſell the ineſtimable Riches of thy Love for a Trifle, and fool away immortal Pleaſures for the Joys of a Moment; a ſpecious Deluſion would ſeduce me from all my Hopes of a glorious Futurity I ſhall fall a Victim to my own Folly, and muſt inevitably periſh, if thou forſake me: But the Strength of *Iſrael* is my Hope, the Mighty One of *Jacob* my Defence.

THOU art the Rock of Ages; the fix'd and immutable Divinity is my high Tower and

and my Refuge, my Redeemer, and Almighty Saviour. Theſe were the bleſs'd, the glorious Titles by which thou didſt at firſt aſſure my doubtful Soul: Theſe were the tranſporting Names I knew and call'd thee by; and thou haſt anſwered them through all the Changes of my Life.

I WAS thy early Care; thou didſt ſupport my helpleſs Infancy, and art the watchful Guide of my unſteady Youth. Which Way ſoever I turn, I meet thy Mercy, and trace thy Providence; and as long as I live I will record thy Benefits, and depend on thy Truth; thoſe Benefits which have conſtantly purſued me, and that Truth which has never deceived me, and is engag'd never to abandon me. Tranſporting Aſſurance! What further Security can I aſk? What Security can I wiſh beyond eternal Veracity? *The Mountains ſhall depart, and the Hills be remov'd, but thy Kindneſs ſhall not depart, nor the Covenant of thy Peace be broken*; that Covenant which has been ſeal'd by the Blood of the Son of God, and in that Holy Sacrament I have receiv'd the Pledges of thy Love. Thou didſt graciouſly invite me into that Communion, and meet me there with the moſt unmerited Favour.

FEAR not, say'ſt thou, poor trembling Soul, for I am thy Redeemer and thy mighty Saviour, the Hope of *Iſrael*, and in my Name ſhall all the Nations of the Earth be bleſs'd: *I am gracious and merciful, long-ſuffering, and abundant in Goodneſs and Truth:* Theſe are the Titles by which I have reveal'd myſelf to Men; I came the expected *Meſſiah*, the Star of *Jacob*, and the Glory of the *Gentiles*. I came from the Fulneſs of ineffable Glory, in the Form of Man, to redeem the Race of *Adam*. I am willing and able to ſave, and *whoſoever comes to me, I will in no wiſe caſt away*. Fear not, I had kind Deſigns towards thee from Eternity; and by theſe viſible Sign of my Body and Blood, I ſeal my Love to thy Soul: Take here the Pledges of Heaven, the Aſſurances of everlaſting Happineſs.

'TIS enough, reply'd my tranſported Soul; divide the World as thou wilt, let others unenvy'd ſhare its Glory; thy Love is all I crave. I am bleſs'd with that Aſſurance, I am ſurrounded with the Joys of Paradiſe; every Place is a Heaven, while my Beloved is mine, and I am his.

If all the Monarchs, whoſe Command ſupreme
Divides the wide Dominion of this Ball,
Should offer each his boaſted Diadem,
I would not quit thy Favour for them all:
Theſe Trifles with Contempt I would reſign;
The World's a Toy, while I can call thee MINE.

LET God and Angels witneſs for me, that I renounce the World, and chuſe thy Love as my Portion; witneſs that I ſacrifice my darling Sins to thee, and from this Moment ſolemnly devote myſelf to thy Service.

THUS did I engage myſelf to be the Lord's, and thus didſt thou graciouſly condeſcend to ſeal the Privileges of the New Covenant to my Soul. And O let the ſolemn Tranſaction never be forgotten; let it be writ in the Volumes of Eternity; let it be engraven in the Books of unalterable Deſtiny: There let the ſacred Articles ſtand recorded, and be had in everlaſting Remembrance.

XI. *Thou art my* GOD.

O God, thou art my God; thou art thy own Bleſſedneſs, the Centre of thy own Deſires, and the boundleſs Spring of thy own Happineſs. Thou art immutable, and infinitely perfect, and therein conſiſts thy Bleſſedneſs and Glory: But that *thou art my God*, 'tis from thence flows all my Conſolation: This glorious Privilege is my Dignity and Boaſt, *Thou art my God, and I will praiſe thee*; *my Father's God, and I will exalt thee*; *the Lord liveth, and bleſſed be my Rock, and let the God of my Salvation be exalted. Thy Benignity is better than Life, therefore my Lips ſhall praiſe thee.*

I HAVE all things in poſſeſſing thee; I find no Want, no Emptineſs within; my Wiſhes are anſwer'd, and all my Deſires appeas'd, when I believe my Title to thy Favour ſecure. Whatever Tempeſts ariſe, whatever Darkneſs ſurrounds me, yet *thou art my God*; I cry, and the Storms are appeas'd, and the Darkneſs vaniſhes. I find my Expectations from the World diſappointed, my Friends falſe, and human Dependance vain; but ſtill *thou art my God*, my unfailing Confidence, my Rock, my everlaſting Inheritance.

Death

Death and Hell level their Darts againſt me; but with a heavenly Tranquillity I cry, *Thou art my God: I dwell on high, my Place of Defence is the Munition of Rocks.*

My Hiding-place, my Refuge, Tower,
And Shield, art thou, O Lord:
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.

WHILE thou art mine, what can I fear? Can Omnipotence be vanquiſh'd: Can almighty Strength be oppos'd? When it can, then, and not till then, ſhall I want Security; then, and not till then, ſhall my Confidence be ſhaken, and my Hopes confounded.

Thou art my God: Let me again repeat the glorious Accents, and hear the pleaſurable Sounds. Let me a thouſand and a thouſand times repeat it; 'tis Rapture all, and Harmony: The Harps of Angels and their Tongues, what Notes more melodious could they ſing or play? What but theſe tranſporting Words give the Emphaſis to all their Joys? On this they dwell; 'tis their eternal Theme, *Thou art my God.* Like me every Seraph boaſts the glorious Propriety, and owes his Happineſs to thoſe important Words: In them unbounded Joys are compre-

comprehended, Paradice itself, all Heaven is here describ'd; all that is possible to be utter'd of celestial Blessedness is here contain'd.

My God, my all-sufficient Good,
My Portion, and my Choice;
In thee my vast Desires are fill'd,
And all my Powers rejoice.

MY God, my Triumph and my Glory, let others boast of what they will, and pride themselves in human Securities; let them place their Confidence in their Wealth, their Honour and their numerous Friends: I renounce all earthly Dependance, and glory only in my God.

From him alone my Joys shall rise,
And run eternal Rounds,
Beyond the Limits of the Skies
And all created Bounds.

WHEN Death shall remove all other Supports, and force me to quit my Title to the dearest Names below, in *my God* I shall have an unchangeable Propriety: That Engagement shall remain firm when I shall lose my Hold of all other Enjoyments; when all human Things

Things vaniſh with an everlaſting Flight, I ſhall bid them a joyful adieu, and breathe out my Soul with this triumphant Exclamation, *Thou art my God*, my Inheritance, my eternal Poſſeſſion: Nor Death, nor Hell ſhall ever ſeparate me from thy Love.

Thou art my God. Let me ſurvey the Extent of my Bleſſedneſs: Let me take a Proſpect of my vaſt Poſſeſſion: Let me conſider its Dimenſions; O Height! O Depth! O Length and Breadth immeaſurable; I have all that is worth poſſeſſing; *thou art my God.*

BUT what have I uttered? Is Mortality permitted to ſpeak theſe daring Words? Can the Race of Man make ſuch glorious Pretenſions? Thou thyſelf canſt give no more: Thou that art thy own Happineſs, and the Spring of Joy to all thy Creatures; with thee are the Fountains of Pleaſure, and in thy Preſence is Fulneſs of Joy: Immortal Life and Happineſs flow from thee, and they are neceſſarily bleſt who are ſurrounded with thy Favour; thou art their God, and *thou art my God* to everlaſting Ages.

Earth flies with all the Charms it has in ſtore,
Its Snares and gay Temptations are no more.

Creatures

Creatures no more of Entity can boaſt,
The Streams, the Hills, and tow'ring Groves are loſt.
The Sun, the Stars, and the fair Fields of Light
Withdraw, and now are vaniſh'd from my Sight;
And God is all in all.

XII. *Confeſſion of Sin, with Hope of Pardon.*

BREAK, break, inſenſible Heart! Let Confuſion cover me, and Darkneſs, black as my own Guilt, ſurround me. Lord, what a Monſter am I become? How hateful to myſelf for offending thee? How much more deteſtable to thee, to thee againſt whom I have offended? Why have I provok'd the God on whom my Being every Moment depends? The God, who out of nothing advanc'd me to a reaſonable and immortal Nature, and put me in a Capacity of being happy for ever? The God whoſe Goodneſs has run parallel with my Life; who has preſerv'd me in a thouſand Dangers, and kept me even from the Ruin I courted, and even while I repin'd at the Providence that ſaved me.

How

How often has he recover'd me from eternal Misery, and brought me back from the very Borders of Hell, when there was but a dying Groan, but one faint Sigh between me and everlasting Perdition? When all human Help fail'd, and my mournful Friends were taking their last Farewels; when every smiling Hope forsook me, and the Horrors of Death surrounded me, to God I cry'd from the Depths of Misery and Despair; I cry'd, and he was intreated, and rescued my Life from Destruction: He *brought me out of the miry Clay, and set my Feet upon a Rock.* A thousand Instances of thy Goodness could I recount, and all to my own Confusion.

COULD I consider thee as my Enemy, I might forgive myself; but when I consider thee as my best Friend, my tender Father, the Sustainer of my Life, and Author of my Happiness, good God! what a monstrous thing do I appear, who have sinned against thee? Could I charge thee with Severity, or call thy Laws rigorous and unjust, I had some Excuse; but I am silenc'd there by the Conviction of my own Reason, which assents to all thy Precepts as just and holy. But to heighten my Guilt, I have violated the sacred Rules

I ap-

I approve: I have provok'd the Juſtice I fear, and offended the Purity I adore.

YET ſtill there are higher Aggravations of my Iniquity; and what gives me the utmoſt Confuſion is, that I have ſinned againſt unbounded Love and Goodneſs: Horrid Ingratitude! here lies the Emphaſis of my Folly and Miſery; the Senſe of this torments me, can I not ſay, as much as the Dread of Hell, or the Fears of loſing Heaven? Thy Love and tender Compaſſion, the late pleaſing Subjects of my Thoughts, are on this account become my Terror. The Titles of an Enemy and a Judge ſcarce ſound more painful to my Ears, than thoſe of a Friend and a Benefactor, which ſo ſhamefully enhance my Guilt: Thoſe ſacred Names confound and terrify my Soul, becauſe they furniſh my Conſcience with the moſt exquiſite Reproaches: The Thoughts of ſuch Goodneſs abuſed, and ſuch Clemency affronted, ſeem to me almoſt as inſupportable, as thoſe of thy Wrath and Severity.

O WHITHER ſhall I turn: I dare not look upward; the Sun and Stars upbraid me there: If I look downward, the Fields and Fountains take their Creator's Part, and Heaven and Earth conſpire to aggravate my Sins: Thoſe common Bleſſings tell me how much I

am

am indebted to thy Bounty: But, Lord, when I recal thy particular Favours, I am utterly confounded; what numerous Inſtances could I recount? Nor has my Rebellion yet ſhut up the Fountain of thy Grace; for yet I breathe, and yet I live, and live to implore a Pardon: Heaven is ſtill open, and the Throne of God acceſſible. But oh! with what Confidence can I approach it? What Motives can I urge, but ſuch as carry my own Condemnation in them?

SHALL I urge thy former Pity and Indulgence? This were to plead againſt myſelf: And yet thy Clemency, that Clemency which I have abus'd, is the beſt Argument I can bring; thy Grace and Clemency as revealed in JESUS, the Son of thy Love, the bleſſed Reconciler of God and Man.

O WHITHER has my Folly reduc'd me? with what Words ſhall I chuſe to addreſs thee? *Pardon my Iniquity, O Lord, for it is great:* Surprizing Argument! yet this will magnify thy Goodneſs, and yield me an eternal Theme to praiſe thee: 'twill add an Emphaſis to all my grateful Songs, and tune my Harp to everlaſting Harmony. The Ranſom'd of the Lord ſhall join with me, while this glorious Inſtance of thy Grace excites their Wonder,

and my unbounded Gratitude: Thus ſhall thy Glory be exalted.

O LORD GOD, permit a poor worthleſs Creature to plead a little with thee; what Honour will my Deſtruction bring thee? what Profit, what Triumph to the Almighty will my Perdition be? Mercy is thy brighteſt Attribute; this gives thee all thy Lovelineſs, and completes thy Beauty. By Names of Kindneſs and Indulgence thou haſt choſen to reveal thyſelf to Men: By Titles of the moſt tender Import thou haſt made thyſelf known to my Soul; Titles which thou doſt not yet diſdain, but art ſtill compaſſionate, and ready to pardon.

BUT that thou haſt or wilt forgive me, O my God, aggravates my Guilt. And wilt thou indeed forgive me? wilt thou remit the gloomy Score, and reſtore the Privilege I have forfeited? Wondrous Love! aſtoniſhing Benignity! Let me never live to repeat my Ingratitude; let me never live to break my penitent Vows; let me die e're that unhappy Moment arrive.

XIII. *The Abſence of* GOD *on Earth.*

WHAT is Hell? what is Damnation, but an Excluſion from thy Preſence? 'Tis the Want of that which gives the Regions of Darkneſs all their Horror: What is Heaven? What are the Satisfactions of Angels, but the Views of thy Glory? What but thy Smiles and Complacence are the Springs of their immortal Tranſports?

WITHOUT the Light of thy Countenance, what Privilege is my Being? what canſt thou thyſelf give me to countervail the infinite Loſs? Could the Riches, the empty Glories and inſipid Pleaſures of the World, recompenſe me for it? Ah! no. Not all the Variety of the Creation could ſatisfy me while I am deprived of thee: Let the Ambitious, the Licentious and Covetous, ſhare theſe Trifles among themſelves; they are no Amuſements for my dejected Thoughts.

THERE was a Time (but ah! that happy Time is paſs'd, thoſe bliſsful Minutes gone) when with a modeſt Aſſurance I could call thee *my Father, my almighty Friend, my Defence, my Hope, and my exceeding great Re-*

ward: But thoſe glorious Advantages are loſt, thoſe raviſhing Proſpects withdrawn, and to my trembling Soul thou doſt no more appear but as a conſuming Fire, an inacceſſible Majeſty, my ſevere Judge, and my omnipotent Adverſary; and who ſhall deliver me out of thy Hands? Where ſhall I find a Shelter from thy Wrath? What Shades can cover me from thy all-ſeeing Eye?

One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day:
The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes:
Thro' Midnight-Shades thou find'ſt thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

But will the Lord caſt off for ever? Will he be favourable no more? Has God indeed forgotten to be gracious? Will he ſhut out my Prayer for ever, and muſt I never behold my Maker? Muſt I never meet thoſe Smiles that fill the heavenly Inhabitants with unutterable Joys? thoſe Smiles which enlighten the celeſtial Region, and make everlaſting Day above? In vain then have theſe wretched Eyes beheld the Light, in vain am I endued with reaſonable

able Faculties and immortal Principles: Alas! what will they prove but everlasting Curses, if I must never see the Face of God?

Is it a Dream? or do I hear
The Voice that so delights my Ear?
Lo, he o'er Hills his Steps extends,
And bounding from the Cliffs descends:
Now like a Roe outstrips the Wind,
And leaves the panting Hart behind.

I have waited for thee as they that wait for the Morning, and thy Returns are more welcome than the springing Day-light after the Horrors of a melancholy Night; more welcome than Ease to the Sick, than Water to the Thirsty, or Rest to the weary Traveller. How undone was I without thee? In vain, while thou wert absent, the World hath try'd to entertain me: All it could offer was like Jests to dying Men, or like Recreations to the Damn'd. On thy Favour alone my Tranquillity depends; depriv'd of that, I should sigh for Happiness in the midst of a Paradise: *Thy Loving-kindness is better than Life*, and if a Taste of thy Love be thus transporting, what Extasies shall I know when I drink my

Fill of the Streams of Bliſs that flow from thy Right-hand for ever? But when---

When ſhall this happy Day of Viſion be?
When I ſhall make a near Approach to thee?
Be loſt in Love and wrapt in Extaſy?
Oh! when ſhall I behold thee all ſerene,
Without this envious cloudy Veil between?
*'Tis true; the ſacred Elements * impart*
Thy virtual Preſence to my faithful Heart,
But to my Senſe ſtill unreveal'd thou art.
This, tho' a great, is an imperfect Bliſs,
To ſee a Shadow for the God I wiſh:
My Soul a more exalted Pitch would fly,
And view thee in the Heights of Majeſty.

XIV. *Baniſhment from God for ever.*

DEpart from me, ye Curſed: Oh! let me never hear thy Voice pronounce thoſe dreadful Words. With what Terrors would that Sentence pierce my Heart, while it thun-

* *At the Lord's-Supper.*

ders

ders in my Ears? Oh! rather ſpeak me into my primitive Nothing, and with one potent Word finiſh my Exiſtence. To be ſeparated from thee, and curſt with Immortality, who can ſuſtain the intolerable Doom?

O dreadful State of black Deſpair,
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful Station where
I muſt not taſte his Love,

nor view the Light of thy Countenance for ever. Unutterable Woe! there is no Hell beyond it. Separation from God is the Depth of Miſery. Blackneſs of Darkneſs and eternal Night muſt neceſſarily involve a Soul excluded from thy Preſence. What Life, what Joy, what Hope is to be found where thou art not? I want Words to paint my Thoughts of that diſmal State. Oh! let me never be reſerv'd for the dreadful Experience! rather let looſe thy Wrath, and in a Moment reduce me into nothing.

Depart from thee! Oh! whither ſhould I go from thee? *Into utter Darkneſs?* That makes no Addition at all to the Wretch's Miſery that's baniſh'd from thy Face. After that fearful Doom, I ſhould without Conſtraint

ſeek out Shades as dark as Hell, being moſt agreeable to my own Deſpair, and in the Horrors of eternal Night bewail the infinite Loſs.

THE Remembrance of that loſt Happineſs would render celeſtial Day inſufferable. The Light of Paradiſe could not chear me without thy Favour: The Songs of Angels would but heighten my Anguiſh, and torment me with a Scene of Bliſs which I muſt never taſte. The Sight of thy Favourites, and the Glories of thy Court, would but excite my Envy, and fill me with Madneſs, while I conſider'd myſelf the Object of thine eternal Indignation: Nor could all the Harmony of Heaven allay the Horror of that Reflection.

THE Groans of the Damn'd, and the Darkneſs of the infernal Caverns, would better ſuit my Grief. There to the Cries of tormented Ghoſts, and to the Sound of eternal Tempeſts, I might join my wild Complaints, and lament the Loſs of infinite Bliſs, and curſe my own Folly: But all the Plagues below, if I might ſpeak my preſent Thoughts, ſhould not extort a blaſphemous Reflection on the divine Attributes; for I know I deſerve eternal Miſery, and even in Hell I think I ſhould confeſs thy Juſtice. Thy long-experienced

rienced Clemency, I am ſure, ought to ſilence my Reproaches for ever, and to all Eternity leave thee unblemiſh'd with the Imputation of Cruelty.

BUT oh! what Agonies would the Remembrance of thy former Favour excite? What exquiſite Remorſe would it give me to recal thoſe happy Moments when thou didſt bleſs my retir'd Devotions with thy Preſence? After I have reliſh'd thoſe divine Entertainments, how bitter would the Dregs of thy Wrath be? Whither would thy Frowns ſink me, after I have enjoy'd the Light of thy Countenance?

IF I muſt loſe thy *Favour*, oh! let me forget what that Word imports, and blot for ever from my Remembrance the Joys that a Senſe of thy Love has excited: Let no Traces of thoſe ſacred Tranſports be left on my Soul.

BUT muſt I depart from thee into everlaſting Fire? Double and dreadful Curſe! And yet unquenchable Flames, and infernal Chains (if I can judge in this Life of ſuch awful Futurities) would be leſs terrible than the Senſe of thoſe loſt Joys. That Loſs would endure no Reflection; the Review would be for ever inſufferable; the Ages of Eternity could

could not diminiſh the exquiſite Regret; ſtill it would excite new and unutterable Anguiſh, and rack me with infinite Deſpair.

BLESSED *God*, pity the Soul whoſe extreameſt Horror is the Doom of an eternal Departure from thee. Draw my Spirit into the holieſt and the neareſt Union with thyſelf that is poſſible, while it dwells in this Fleſh; and let me here commence that delightful Reſidence and Converſe with God, which nor Death, nor Judgment ſhall ever deſtroy, nor ſhall a long Eternity ever put a Period to it.

XV. *The Glory of* GOD *in his Works of Creation, Providence and Redemption.*

MY Being immediately flows from thee, and ſhould I not praiſe my omnipotent Maker? I receiv'd the laſt Breath I drew from thee, thou doſt ſuſtain my Life this very Moment, and the next depends entirely on thy Pleaſure. 'Tis the Dignity of my Nature to know, and my Happineſs to praiſe and adore my great Original. But oh! thou Supreme of all Things, how art thou to be extoll'd

extoll'd by mortal Man? *I ſay to Corruption, Thou art my Father, and to the Worms, Ye are my Brethren; my Days are as a Hand's Breadth, and my Life is nothing before thee; but thou art the ſame, and thy Years never fail: From everlaſting to everlaſting thou art God,* the incomprehenſible, the immutable Divinity. The Language of Paradiſe, and the Strains of celeſtial Eloquence, fall ſhort of thy Perfections; the Firſt-born Sons of Light loſe themſelves in bliſsful Aſtoniſhment in Search of thy Excellencies; even they with ſilent Extaſy adore thee, while thou art veil'd with ineffable Splendor.

The bright, the bleſs'd Divinity is known
And comprehended by himſelf alone.

Who can conceive the Extent of that Power, which out of Nothing brought Materials for a riſing World, and from a gloomy Chaos bid the harmonious Univerſe appear?

Confuſion heard the Voice, and wild Uproar
Stood rul'd; ſtood vaſt Infinity confin'd.

AT thy Word the Pillars of the Sky were fram'd, and its beauteous Arches rais'd: Thy Breath

Breath kindled the Stars, adorn'd the Moon with Silver Rays, and gave the Sun its flaming Splendor. Thou didſt prepare for the Waters their capacious Bed, and by thy Power ſet Bounds to the raging Billows: By thee the Vallies were clothed in their flowry Pride, and the Mountains crown'd with Groves. In all the wonderful Effects of Nature, we adore and confeſs thy Power; thou uttereſt thy Voice in Thunder, and doſt ſcatter thy Lightnings abroad; thou rideſt on the Wings of the Wind, the Mountains ſmoke, and the Foreſts tremble at thy Approach; the Summer and Winter, the ſhady Night, and the bright Revolutions of the Day, are thine.

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty; thine this univerſal Frame:
Thus wondrous they; thyſelf how wondrous then?

BUT O! what muſt thy eſſential Majeſty and Beauty be, if thou art thus illuſtrious in thy Works? if the Diſcoveries of thy Power and Wiſdom are thus delightful, how tranſporting are the Manifeſtations of thy Goodneſs? From thee every thing that lives receives its Breath; and by thee are all upheld in Life. Thy Providence reaches the leaſt Inſect, for thou

thou art good, and thy Care extends to all thy Works. Thou feedeſt the Ravens, and doſt provide the young Lions their Prey: Thou ſcattereſt thy Bleſſings with a liberal Hand on the whole Creation; Man, ungrateful Man, largely partakes thy Bounty. Thou cauſeſt thy Rain to deſcend, and makeſt thy Sun to ſhine on the Evil and Unthankful; *for thou art good, and thy Mercy endureth for ever.*

As the Creator and Preſerver of Men, thou art gloriouſly manifeſt; but oh! how much more gloriouſly art thou reveal'd, as reconciling ungrateful Enemies to thyſelf by the Blood of thy eternal Son? Here thy Beneficence diſplays its brighteſt Splendor: Here thou doſt fully diſcover thy moſt magnificent Titles, THE LORD, THE LORD GOD, MERCIFUL AND GRACIOUS, LONG-SUFFERING, AND ABUNDANT IN GOODNESS: *How unſearchable are thy Ways, and thy Paths paſt finding out?* Infinite Depths of Love, never to be expreſs'd by human Language! and yet ſhould Man be ſilent, the Stones themſelves would ſpeak, and the mute Creation find a Voice to upbraid his ungrateful Folly.

XVI. *Long-*

XVI. *Longing for the Coming of* CHRIST.

COME, LORD JESUS, come quickly; oh come, leſt my Expectations faint, leſt I grow weary, and murmur at thy long Delay. I am tired with theſe Vanities, and the World grows every Day more un-entertaining and inſipid; it has now loſt its Charms, and finds my Heart inſenſible to all its Allurements. With Coldneſs and Contempt I view theſe tranſitory Glories, inſpir'd with nobler Proſpects and vaſter Expectation by Faith. I ſee the promis'd Land, and every Day brings me nearer the Poſſeſſion of my heavenly Inheritance. Then ſhall I ſee GOD and live, and Face to Face behold my triumphant Redeemer,

And in his Favour find immortal Light.
Ye Hours and Days, cut ſhort your tedious Flight;
Ye Months and Years (if ſuch allotted be
In this deteſted barren World for me)
With haſty Revolution roll along,
I languiſh with Impatience to be gone.

I HAVE

I HAVE nothing here to linger for; my Hopes, my Reſt, my Treaſure, and my Joys are all above: My Soul faints for the Courts of the Lord in a dry and thirſty Land, where there is no Refreſhment.

HOW long *ſhall I dwell in* Meſheck, *and ſojourn in the Tents of* Kedar? When will the weariſom Journey of Life be finiſh'd? when ſhall I reach my everlaſting Home, and arrive at my celeſtial Country? My Heart, my Wiſhes are already there: I have no Engagements to delay my Farewel, nothing to detain me here; but wander an unacquainted Pilgrim, a Stranger and Deſolate, far from my native Regions.

MY Friends are gone before, and are now triumphing in the Skies, ſecure of the Conqueſt, poſſeſt of the Rewards of Victory. They ſurvey the Field of Battle, and look back with Pleaſure on the diſtant Danger: Death and Hell for ever vanquiſh'd, leave them in the Poſſeſſion of endleſs Tranquillity and Joy; while I, beſet with a thouſand Snares, and tired with continual Toil, unſteadily maintain the Field, till active Faith ſteps in, aſſures me of the Conqueſt, and ſhews me the immortal Crown. 'Tis Faith tells me that *Light is ſown for the Righteous, and*

and Gladneſs for the Upright in Heart: It aſſures me that *my Redeemer lives, and that he ſhall ſtand the laſt Day on the Earth; and tho' after my Skin Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and not another; and theſe Eyes ſhall behold, tho' my Reins be conſumed within me.* Amen, even ſo come Lord *Jeſus.* This muſt be the Language of my Soul till thou doſt appear, and theſe my impatient Breathings after thee. Till I ſee thy Salvation, my Heart and my Fleſh will pine for the living God.

Grant me, O LORD, *to fulfil as a Hireling my Day*; ſhorten the Space, and let it be full of Action. 'Tis of ſmall Importance how few there are of theſe little Circles of Days and Hours, ſo they are but well fill'd up with Devotion, and with all proper Duty.

XVII. *Seeking after an abſent* GOD.

OH! let not the Lord be angry, and I who am but Duſt will ſpeak: Why doſt thou withdraw thyſelf, and ſuffer me to purſue thee in vain? If I am ſurrounded with thy

thy Immenſity, why am I thus inſenſible of thee? Why do I not find thee if thou art every where preſent? I ſearch thee in the Temple, where thou haſt often met me; there I have ſeen the Traces of thy Majeſty and Beauty; but thoſe ſacred Viſions bleſs my Sight no more. I ſearch thee in my ſecret Retirements, where I have called upon thy Name, and have often heard the Whiſpers of thy Voice; that celeſtial Converſation hath often reach'd and raptur'd my Soul, but I am ſolac'd no more with thoſe divine Condeſcenſions; I liſten, but I hear thoſe gentle Sounds no more; I pine and languiſh, but thou flieſt me; ſtill I wither in thy Abſence, as a drooping Plant for the reviving Sun.

O WHEN wilt thou ſcatter this melancholly Darkneſs? when ſhall the Shadows flee before thee? when ſhall the chearful Glory of thy Grace dawn upon my Mind at thy Approach? I ſhall revive at thy Light; my vital Spirits will confeſs thy Preſence; Grief and Anxiety will vaniſh before thee, and immortal Joys ſurround my Soul.

WHERE thou art preſent, Heaven and Happineſs enſue; Hell and Damnation fills the Breaſt where thou art abſent. While God

withdraws I am encompaſs'd with Darkneſs and Deſpair; the Sun and Stars ſhine with an uncomfortable Luſtre; the Faces of my Friends grow tireſome; the Smiles of Angels would fail to chear my languiſhing Spirit. I grow unacquainted with Tranquility; Peace and Joy are empty Sounds to me, and Words without a Meaning.

TELL me not of Glory and Pleaſure, there are no ſuch things without my God; while he withdraws, what Delight can theſe Trifles afford? All that amuſes Mankind, are but Dreams of Happineſs, Shades and fantaſtick Appearances: what Compenſation can they make for an infinite Good departed? all Nature cannot repair my Loſs: Heaven and Earth would offer their Treaſures in vain; not all the Kingdoms of this World, nor the Thrones of Archangels, could give me a Recompenſe for an abſent God.

O WHERE can my Grief find Redreſs? whence can I draw Satisfaction when the Fountain of Joy ſeals up its Streams? My Sorrows are hopeleſs till he return; without him my Night will never ſee a Dawn, but extend to everlaſting Darkneſs: Content and Joy will be eternal Strangers to my Breaſt. Had I all things within the Compaſs of Crea-

tion

tion to delight me, his Frowns would blaſt the whole Enjoyment: Unreconcil'd to God, my Soul would be for ever at variance with itſelf.

EVEN now, while I believe thy Glory hid from me but with a tranſient Eclipſe, while I wait for thy Return as for the dawning Day, my Soul ſuffers inexpreſſible Agonies at the Delay; the Minutes ſeem to linger, and Days are lengthen'd into Ages: But, Lord, what keener Anguiſh ſhould I feel, did I think thy Preſence had totally forſaken me, did I imagine thy Glory ſhould no more ariſe on my Soul? My Spirits fail at the Suppoſition; I cannot face the dreadful Apprehenſions of my God for ever gone. Is it not Hell in its moſt horrid Proſpect? Eternal Darkneſs, and the undying Worm, infinite Ruin and irreparable Damage? Compar'd to this, what were all the Plagues that Earth could threaten, or Hell invent? what's Diſgrace, and Poverty, and Pain? what's all that Mortals fear, real or imaginary Evils? they are nothing compar'd to the Terrors which the Thought of loſing my God excites.

O THOU, who art my boundleſs Treaſure, my infinite Delight, my All, my ineffable Portion, can I part with thee? I may ſee without

Light, and breathe without Air, ſooner than be bleſs'd without my God. Happineſs ſeparate from thee were a Contradiction, an Impoſſibility (if I dare ſpeak it) to Omnipotence itſelf. I feel a Flame which the moſt glorious Creation could not ſatisfy; an Emptineſs which nothing but infinite Love could fill. I muſt find thee, or weary myſelf in an eternal Purſuit. Nothing ſhall divert me in the endleſs Search, no Obſtacle ſhall fright me back, no Allurement withold me, nothing ſhall flatter or relieve my Impatience; my Bliſs, my Heaven, my All depends on the Succeſs. Shew me where thou art, O my God, conduct me into thy Preſence, and let thy Love confine me there for ever.

XVIII. *Appeals to* GOD *concerning the Supremacy of Love to him.*

O GOD, when I ceaſe to love and praiſe thee, let me ceaſe to breathe and live; when I forget thee, let me forget the Name of Happineſs, and let every pleaſing Idea be raz'd from my Memory. When thou art not

my

my ſupreme Delight, let all things elſe deceive me; let me grow unacquainted with Peace, and ſeek Repoſe in vain: let Deluſions mock my gayeſt Hopes, let my Deſires find no Satisfaction, till they are terminated all in thee. When I forget the Satisfactions of thy Love, O my God, let Pleaſure be a Stranger to my Soul; when I prefer not that to my chiefeſt Joy, let me be inſenſible of all Delight; when thy Benignity is not dearer to me than Life, let that Life become my Burden and my Pain.

SEARCH the inmoſt Receſſes of my Heart, and if thou findeſt any Competitor there, remove the darling Vanity, and blot every Name but thine from my Breaſt. Let me find nothing but Emptineſs in the Creature, when I forſake the All-ſufficient Creator: Let the Streams be cut off when I wander away and abandon the Fountain. Let me be deſtitute of Aſſiſtance when I ceaſe to rely on thee; let my Lips be for ever ſilent when they refuſe to acknowledge thy Benefits, and make not thee the Subject of their higheſt Praiſe. Let no joyful Strain enter at my Ears, when thy Name is not the moſt delightful Sound they can convey to my Heart.

I HAVE been pronouncing heavy Curſes

on myſelf, if thy Love be not my chief Bleſſing; yet, O my deareſt Good, my Portion, and my only Felicity, might I not go on farther ſtill, and even venture immortal Joys on the Sincerity of my Love to thee? Bleſſed Lord, forgive theſe dangerous Efforts of a mortal Tongue, which are the mere Out-breakings of a fervent Affection. I could even dare to pledge all my Hopes and my Pretenſions to future Happineſs, (and O let not my Heart deceive me) I think I could riſque them all, if thou thyſelf art not the Object of my brighteſt Hopes, and the Light of thy Countenance the Height of that expected Happineſs.

IF I deſire any thing in Heaven or on Earth in compariſon of thee, I am almoſt ready to ſay, Baniſh me as an eternal Exile from the Light of Paradiſe: Even that Paradiſe would be melancholy Darkneſs without thee, and the obſcureſt Corner of the Creation, bleſs'd with thy Preſence, would be more agreeable. Oh! where could I be happy remote from thee? what imaginable Good could ſupply thy Abſence? Say, O my God, do I not love thee?

SHALL I call the Holy Angels to witneſs? ſhall I call Heaven and Earth to witneſs? Will not the moſt high God himſelf, the Profeſſor

of

of Heaven and Earth condeſcend to witneſs the Ardour and Sincerity of my Love?

WITH what Pleaſure do I reflect on the Obligations by which I have devoted myſelf to thee? My Soul collects itſelf, and with an intire Aſſent gives up all its Powers to thee: I would bind myſelf to thee beyond all the Ties that Mortals know. You Miniſters of Light, give me your Flames, and teach me your celeſtial Forms; let all be noble and pathetick, and ſolemn as your own immortal Vows, and I will joyfully go through them all to bind myſelf to my God for ever. Say, now, ye Heavens and Earth, ſay, ye holy Angels, and O thou all-knowing God, ſay, do I not love thee?

XIX. *A devout Rapture, or Love to God inexpreſſible.*

THOU radiant Sun, thou Moon, and all ye ſparkling Stars, how gladly would I leave your pleaſant Light to ſee the Face of God? Ye Cryſtal Streams, ye Groves and flowry Lawns, my innocent Delights, how joyfully could I leave you to meet that bliſs-

ful Proſpect? and you delightful Faces of my Friends, I would this Moment quit you all to ſee him whom my Soul loves; ſo loves, that I can find no Words to expreſs the unutterable Ardour: Not as the Miſer loves his Wealth, nor the Ambitious his Grandeur; not as the Libertine loves his Pleaſures, or the generous Man his Friend: theſe are flat Similitudes to deſcribe ſuch an intenſe Paſſion as mine. Not as a Man ſcorch'd in a Fever, longs for a cooling Draught; not as a weary Traveller wiſhes for ſoft Repoſe; my reſtleſs Deſires admit of no equal Compariſon from theſe.

I LOVE my Friend; my vital Breath and the Light of Heaven are dear to me: But ſhould I ſay, I love my God as I love theſe, I ſhould belie the ſacred Flame which aſpires to Infinity. 'Tis thee, abſtractly thee, O uncreated Beauty, that I love; in thee, my Wiſhes are all terminated; in thee as in their bliſsful Centre, all my Deſires meet, and there they muſt be eternally fixed: 'Tis thou alone that muſt conſtitute my everlaſting Happineſs. Were the Harps of Angels ſilent, there would be Harmony for me in the Whiſpers of thy Love: Were the Fields of Light darken'd, thy Smiles would bleſs me with everlaſting Day; the Viſion of thy Face

will

will attract my Eyes, nor give me leisure to waste a Look on other Objects to all Eternity any farther than God is to be seen in his Creatures. All their Beams of Grace, and Joy, and Glory, are deriv'd from thee the eternal Sun, and will merit my Attention no farther than they reflect thy Image, or discover thy Excellencies.

EVEN at this Distance, encompass'd with the Shades of Death, and the Mists of Darkness, in these cold melancholy Regions when a Ray of thy Love breaks in on my Soul, when thro' the Clouds I can trace but one feeble Beam, even that obscures all human Glory, and gives me a Contempt for whatever Mortality can boast. What Wonders then will the open Vision of thy Face effect, when I shall enjoy it in so sublime a Degree, that the Magnificence of the Skies will not draw my Regard, nor the Converse of Angels divert my Thoughts from thee? Thou wilt engross my everlasting Attention, and I should abound in Felicity if I had nothing to entertain me but immediate Communion with the infinite Divinity.

MEND thy Pace, old lazy Time, and shake thy heavy Sands; make shorter Circles, ye rolling Planets; when will your destin'd

Courses

Courſes be fulfilled? Thou reſtleſs Sun, how long wilt thou travel the celeſtial road? when will thy ſtarry walk be finiſhed? when will the commiſſioned angel arreſt thee in thy progreſs, and lifting up his Hand, ſwear by the unnutterable Name, *that Time ſhall be no more.* O happy Period! my impatient Soul ſprings forward to ſalute thee, and leaves the lagging Days, and Months, and Years far behind. *Make haſte, my Beloved, and be like a Roe, or a young Hart on the ſpicey Mountains.*

I PINE, I die for a Sight of thy Countenance; oh! turn the Veil aſide, blow away the ſeparating Cloud; pull out the Pins of this Tabernacle, break the Cords, and let fall the Curtain of Mortality. Oh! let it interpoſe no longer between me and my perfect Bliſs. I feel thoſe Flames of divine Love, which are unextinguiſhable as the Lights of Heaven, not Death itſelf ſhall quench the ſacred ardour.

YE Miniſters of Light, ye Guardians of the Juſt, ſtand and witneſs to my Vows; and in a humble Dependance on thy Grace, O *Jeſus*, may I not venture to bid theſe thy flaming Miniſters proteſt againſt me when I change my Love, and ſtand my Accuſers at the laſt Judgment? When I prove falſe to thee,

may

may I not venture to ſay to them all, Bring in your awful Evidence, and proclaim my Perjury.

For you have liſten'd, while the ſacred Name
That kindles in each heavenly Breaſt a Flame,
You liſten'd while it melted on my Tongue,
Flow'd from my Lips, and grac'd the Midnight Song.
Bleſs'd was the Time, and ſwiftly fled the Hours
While holy Love employ'd my nobleſt Powers:
The Heavens appear'd, and the propitious Skies
Unveil'd their inmoſt Glories to my Eyes.
Oh! ſtay, I cry'd, ye happy Moments ſtay,
Nor in your Flight ſnatch theſe Delights away:
I aſk no more the riſing Sun to view,
To Mortals and their Hopes I bid adieu.

THESE Heavens and this Earth have been Witneſſes to my Vows: The holy Angels have been witneſſes, and all will join together to condemn me when I violate my Faith. Strengthen and confirm it, O my Saviour, and make the Bonds of it immortal.

IF I were only to reaſon upon this Subject, I might ſay, what Motive could Earth, what

what could Hell, what could Heaven itſelf propoſe to tempt my Soul to change its Love? what could they lay in the Balance againſt an infinite Good? what could be thrown in as a Stake againſt the Favour of God? Aſk the happy Souls who know what the Light of his Countenance imports, who drink in Joy and Immortality from his Smiles, aſk them what Value they ſet on their Enjoyments; aſk them what in Heaven or Earth ſhould purchaſe one Moment's Interval of their Bliſs; aſk ſome radiant Seraph, amidſt the Fervency of his Raptures, at what Price he values his Happineſs: and when theſe have named the Purchaſe, Earth and Hell may try to balance mine. Let them ſpread the Baits that tempt deluded Men to Ruin; let Riches, Honour, Beauty, and bewitching Pleaſure appear in all their Charms, the Senſuality of the preſent and paſt Ages, the *Perſian* Delicacy, and the *Roman* Pride; let them uncover the golden Mines, and diſcloſe the Ruby ſparkling in its Bed; let them open the Veins of Sapphire, and ſhew the Diamond glittering on its Rock; let them all be thrown into the Balance; alas! their Weight is too little and too light.----Let the Pageantries of State be added, imperial Titles, and the Enſigns

ſigns of Majeſty; put in all that boundleſs Vanity imagines, or wild Ambition craves, Crowns and Sceptres, regal Veſtments and golden Thrones----the Scale ſtill mounts.---- Throw in the World intire----'tis unſubſtantial, and light as airy Vanity.

ARE theſe thy higheſt Boaſts, O deluding World?---- Ye Miniſters of Darkneſs, have you nothing elſe to offer? are theſe your utmoſt Propoſals? are theſe a Compenſation for the FAVOUR OF GOD? Alas! that boundleſs Word has a Meaning which out-weighs them all: Infinite Delight, unconceivable Joy are expreſs'd in it; the Light of his Countenance ſignifies more than Angels can deſcribe, or Mortality imagine: And ſhall I quit all that an everlaſting Heaven means, for empty Shadows?

GO, ye baffled Tempters, go offer your Toys to Madmen and Fools; they all vaniſh under my Scorn, and cannot yield ſo much as an Amuſement to my aſpiring Thoughts. The Sun in all his ſpacious Circuit, beholds nothing to tempt my Wiſhes. Theſe winding Skies in all their ample Round contain nothing equal to my Deſires; my Ambition has far different Ends, and other Proſpects

Proſpects in view; nothing below the Joys of Angels can ſatisfy me.

LET me explore the Worlds of Life and Beauty, and find a Path to the dazzling Receſſes of the Moſt High: Let me drink at the Fountain-head of Pleaſure, and derive all that I want from original and uncreated Fullneſs and Felicity.

OH divine Love! let me launch out into thy pleaſurable Depths, and be ſwallowed up of thee: Let me plunge at once in immortal Joy, and loſe myſelf in the infinite Ocean of Happineſs.

TILL then I pine for my celeſtial country; till then I murmur to the Winds and Streams, and tell the ſolitary ſhades my Grief. The Groves are conſcious to my Complaints, and the Moon and Stars liſten to my Sighs; by their ſilent Lights I talk over my heavenly Concerns, and give a Vent to my divine Affections in mortal Language; then looking upward, I grow impatient to reach the milky Way, the Seats of Joy and Immortality.

Come Love, come Life, and that bleſs'd Day
For which I languiſh, come away;
When this dry Soul, theſe Eyes ſhall ſee,
And drink the unſeal'd Source of thee.

OH

OH come, I cry, thou whom my Soul loveth: I would go on, but want Expreſſion, and vainly ſtruggle with the unutterable Thought.

TELL me, you Sons of Light, who feel the Force of theſe celeſtial Fires, in what Language you paint their ſacred Violence? or do the Tongues of Seraphs faulter? does the Language of Paradiſe want Emphaſis here, and immortal Eloquence fail? Surely your Happineſs is more perfect than all your Deſcriptions of it: Heaven ecchoes to your charming Notes as far as they reach, while divine Love, which is all your Song, is infinite, and knows no Limits of Degree or Duration.

YET I would ſay, ſome gentle Spirit, come and inſtruct me in your Art; lend me a golden Harp, and guide the ſacred Flight; let me imitate your devout Strains, let me copy out your Harmony, and then,

Some of the faireſt Quire above
Shall flock around my Song,
With Joy to hear the Name they love
Sound from a mortal Tongue.

BLESSED and immortal Creatures, I long to join with you in your celeſtial Style of Ado-

Adoration and Love, I long to learn your Extaſies of Worſhip and Joy in a Language which Mortals cannot pronounce, and to ſpeak the divine Paſſion of my Soul in Words which are now unſpeakable.

XX. *Self-reproof for Inactivity.*

IS it poſſible that I ſhould one Day be rapt almoſt into the third Heavens, and e're a few Weeks have paſſed over me, I ſhould find myſelf creeping among the Inſects of the Earth, and almoſt as meanly buſied as they? Can divine Love, which exalted me lately into flaming Tranſports, ſo far ſubſide and grow cool within me? can it leave me ſo unactive as I now feel myſelf? What ſhall I do to ſhame my Conſcience with Reproaches, and renew the Flame of religious Zeal and Vigour.

ALAS! how does the Activity of Men about the little Affairs of human Life condemn my Negligence in Matters of everlaſting Conſequence? Does the fond Lover with ſuch Anxiety and Impatience purſue the Object of his Wiſhes, and ſhall not divine

Beauty and infinite Lovelineſs enflame my Deſires to a nobler Height, and excite my languiſhing Devotion?

ARE the Ambitious ſo reſtleſs and ſollicitous to make themſelves great, and to purchaſe the Veneration of Fools? Do they lay ſuch mighty Projects, and compaſs their Deſigns with ſuch Pains and Difficulty, for mere Pageantry and gaudy Trifles; and ſhall I, who am a Candidate for Heaven, a Probationer for celeſtial Dignity, loſe my Title for want of Diligence? Shall I faint in the noble Strife, when God and Angels are ready to aſſiſt me, and every Moment's Toil will be recompenc'd with eternal Ages of Reſt and Triumph?

SEE, ſee, the Moments fly, the Labour ſhortens, and the immenſe Reward draws near; the Palm of Victory, the ſtarry Crown are in View; the happy Realms and Fields of Light entertain me with their glorious Proſpect. Rouze thee, my Soul, to the moſt active Purſuit of theſe Felicities: Waken all thy ſprightly Powers, and let it never, never be thy Reproach, that the Vigour and Intenſeneſs of thy Labours fall ſhort of the Pretenſions of thy Deſire; or that thy holy Induſtry ſhould ſink ſo far below the Fervour

of thoſe Affections, which in a devout Hour thou haſt pronounced *inexpreſſible*.

O LORD, what a mutable thing is Man? what Frailty works in this Fleſh and Blood, and hangs heavy upon our better Powers? 'Tis Grace, divine Grace alone, can keep alive that immortal Spark within us, which came firſt from Heaven, and firſt taught our Hearts to ariſe and ſpring upward. Preſerve and complete thy own Work, Almighty Grace.

XXI. *A joyful View of approaching Death.*

O Death, where is thy Sting? where is thy boaſted Victory? The Conqueſt is mine; I ſhall paſs in Triumph thro' thy dark Dominions, and thro' the Grace of the Son of God, my divine Leader, I ſhall appear there not a Captive but a Conqueror.

O KING of Terrors, where are thy formidable Looks? I can ſee nothing dreadful in thy Aſpect? Thou appeareſt with no Tokens of Defiance, nor doſt thou come with Summons from a ſevere Judge; but gentle Invi-

Invitations from my bleſſed Redeemer, who has paſt glorioufly thro' thy Territories, in his Way to his Throne.

THRICE welcome, thou kind Meſſenger of my Liberty and Happineſs! a thouſand times more welcome than Jubilee to the wretched Slave, than Pardon to a condemn'd Malefactor: I am going from Darkneſs and Confinement to immenſe Light and perfect Liberty; from theſe tempeſtuous Regions to the ſoft and peaceful Climes above; from Pain and Grief to everlaſting Eaſe and Tranquillity. For the Toils of Virtue, I ſhall immediately receive its vaſt Rewards; for the Reproach of Fools, the Honour and Applauſe of Angels. In a few Minutes I ſhall be higher than yonder Stars, and brighter far than they. I ſhall range the boundleſs Ether, and breathe the balmy Airs of Paradiſe. I ſhall preſently behold my glorious Maker, and ſing Hallelujahs to my exalted Saviour.

AND now come, ye bright Guardians of the Juſt, conduct me through the unknown and trackleſs Ether, for you paſs and repaſs this celeſtial Road continually; you have Commiſſion not to leave me till I arrive at *Mount Sion*, the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, the City of the living God; till I come to the in-

numerable Company of Angels, and the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect.

HOLD out, Faith and Patience; 'tis but a little while and your Work will be at an End; but a few Moments and theſe Sighs and Groans ſhall be converted into everlaſting Hallelujahs; but a few weary Steps and the Journey of Life will be finiſh'd. One Effort more, and I ſhall have gain'd the Top of the everlaſting Hills, and from yonder bright Summit ſhall preſently look back on the Dangers I have eſcaped in my Travels through the Wilderneſs.

ROLL faſter on, ye lingring Minutes; the nearer my Joys, the more impatient I am to ſeize them: After theſe painful Agonies how greedily ſhall I drink in immortal Eaſe and Pleaſure? Break away, ye thick Clouds, be gone, ye envious Shades, and let me behold the Glories ye conceal: Let me ſee the promis'd Land, and ſurvey the happy Regions I am immediately to poſſeſs. How long will you interpoſe between me and my bright Sun? between me and the unclouded Face of God? Look up, my Soul, ſee how ſweetly thoſe reviving Beams break forth! how they diſpel the Gloom, and gild the Shades of Death!

O BLEST Eternity, with what a chearful Splendour doſt thou dawn on my Soul? with thee comes Liberty, and Peace, and Love, and endleſs Felicity; but Pain, and Sorrow, and Tumult, and Death, and Darkneſs vaniſh before thee for ever. I am juſt upon the Shores of thoſe happy Realms where uninterrupted Day and eternal Spring reſide: Yonder are the delectable Hills and harmonious Vales which continually eccho to the Songs of Angels. There the bliſsful Fields extend their Verdure, and there the immortal Groves aſcend; but how dazling is thy Proſpect, O City of God, of whom ſuch glorious things are ſpoken? In thee *there ſhall be no more Night, nor need of the Sun or Moon*; for the Throne of God, and of the Lamb is in the Midſt of thee, *and the Nations that are ſaved ſhall walk in thy Light, and the Kings of the Earth ſhall bring their Glory and Honour into thee, and there the glorious Lord ſhall be to us a Place of Defence, a Place of Streams and broad Rivers*, and the Voice of Joy, and the Shout of Triumph ſhall be heard in thee for ever.

There holy Souls perpetual Sabbaths keep
And never are concern'd for Food or Sleep:

There new-come Saints with Wreaths of Light
are crown'd,
While ivory Harps and silver Trumpets sound:
There flaming Seraphs sacred Hymns begin,
And raptur'd Cherubs loud Responses sing.

My Eyes shall there behold the King in his Beauty, and oh! how ravishing will the Aspects of his Love be? What unutterable Extasies shall I feel, when I meet those Smiles which enlighten Heaven, and exhilerate all the celestial Regions? when I shall view the beatifick Glory without one interposing Cloud to Eternity? when I shall drink my Fill at the Fountains of Joy, and in those Rivers of Pleasure that flow from his Right-hand for ever.

XXII. *A devout Resignation of Self to the divine Power and Goodness.*

MY all-sufficient Friend, *my Shield, and my exceeding great Reward!* I have enough: Unbounded Avarice can covet nothing beyond Thee; the Soul whom thou dost not

not ſuffice, deſerves to be eternally poor. Thou art my ſupreme Happineſs, my voluntary Choice: I took thy Love alone for my Treaſure in that bleſt Day when I enter'd into Covenant with thee, and became thine: I made no Articles with thee for the Friendſhips, the Honours and Pleaſures of the World; but ſolemnly renounced them all, and choſe thy Favour for my ſingle Inheritance, leaving the Conduct of my Life entirely to thee.

THESE were my Vows, and theſe I have often renew'd; and ſhall I now retract ſuch ſacred Obligations, and alter a Choice ſo juſt and reaſonable? Forbid it, gracious God! let me never be guilty of ſuch Madneſs: The World has often diſappointed my moſt confident Expectations, but thou haſt never deceiv'd me. In all my Diſtreſs I have found thee a certain Refuge, my *Shield, my Fortreſs, my high Tower, my Deliverer, my Rock, and he in whom I truſt.* When there was none to ſave me, thy powerful Hand has ſet me free; thou haſt redreſs'd my Grievances, and diſſipated my Fears; thou has brought me Light out of Obſcurity, and turn'd my Darkneſs into Day.

WHEN the World could afford me nothing but Tempeſt and Diſorder, with thee I have

found Repoſe and undiſturb'd Tranquillity. Thou haſt been my long-experienc'd Refuge, my unfailing Confidence, and I ſtedfaſtly depend on thee for my future Conduct. I cannot err when guided by infinite Wiſdom; I muſt be ſafe in the Arms of eternal Love, to which I humbly reſign myſelf. Let me have Riches or Poverty, Honour or Contempt; whatever comes from thy Hands ſhall be thankfully receiv'd. I would hear no Voice but thine, nor make a Step but where I am following thee.

IF thou wouldſt leave me to chuſe for myſelf, I would reſign the Choice again to thee, I dread nothing more than the Guidance of my own blind Deſires; I tremble at the Thoughts of ſuch a fatal Liberty: Avert, gracious God, that miſerable Freedom. Thou foreſeeſt all Events, and at one ſingle View doſt look thro' eternal Conſequences; therefore do thou determine my Circumſtances, not to gratify my own wild Deſires, but to advance thy Glory.

THOU haſt an unqueſtion'd Right to diſpoſe of me; I am thine by neceſſary Ties and voluntary Engagements, which I thankfully acknowledge and ſolemnly renew: Deliberately and entirely I put myſelf into thy Hands,

Hands. Whatever Intereſt I have in this World I ſacrifice to thee, and leave my deareſt Enjoyments to thy Diſpoſal, acknowledging it my greateſt Happineſs to be guided by thee.

Lord, what is Man, that thou art mindful of him? that thou who art ſupremely bleſs'd, and independently happy, ſhouldſt concern thyſelf with human Affairs, and condeſcend to make our Wants as much thy Care as if mortal Miſeries could reach thee, and interrupt immortal Bleſſedneſs. Thou would'ſt make us ſenſible of thine Indulgence by the moſt tender Similitudes: A Father's gentle Care but faintly ſhadows thine, and all we can conceive of human Pity falls ſhort of thy Compaſſion. Thou doſt ſeem to ſhare in our Calamities, and ſympathize in all our Grief. No Friend flies to our Aſſiſtance with half the Speed that Love brings thee, nor canſt thou ever want Methods to relieve thoſe that confide in thee.

THY Providence finds or makes its Way thro' all Oppoſitions: The Streams ſhall roll back to their Fountains, the Sun ſhall ſtand ſtill, and the Courſe of Nature be revers'd, rather than thou want Means to bring thy Purpoſes to paſs. No Obſtacle puts a Stand

to

to thy Deſigns, nor obſtruct thy Methods: 'Tis thy Will that makes Nature and Neceſſity: Who can ſtay thy Hand, or ſay unto thee, *What doſt thou?* Thy Counſel ſhall ſtand, and thou wilt do all thy Pleaſure. Nothing is impoſſible for thee to accompliſh: Wherever I caſt my Eyes, I ſee Inſtances of thy Power: The extended Firmament, the Sun and Stars, tell me what thou art able to perform; they atteſt thy Omnipotence, and rebuke my Unbelief. The whole Creation pleads for thee, and condemns my Infidelity.

ALMIGHTY God, forgive my Diffidence, while I confeſs 'tis moſt inexcuſable. Thy Hand is not ſhorten'd, nor are the Springs of thy Bounty ſeal'd; thy antient Miracles have not exhauſted thy Strength, nor hath perpetual Beneficence impoveriſh'd thee; thy Power remains undiminiſh'd, and thy Mercy endureth for ever. That dazzling Attribute ſurrounds me with tranſporting Glories: Which Way ſoever I turn, I meet the bright Conviction: I cannot recal a Day of my paſt Life on which ſome Signature of thy Goodneſs is not ſtamp'd.

Oh! who hath taſted of thy Clemency
In greater meaſure or more oft than I?

Which

Which Way ſoe'er I turn my Face or Feet,
I ſee thy Mercy and thy Glory meet.

IN whatever thou haſt granted, or whatever thou haſt deny'd me, thy Beneficence has been mingled with every Diſpenſation; thou haſt not taken the Advantage of my Follies, nor been ſevere to my Sins; but haſt remember'd my Frame, and treated me with the utmoſt Indulgence. Glory be to thy Name for ever.

XXIII. *Redeeming Love.*

ALmighty Love, the Theme of every heavenly Song! Infinite Grace, the Wonder of Angels! forgive a mortal Tongue that attempts thy Praiſe; and yet ſhould Man be ſilent, the mute Creation would find a Voice to upbraid him.

BUT oh! in what Language ſhall I ſpeak? with what Circumſtance ſhall I begin? ſhall I roll back the Volumes of Eternity, and begin with the glorious Deſign that determin'd Man's Redemption before the Birth of Time, before the Confines of Creation were fix'd.

Infinite

Infinite Years before the Day,
Or Heavens began to roll.

SHALL I ſpeak in general of all the Nations of the Redeemed? or, to excite my own Gratitude, ſhall I conſider myſelf, my worthleſs ſelf, included by an eternal Decree among the Number of thoſe who ſhould hear of a Redeemer's Name, and be mark'd out a Partaker of that immenſe Privilege? Before the Foundation of the Hills were laid, the gracious Deſign was form'd, and the bleſſed Plan of it ſchemed out before the Curtains of the Sky were ſpread.

LORD! what is Man? what am I? what is all the human Race, to be thus regarded? O narrow Thoughts, and narrower Words! here confeſs your Defects; theſe are Heights not to be reach'd by you. Adorable Meaſures of infinite Clemency! unſearchable Riches of Grace! with what Aſtoniſhment do I ſurvey you! I am ſwallowed and loſt in the glorious Immenſity. All hail, ye divine Myſteries, ye glorious Paths of the unſearchable Deity! let me adore tho' I can never expreſs you.

YET ſhould I be ſilent, Heaven and Earth, nay, Hell itſelf would reproach me: The Damn'd

Damn'd themſelves would call me ungrateful, ſhould I fail to celebrate that Grace whoſe Loſs they are for ever lamenting; a Loſs that leaves them for ever deſperate and undone. 'Tis this Grace which tunes the Harps of Heaven, and yields them an immortal Subject of Harmony and Praiſe. The Spirits of juſt Men made perfect fix their Contemplations here; they adore the glorious Myſtery, and while they ſing the Wonders of redeeming Love, they aſcribe ſublime and living Honours to him that ſits on the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever. And infinitely worthy art thou, O Lord, to receive the grateful Homage: Who ſhall not praiſe and magnify thy Name? Who ſhall deny the Tribute of thy Glory?

BUT, alas! what can mortal Man add to thee? what can Nothingneſs and Vanity give? We murmur from the Duſt, and attempt thy Praiſe from the Depths of Miſery; yet thou doſt condeſcend to hear and liſten to our broken Accents; amidſt the *Hallelujahs* of Angels our Groans aſcend to thee, our Complaints reach thee: From the Height of thy Happineſs, and from the Exaltations of eternal Glory, thou haſt a Regard to Man, poor, wretched Man! thou receiveſt his

Homage

Homage with Delight; his Praiſes mingle with the Harmony of Angels, nor interrupt the ſacred Concord. Thoſe Natives of Heaven, thoſe Morning-ſtars ſing together in their heavenly Beatitudes, nor diſdain to let the Sons of Earth and Mortality join with them in celebrating the Honours of Jeſus, their Lord and ours: To him be every Tongue devoted, and let every Creature for ever praiſe him. *Amen.*

XXIV. *Pleading for Pardon and Holineſs.*

IMmortal Spring of Life, the Fountain of all Exiſtence, the Firſt and Laſt, *without beginning of Days, or end of Years*; before the Heavens were created thou waſt, and ſhalt remain unchang'd while they wax old and decay. Thou art infinitely bleſs'd in thy ſelf, thy Glory admits of no Addition; the Praiſes of Angels cannot heighten thy Happineſs, nor the Blaſphemies of Hell diminiſh it. Thou can'ſt do every thing, and thy Power finds no Obſtacle. *Thou madeſt Heaven and Earth, the Sea and the Fountains of Water; thou doſt according to thy Will in the Armies of Heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth;*

thou

thou holdeſt the Waters in the Hollow of thy Hand, and meaſureſt out the Heavens with a Span: Thou comprehendeſt the Duſt of the Earth in a Meaſure, and weigheſt the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance: Thou coverſt thyſelf with Light, as with a Garment, and art ſurrounded with inacceſſible Splendour: *Thou art glorious in Holineſs, fearful in Praiſes; the Heavens are not clean in thy Sight, but thou chargeſt thine Angels with Folly: What then is Man, that drinks in Iniquity like Water? What is Man, that thou art mindful of him; or the Son of Man, that thou doſt thus viſit him?* 'Tis becauſe thou art good, and thy Mercy endureth for ever; Mercy is thy prevailing Attribute. Thou art compaſſionate, and infinitely gracious, and haſt fully manifeſted thy Love and Beneficence to the Race of Man in the glorious Methods of our Redemption from everlaſting Bondage and Death by thy Son Jeſus.

THEREFORE with the loweſt Reverence, and moſt humble Gratitude, I deſire to proſtrate myſelf before thee, acknowledging it my greateſt Honour, and undeſerv'd Privilege, to approach the Lord, and bow myſelf before the high God; I that am unworthy to utter thy tremendous Name, or once to lift up my

Eyes

Eyes to Heaven. To my own Confuſion, I here confeſs I have abus'd the Mercy which I now implore, and injured that Goodneſs and Forbearance by my Sins which I am now addreſſing myſelf to. I have forfeited the very Benefits I aſk, and deſpis'd thoſe ſacred Privileges which I am forc'd to plead: I can uſe ſcarce any Motive but what would carry in it my own Condemnation. Shall I implore thy Mercy by the gracious Terms of the New Covenant, ſeal'd by the Blood of thy eternal Son? alas! that gracious Covenant I have violated, and profan'd its ſacred Seals: I have ſinn'd againſt the cleareſt Light, and the tendereſt Inſtances of Love: I have not only broken my Obligations to thee as my Creator; but the ſtronger Engagements of thy Adoption, even the glorious Privilege of being admitted into thy Family, and numberd among the Children of God.

BUT ſtill thoſe very Circumſtances that aggravate my Guilt, exalt thy Mercy; here the Freeneſs and Magnificence of thy Grace will diſplay itſelf; here thou wilt anſwer the indulgent Title of a Father in its tendereſt Extent; I have no Sins too great for infinite Clemency to pardon. Thou art God, and not Man; and as the Heavens are high above

the Earth, ſo high are thy Ways of Compaſſion above all human Methods.

I DARE not ſet Bounds to thy Goodneſs, nor affirm that *thus far*, *and no farther*, divine Patience extends. Thou haſt pardoned and reſtored me to thy Favour too often for me now to deſpair: My penitent Sighs were never rejected, nor my humble Requeſt unanſwer'd: I have always found the Heavens open, and the Throne of GOD acceſſible, thro' the Blood of a Redeemer. By his Agony and bloody Sweat, by his Croſs and Paſſion, by his painful Death and glorious Reſurrection, I implore thy Pardon: He has made a full Atonement, and divine Juſtice will demand no farther Satisfaction. *To him give all the Prophets Witneſs, that thro' his Name, whoſoever believes in his Name ſhall receive Remiſſion of Sins.*

O BLESSED *Jeſus!* the Hope of the *Gentiles*, the Salvation of the Ends of the Earth; the great *Meſſiah*, the promis'd Saviour, who doſt anſwer thoſe glorious Titles in their utmoſt Signification; to thee, my certain, my experienced Refuge, I fly: O Son of God, hear me; O Lamb of God, who takeſt away the Sins of the World, have Mercy on me.

O ETERNAL Spirit, the promis'd Comforter, come with all thy ſacred Conſolations: Come, and be as Dew to the drooping Flowers, as Rain to the parched Ground; oh! come with thy reviving Light, and diſpel the Darkneſs that beclouds my Soul: Break in like the Sun after a melancholy Night; one Beam of thine would melt this frozen, this obdurate Heart, and kindle in my Soul the Spark of holy Love: Breathe upon my cold Affections, and raiſe them to a ſacred Flame.

SEARCHER of Hearts, from whom nothing is conceal'd, whoſe penetrating Eyes find out Hypocriſy in its darkeſt Diſguiſe; thou knoweſt the Deſires of my Soul, and art my impartial Witneſs that I kneel not here for the Riches and Honours of the World; that I am not proſtrate before thee for Length of Days or Pleaſure; but that 'tis the Kingdom of God, and the Righteouſneſs thereof, that I ſeek. Give me not my Portion with the Rich and Great, but let me have my humble Lot with thy Children; let me bear Contempt and Deriſion, and ſuffer Reproach with the People of God, rather than enjoy the Pleaſures of Sin, which are but for a Seaſon.

THY

THY Favour is the End of all my Wiſhes, he conſtant Subject of my Prayer. Oh! thou whoſe Ears are open to the Wants of all thy Creatures, who heareſt the young Ravens when they cry from their Neſts to thee, who giveſt the Men of the World the tranſitory Things they chuſe, wilt thou deny the Deſires which thou thyſelf doſt inſpire and approve? O let me be fill'd with that Righteouſneſs which I hunger and thirſt after, and be ſatisfied with thy Likeneſs. Thou can'ſt not be diminiſh'd, whatever Perfection thou doſt communicate to the Creature; endleſs Liberality could not make thee poor.

I ASK not Privileges above the Capacity of my Nature, nor aſpire to the Perfections of Angels: I only beg that I may reach thoſe Heights of Holineſs and divine Love, which Souls inveſted with a mortal Body like mine, and encumber'd with the ſame human Paſſions, have attained. But in vain I ſtrive to imitate thoſe bright Examples thou haſt ſet before me; without thy Aſſiſtance, all my Endeavours will prove ſucceſsleſs. Thou knoweſt the Frailty of my Nature, and the mighty Difficulties I have to encounter: I have not only the Allurements of the World, but all the Stratagems of Hell to engage with,

and a treacherous Heart within, ready on all Occaſions to betray me into Sin and endleſs Perdition: O let my Impotence and Danger awaken thy Compaſſion.

REMEMBER thy former Benignity, O Lord, and let that engage thee to grant me new Supplies of that Grace by which alone I ſhall prove victorious. Thy Bounty to any of the Works of thy Hands muſt always flow from the Goodneſs of thy own Nature; for what Creature can pretend to merit any thing from thee? I would urge nothing but thy own infinite Mercy, when I entreat thee not to let me periſh after the wonderful Things thou haſt done for my Soul; after all the Pledges thou haſt given me of thy Love, let not my Follies provoke thee to forſake me; but remember thy Covenant, and its gracious Articles, and act according to thy own ineffable Benignity, which has been the glorious Motive of every Favour I have received from thee.

XXV. *A Tranſport of Gratitude for ſaving Mercy.*

I Bleſs a thouſand times the happy Day when firſt a Beam of heavenly Light broke in on my Soul; when the Day-ſtar from on High viſited me, and the celeſtial Light began to dawn. I welcom'd its chearful Luſtre, and felt the ſacred Influence; the Flames of holy Love awoke, and holy Joys were kindled.

THE Earth and all its Pageantry diſappeared like Clouds before the Morning-Sun: The Scenes of Paradiſe were open'd,--- ſeraphick Pleaſures and unutterable Delights: All hail, I cry'd, you unknown Joys, you unexperienced Pleaſures! compared to you, what's all I have reliſh'd till now: what's earthly Beauty and Harmony? what's all that Mortals call charming and attractive? I never lived till now: I knew no more than the Name of Happineſs till now: I have been in a Dream during all the Days of my Folly and Vanity; but now I awake to the Life of Heaven-born Spirits, and taſte the Joys of Angels.

XXVI. *Importunate Requeſts for the Return of* GOD *to the Soul.*

THOU great and glorious, thou inviſible and univerſal Being, art thou no nearer to be approach'd? or do I ſearch thee amiſs? Is there a Corner of the Creation unviſited by thee, or any Place exempt from thy Preſence? I trace thy Footſteps through Heaven and Earth, but I cannot overtake thee.

Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art every where?

TELL me, O my GOD, and my All, tell me where thou art to be found; for there is the Place of my Reſt. What imaginable Good can ſupply thy Abſence? Deprived of thee, all that the World could offer would be like a Jeſt to a dying Man, and provoke my Averſion and Diſdain. 'Tis a GOD that I ſeek:

My Wiſhes ſtoop not to a lower Aim;
Thou, thou haſt kindled this immortal Flame,
Which nothing can allay.

ADIEU, adieu to all human Things! Let me find my GOD, the End of all my Wiſhes: Why

Why doſt thou keep back the Face of thy Throne? why does the Cloud and ſacred Darkneſs conceal thee?

Thy Voice produc'd the Seas and Spheres,
Bid the Waves roll, and Planets ſhine;
But nothing like thyſelf appears
Thro' all theſe various Works of thine.

O THOU fairer than all the Works of thy Hands, wilt thou ever hide thyſelf from a Creature that loves and ſeeks thee with ſo intenſe Deſire? I appeal to thee, O Lord, are not my Breathings after thee moſt hearty and unfeigned? does not my Soul pant after thee with a Fervour which cannot be extinguiſhed, and a Sincerity which cannot be diſguiſed?

For thee I pine, and am for thee undone;
As drooping Flowers that want their Parent Sun.

HOW do my Spirits languiſh for thee! No Similitudes can expreſs the Vehemence of my Deſires: Wealth and Glory, Friends and Pleaſure loſe their Names compared to thee. To follow thee I would leave them all behind; I would leave the whole Creation,

and bid the Fields and ſparkling Skies adieu. Let the Heavens and Earth be no more, while thou endureſt for ever, I can want no Support. My Being itſelf, with all its Bleſſedneſs, depends intirely on thee.

PLACE me far from the Bounds of all Creation, remote from all Exiſtence but thy own; in that ineffable Solitude let me be loſt, let me expatiate there for ever, let me run the endleſs Rounds of Bliſs;--- but, alas! I flatter myſelf in vain with Scenes of unattainable Happineſs. I will ſearch thee then, where I hope thou mayſt be found, I caſt my Eyes to the bright Regions above, and almoſt envy the happy Beings that ſee thy Face unveil'd: I ſearch thee in the flow'ry Meadows, and liſten for thee among the murmuring Springs: Then, ſilent and abſtracted from human Things, I ſearch thee in holy Contemplation; 'tis all in vain: nor Fields, nor Floods, nor Clouds, nor Stars reveal thee.

YE happy Spirits, that meet his Smiles, and hear his Voice, direct a mournful Wanderer while I ſeek him whom my Soul loves, while I ſigh and complain, and caſt my languiſhing Eyes to yonder happy Manſions; fain would I penetrate the ſtarry Pavilions, and look thro' the ſeparating Firmament: Oh! that thou

wouldſt

wouldſt divide the Clouds, that thou wouldſt rend the Heavens, and give me one Glimpſe of thy Glory! that thou wouldſt diſplay thy Beauty, and in the Midſt of theſe earthly Scenes of amuſing Vanity, give me one Moment's Interval of celeſtial Bleſſedneſs.

One Look of Mercy from thy Eye,
One Whiſper of thy Voice,
Exceed a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

Cou'd I the ſpacious Earth command,
Or the more boundleſs Sea,
For one dear Hour at thy Right-hand
I'd give them both away.

IF Things were put into juſt Balances, and computed aright, for the firſt Moment of this Satisfaction I am ready to ſay, The whole Creation would be cheaply loſt: How gladly would I reſign all for ſuch a Bliſs. Adieu to human Things; let me find my God, the End of all my Wiſhes: 'Tis he whom I ſeek, 'tis he alone can ſatisfy my infinite Deſires. Oh! why doſt thou withdraw? why thus long conceal thyſelf? where doſt thou retire? nor Earth, nor Heaven reply to my repeated Calls.

LET

LET me invoke thee by every gracious Title, My God, and the God of my Fathers: From one Generation to another thou haſt been our Dwelling-place; the Claim has deſcended from Age to Age; thy Covenant has been eſtabliſh'd with us, and thy Faithfulneſs remains unblemiſh'd. Oh! forget not thy Covenant, forget not the Bleſſings entail'd on me; forget not the Prayers and Tears by which my pious Anceſtors have engaged thy Mercy for me, forget not their Vows and ſolemn Dedication of me to thee: Oh! recal thy antient Favours, and renew thy former Mercy to a Family which has been thine in a Succeſſion of Ages.

LET me invoke thee now by a nearer Propriety: My Covenant God, my Father, and my Friend! if by all thoſe tender Names I have ever known thee, forget me not. By thoſe ſacred Engagements, O Lord, I intreat thy Return. If all thy paſt Favours were real, if all was waking Bliſs, and not a gay Deluſion, O reſtore my Heaven again. Life of my Soul, Light of my Eyes, return; Come and bring all thy ſacred Conſolations; once again let me experience thoſe holy Joys that thy Preſence imparts; once again let me hear thy Voice, and once again be bleſt with thy Smiles.

Oh!

Oh! hear, and to my longing Eyes
Reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly; or I ſhall ſleep
In everlaſting Night.

BLESSED Saviour, in thee we behold the Face of GOD as a reconciled Father; and doſt thou withdraw thyſelf? O how welcome will thy Returns be? How like the Breakings of immortal Day will thy Preſence chear me? How dearly ſhall I prize my Happineſs? How fearful ſhall I be of every thing that would offend thee? How joyful in the bleſſed Diſcovery and Poſſeſſion of thy Love! I'd whiſper my Bliſs to the liſt'ning Streams and Groves:

I'd carve our Paſſion on the Bark,
And every wounded Tree
Shall drop, and bear ſome myſtick Mark
That JESUS *died for me.*

The Swains ſhall wonder when they read
Inſcrib'd on all the Grove,
That Heaven itſelf came down and bled
To win a Mortal's Love.

BUT

BUT why do I flatter myſelf with theſe delightful Scenes? I find thee abſent ſtill: I mourn and complain as one unpity'd: What is Life while thou art abſent? Oh! return and bleſs me with thy Preſence, thou who knoweſt my Diſtreſs, and art acquainted with my ſecret Cares. Thou who art the Witneſs of my Midnight Sighs, and doſt hear when at the dawning Day I call thee; but ſtill thou anſwereſt not, and ſeemeſt deaf to my Prayers. I am, 'tis true, a worthleſs Wretch; but vile as I am, thou haſt in thy immenſe Compaſſion brought me into Covenant with thee: *My Beloved is mine, and I am his.*

He is my Sun, tho' he refuſe to ſhine;
Tho' for a Moment he depart,
I dwell for ever on his Heart,
For ever he on mine.

NOTHING can break the ſacred Union; but for this Confidence I were undone; but for this Beam of Hope I were loſt in eternal Darkneſs. *Why art thou diſquieted, O my Soul, and why art thou caſt down within me? Hope in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe him for the Light of his Countenance.* I ſhall yet welcome his

his Return, I ſhall yet hear his chearing Voice, and meet his favourable Smiles.

BUT why, O my God, this long Suſpence? Why do theſe Intervals of Night and Darkneſs abide upon me, and torment my Heart ſo long? Wilt thou deny a Bliſs ſo eaſily granted? I aſk not more than is lawful for Mortality to wiſh: I aſk not the Viſions of Angels here below; nor the Beatitudes of perfected Spirits: I aſk but what thou haſt bid me ſeek, and given me Hopes to obtain: I aſk that ſacred Fellowſhip, that ineffable Communion with which thou favoureſt thy Saints.

OH! let me hear thoſe heavenly Whiſpers that give them the Foretaſtes of immortal Pleaſures: Let me be ſenſible of thoſe divine Approaches that kindle celeſtial Ardor in their Souls: Let me meet thoſe Beams that darken all mortal Beauty: Let me enjoy, at this earthly Diſtance, thoſe Smiles that are the Bliſs of Angels in Heaven. Tho' 'tis but darkly, and afar off, yet let me feel their Influence; 'twill brighten the Paſſage of Life, it will direct me thro' its Mazes, and gild its rough and gloomy Paths: 'Twill raiſe the Flames of ſacred Love, it will waken the divine Principle within me, and ſet it a glowing thro' all my Powers. I abandon,

I ſhall

I ſhall forget the Vanities below, and the Glories of the World will be no more. But while thou, O my GOD, hideſt thy Face, I loſe my Sun, I languiſh and die: Yet to thee I will lift up my Eyes, to thee I lift up my Soul,

Come, Lord, and never from me go;
This World's a darkſom Place:
I find no Pleaſure here below
When thou doſt veil thy Face.

XXVII. *Breathing after* GOD, *and weary of the World.*

'TIS no mean Beauty of the Ground
That has allur'd my Eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler Wound,
Nor Love below the Skies.

IF Words can reach the Heights of Love and Gratitude, let me pour out the ſecret Ardour of my Soul; O let it not offend thy Greatneſs, that Duſt and Vanity adores and loves thee. If thou hadſt given me other Capacities, and form'd any thing more ſuitable to my Wiſhes, I might have found a lower Happi-

Happineſs, and been content with ſomething below the infinite Deity; but the ſcanty Creation affords nothing to ſatisfy me, and I follow thee by a divine Inſtinct and mere Neceſſity of Nature.

MY Life is uſeleſs, and my Being inſignificant without thee: My Reaſon has no proper Employment; Love, the nobleſt Paſſion of my Soul, has no Object to anſwer its Dignity. I am reduced to abſolute Poverty; my Nature is entirely ruined, I am loſt, eternally loſt, undone, and abandon'd to Deſpair, if I am deprived of thee. There can be no Reparation made for an infinite Loſs; nothing can be inſtead of GOD to my Soul.

I HAVE willingly renounced all Things elſe for thy ſake: All the Sentiments of Tenderneſs and Delight, that my Soul ever feels for any earthly Object, is mere Indifference, compared to my Love for thee; and it grows into Hatred when that Object ſtands as thy Rival or Competitor. This is the conquering, the ſuperior Flame that draws in and ſwallows up all the other Ardours of my Nature. My Engagements with all terreſtrial Things, are broken; the Names of Father, of Brother, or of Friend, are no more: Abſtracted from thee, theſe tender Titles give me neither Confidence,

fidence, nor Joy, and are mere insignificant Names, but as thou dost give them an Emphasis; they are nothing at all without thee; and with thee, what finite Good can be an Addition?

The Soul can hold no more, for God is all,
He only equals its capacious Grasp,
He only overfills to Spaces infinite.

THOU art my God, and I have enough; my Soul is satisfied, I am entirely at rest. Divide the vain, the perishing Creation to the miserable Wretches that ask no other Portion: Let them unenvy'd possess the Honours, and Riches, and Pleasures of the World; with a lavish Hand divide them away: These Things are but as the Dust of the Balance to the happy Soul that knows what the Light of thy Countenance imports. After that there can be no Relish left for the low Delights of Mortality.

Lost in the high Enjoyments of thy Love,
What glorious Mortal could my Envy move?

YOU ineffable Delectations of divine Love, let me have no Sentiment of Pleasure left but

but for you. My God revealing his Glories and his Graces in *Jeſus Chriſt* his Son, is ſufficient for my eternal Entertainment.

WHAT if all former Ideas of viſible Things were wiped from my Soul? what if I had no Imagination, no Memory, no Traces left of any thing but the Joys I have found in thy Preſence, and the Aſſurance of thy everlaſting Favour? thoſe are the only paſt Moments I recal with Pleaſure, and oh! let all the vaſt Eternity before me be ſpent in theſe Satisfactions.

VANISH, ye terreſtrial Scenes! fly away, ye vain objects of Senſe! I reſign all thoſe poor and limited Faculties by which you are enjoy'd; let me be inſenſible to all your Impreſſions, if they do not lead me to my God. Let *Chaos* come again, and the fair Face of Nature become an univerſal Blank: let her glowing Beauties all fade away, and thoſe divine Characters ſhe wears be effac'd, I ſhall yet be happy; the God of Nature, and the Original of all Beauty is my God.

WHAT if the Sun were extinguiſh'd in the Skies, and all the etherial Lamps had burnt out their golden Flames, I ſhall dwell in Light and immortal Day, for my God will be ever with me. When the Groves ſhall no

more renew their Verdure, nor the Fields and Vallies boaſt any longer their flowry Pride; when all theſe lower Heavens, and this Earth are mingled in univerſal Ruin, and theſe material Images of things are no more; I ſhall ſee new Regions of Beauty and Pleaſure for ever opening themſelves in the divine Eſſence with all their original Glories.

BUT oh! how various, how boundleſs, how tranſporting will the Proſpect be? oh! when ſhall I bid adieu to Phantoms and Deluſions, and converſe with eternal Realities? When ſhall I drink at the Fountain Head of eſſential Life and Bleſſedneſs?

——————— *and then,*
" *O what?---But aſk not of the Tongues of Men,*
" *For Angels cannot tell.---let it ſuffice,*
" *Thy ſelf, my Soul, ſhalt feel thy own full Joys,*
" *And hold them faſt for ever.*

OH! break my Fetters, for I muſt be gone.—Bring my Soul out of Priſon; I am ſtraiten'd; the whole Creation is too narrow for me; I ſicken at this Confinement, and groan and pant for Liberty. How ſweet are the Thoughts of Enlargement? My Soul is already on the Wing, and practiſes imaginary Flights:

Flights: I ſeem to reach the Heaven of Heavens, where God himſelf reſides. It is good for me to be here.——

But ah! how ſoon the Clouds of mortal Senſe
Ariſe, and veil the charming Viſion?——

ALAS! what do I here in this waſte and dreadful Wilderneſs? This diſmal Region, where our Delights are vaniſhing, and the very Glimpſes of future Felicity we enjoy are ſo ſoon over-ſhaded, and ſurrounded with real Horrors? Alas! what do I here, waſting that Breath in Sighs and endleſs Complaints, that was given me to bleſs and praiſe the infinite Creator? Alas! what do I here, among Strangers and Enemies, in this wild unhoſpitable Place, far from my Home, and all the Objects of my ſolid Delight?

My Wiſhes, Hopes, my Pleaſures, and my Love,
My Thoughts, and nobleſt Paſſions are above.

WHAT do I here in the Dominions of Death and Sin, in the Precincts and Range of the Powers of Darkneſs? Here they lay their Toils, and ſet their fatal Snares; but, Lord, what Part have they in me? I have bid defiance to the Powers of Darkneſs in thy

Strength, and renounced my Share in the Vanities of the World, I am a Subject of another Kingdom, and dare not enter into any Terms of Peace and Amity with the irreconcileable Adverſaries of God and my Soul, which inhabit theſe treacherous and ſinful Regions. *The Friendſhip of this World is Enmity with God.* Death and Deſtruction are in its Smiles; I ſtand on my Guard, and am every Moment in danger of Surprize: Oh! when will my Deliverance come from on high?

----------When, my Soul,
O when ſhall thy Releaſe from cumb'rous Fleſh
Paſs the great Seal of Heaven? What happy Hour
Shall give thy Thoughts a looſe to ſoar and trace
The intellectual World?

WHAT glorious Scenes ſhall open when once this mortal Partition falls, when theſe Walls of Clay ſhall totter and ſink down into Duſt? Ye Waters of Life, ye Torrents of immortal Pleaſure, how impetuouſly will you then roll in upon me, and ſwell and fill up all the Capacities of Joy in my Nature? Every Faculty ſhall then be fill'd, and every Wiſh ſhall end in unutterable Fruition.

When

When I awake into immortal Light, *I ſhall be ſatisfied with thy Likeneſs.* Theſe expreſsleſs Deſires will die into everlaſting Raptures: Hope and languiſhing Expectation will be no more; but preſent, compleat, and unbounded Satisfactions will ſurround me. My God, my God himſelf ſhall be my infinite, my unutterable Joy: All the Avenues of Pleaſure ſhall be open before me, the Scenes of Beauty and Proſpects of Delight. *Everlaſting Joy ſhall be upon my Head, and Sorrow and Sighing ſhall flee away for ever.*

THERE will be no more Intervals of Grief and Sin; Sin, that inſupportable Evil, that worſt, that heavieſt Burden: Here the painful and deadly Preſſure lies: 'Tis this that hangs as a Weight on all my Joys; but, thanks be to my God, I can ſay, I ſincerely deteſt and hate this vileſt of Slaveries, this curſed Bondage of Corruption; I long for the glorious Liberty of the Sons of God; I groan under this Load of Fleſh, this Burden of Mortality, this Body of Death.

BUT grant, O Lord, I may with patience continue in well-doing, and at laſt obtain Glory and Immortality thro' my Redeemer's Righteouſneſs. *Sanctify me through thy word*

of Truth *, remember this Requeſt of my glorious Advocate.

XXVIII. *A Prayer for ſpeedy Sanctification.*

O Lord God, great and holy, all-ſufficient, and full of Grace, if thou ſhouldſt bid me form a Wiſh, and take whatſoever in Heaven or Earth I had to aſk, it ſhould not be the Kingdoms of this World, nor the Crowns of Princes; no, nor ſhould it be the Wreaths of Martyrs, nor the Thrones of Archangels: My firſt Requeſt is to be made holy; this is my higheſt Concern. Rectify the Diſorders Sin has made in my Soul, and renew thy Image there; let me be ſatisfy'd with thy Likeneſs. Thou haſt compaſs'd my Paths with Mercy in all other Reſpects, and I am diſcontented with nothing but my own Heart; becauſe it is ſo unlike the Image of thy Holineſs, and ſo unfit for thy immediate Preſence.

PERMIT me to be importunate here, O bleſſed God, and grant the Importunity of my Wiſhes; let me be favour'd with a gra-

* John 17.

cious

cious and ſpeedy Anſwer, for I am dying while I am ſpeaking: The very Breath with which I am calling upon thee, is carrying away a Part of my Life: This Tongue that is now invoking thee, muſt ſhortly be ſilent in the Grave: Theſe Knees that are bent to pay thee Homage, and theſe Hands that are now lifted to the Moſt High God for Mercy, muſt ſhortly be mould'ring to their original Duſt: Theſe Eyes will ſoon be clos'd in Death, which are now looking up to thy Throne for a Bleſſing. Oh! prevent the flying Hours with thy Mercy, and let thy Favour out-ſtrip the haſty Moments.

THOU aat unchang'd, while rolling Ages paſs along; but I am decaying, with every Breath I draw: My whole allotted Time to prepare for Heaven is but a Point, compar'd with thy infinite Duration. The Shortneſs and Vanity of my preſent Being, and the Importance of my eternal Concerns, join together to demand my utmoſt Sollicitude, and give Wings to my warmeſt Wiſhes. Before I can utter all my preſent Deſires, the haſty Opportunity perhaps is gone, the golden Minute vaniſh'd, and the Seaſon of Mercy has taken its everlaſting Flight.

O H ! God of Ages, hear me ſpeedily, and grant my Requeſt while I am yet ſpeaking, my frail Exiſtence will admit of no Delay anſwer me according to the Shortneſs of my Duration, and the Exigence of my Circumſtances. My Buſineſs, of high Importance as it is, yet is limited to the preſent NOW, the paſſing Moment, for all the Powers on Earth cannot promiſe me the next.

LET not my preſſing Importunity therefore offend thee; my Happineſs, my everlaſting Happineſs, my whole Being is concerned in my Succeſs: As much as the Enjoyment of God himſelf is worth, is at ſtake.

THOU knoweſt, O Lord, what Qualifications will fit me to behold thee; thou knoweſt in what I am defective; thou canſt prepare my Soul in an inſtant, to enter into thy holy Habitation: I breathe now, but the next Moment may be Death; let not that fatal Moment come before I am prepared. The ſame creating Voice that ſaid, *Let there be Light*, and there was Light, can in the ſame Manner purify and adorn my Soul, and make me fit for thy own Preſence; and my Soul longs to be thus purified and adorned. O Lord, delay not, for every Moment's Interval is a Loſs to me, and may be a Loſs unſpeak-

unſpeakable and unrepairable. Thy delay cannot be the leaſt Advantage to thee; thy Power and thy Clemency are as full this preſent Inſtant, as they will be the next, and my Time as fleeting, and my Wants as preſſing.

REMEMBER, O eternal God, my loſt Time is for ever loſt, and my waſted Hours will never return, my neglected Opportunities can never be recalled; to me they are gone for ever, and cannot be improved; but thou canſt change my ſinful Soul into Holineſs, by a Word, and ſet me now in the Way to everlaſting Improvement.

O LET not the Spirit of God reſtrain itſelf, but bleſs me according to the Fulneſs of thy own Being, according to the Riches of thy Grace in *Chriſt Jeſus*, according to thy infinite unconceivable Love manifeſted in that glorious Gift of thy beloved Son, wherein the Fulneſs of the Godhead was contained: 'Tis thro' his Merit and Mediation I humbly wait for all the unbounded Bleſſings I want or aſk for.

XXIX. *Gratitude for early and peculiar Favours.*

LET me trace back thy Mercy, O my God, from the firſt early Dawn of Life, and bleſs thee for the Privileges of my Birth, that it was not in the Lands of Darkneſs, where no Ray of the Goſpel had ever darted its Light; where the Name of a Saviour never had reach'd my Ears, nor the tranſporting Tidings of Redemption from eternal Miſery had never bleſs'd my Soul.

BUT how ſhall I expreſs my Gratitude for that Grace which ordain'd my Lot in this happy Land, one of the Iſlands of which it was long ſince propheſied, *they ſhould ſee thy Glory, and truſt in thy Name? God has enlarged* Japhet, even the Iſlands of the Sea, *and made him to dwell in the Tents of* Shem, in the Inheritance of *Abraham.* I have my Deſcent from the *Gentiles*, who were once *Strangers to the Covenant of Grace*, *Aliens from the Commonwealth of* Iſrael; but are now brought nigh by the Blood of ſprinkling. *Jeſus*, the great Peacemaker, hath brought both near to God, and to each other.

I BLESS thee with all my Powers, for the Privilege of my deſcent from pious Anceſtors; that thou haſt been their Dwelling-place from Generation to Generation, and haſt not *taken thy Loving-kindneſs from their Seed, nor ſuffer'd thy Faithfulneſs to fail.*

THOU haſt extended thy Mercy to me the laſt and leaſt of all my Father's Houſe, unworthy to wipe the Feet of the meaneſt of the Servants of my Lord; and yet by an abſolute Act of Goodneſs I am brought into thy Family, and number'd with the Children of God. Even ſo it has ſeem'd good in thy Sight, who *art gracious to whom thou wilt be gracious.*

I MIGHT have been a Veſſel of Wrath, a Trophy to thy Juſtice, inſtead of a Monument of thy Mercy: How unſearchable thy Ways! how uncontroll'd and free! Thou didſt regard me in my low Eſtate, in more than my original Guilt and Miſery; for I had improv'd the wretched Stock, and been a voluntary, as well as a natural Slave to Sin and Death.

FROM this ignominious Slavery, thou, my great Redeemer, haſt ranſomed me, and brought me into the glorious Liberty of the Sons of God: I was a Stranger, and thou

didſt

didſt take me in; naked, and thou haſt clothed me with the ſpotleſs Robes of thy own Righteouſneſs; I was hungry, and thou didſt feed me; thirſty, and thou didſt give me to drink of the Fountain of Life.

WHAT am I, O Lord, and what is my Father's Houſe, that thou haſt dealt thus graciouſly with me, in entring into an everlaſting Covenant, ſign'd and ſeal'd, even ſenſibly ſeal'd to my Soul by the Witneſs of the Spirit? Lord, why me rather than many that were Companions of my early Vanities and Folly? Whence were the Motives drawn but from thy ſovereign Pleaſure? How many are paſs'd by, that could have done thee more Service, and return'd a warmer Acknowledgment to thy diſtinguiſhing Bounty?

YE Spirits of juſt Men made perfect, ye ranſom'd Nations, triumphant above, inſtruct me in the Art of celeſtial Eloquence; tell me in what Strains of ſacred Harmony you expreſs your Gratitude for this glorious Redemption, while in exalted Raptures you ſing *to him that lov'd and waſh'd you in his own Blood, and made you Kings and Prieſts to God.*

XXX.

XXX. *Aſpiring after the Viſion of* GOD *in Heaven.*

I Beſeech thee, ſhew me thy Glory: It was a Mortal in a State of Frailty and Imperfection that made this bold, but pious Requeſt; which I repeat on different Terms: Since none can ſee thy face and live, let me die to behold it. This is the only Requeſt I have to make, and this will I ſeek after, that I may behold the Beauty of the Lord: not as I have ſeen it in thy Sanctuary below; but in full Perfection and Splendour, as thou art ſeen by Seraphs and Cherubs, by Angels, and Archangels, and the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect.

O MY God, forgive my Importunity: Thou haſt commanded me to love thee with all my Heart, my Soul, my Strength, and haſt by thy Spirit kindled the ſacred Flame in my Breaſt: From this riſes my preſent Impatience; from hence the Ardour of my Deſires ſpring. Can I love thee, and be ſatisfied at this Diſtance from thee? Can I love thee, and not long to behold thee in perfect Excellence and Beauty? Is it a Crime to preſs forward to the End for which I was created?

All

All my Wiſhes and my Hopes of Happineſs terminate in thee.

DOES not the thirſty Traveller pine for ſome refreſhing Stream? would not the Weary be at reſt, or the wretched Captive be free? and ſhall not my thirſty, weary, captive Soul long for Refreſhment, Liberty, and Reſt? I am but a Stranger, a Pilgrim here, and have no abiding Place; this is not my Reſt, my Home; and yet if thou haſt any Employment for me, tho' the meaneſt Office in thy Family, I will not repine at my Stay.

BUT, O Lord, thou haſt no need of ſuch worthleſs Service as I can pay thee; thy Angels are Spirits, thy Miniſters Flames of Fire; thouſands of thouſands ſtand before thee, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand miniſter unto thee; they attend thy Orders, and fly at thy Command. O deliver me from this Burden of Mortality, and I will ſerve thee with a Zeal as pure and active as theirs.

I CAN ſpeak of thy Loving-kindneſs to the Children of Men in a very imperfect Manner; but then I will join with the celeſtial Quire, in praiſing thee, and rehearſe to liſtening Angels what thou haſt done for my Soul. Here I have a thouſand Interruptions from the delightful Work, a thouſand cold and dark-

darkſom Intervals, when my Heart and Tongue are both untun'd, a thouſand neceſſary Diſtractions that riſe from the Miſeries of Mortality; but when theſe Intervals of Grief and Sin ſhall ceaſe, my Soul ſhall dwell at Eaſe, and be for ever glad, and rejoice in thy Salvation.

XXXI. *A Surrender of the Soul to* GOD.

COmmand me what thou wilt, O Lord, give me but Strength to obey thee; be thy Terms never ſo ſevere, O let us never part. I reſign my Will, my Liberty, my Choice to thee; I ſtand diveſted of the World, and aſk only thy Love, as my Inheritance. Give or deny me what thou wilt, I leave all the Circumſtances of my future Time in thy Hands: Let the Lord guide me continually; here I am, do with me what ſeemeth good in thy Sight, only do not ſay, *Thou haſt no Pleaſure in me.*

LET me not live to diſhonour thee, to bring a Reproach on thy Name, to profane the Blood of the Son of God, and grieve the

Spirit of Grace. O take not thy Loving-kindneſs from me, nor ſuffer thy Faithfulneſs to fail. Thou haſt ſworn by thy Holineſs, and thou wilt not lie to the Seed of thy Servants; thou haſt ſworn that the Generation of the Righteous ſhall *be bleſſed: Veſt me with* this Character, O my God, and fulfil this Promiſe to a worthleſs Creature.

XXXII. *Truſt and Reliance on the divine Promiſes.*

O Let not my Importunity offend thee, for 'tis the Importunity of Faith; 'tis my ſtedfaſt Belief in thy Word that makes me perſiſt: Thy Word and thy Oath, *the two immutable things in which it is impoſſible for God to lie*, give me *ſtrong Conſolation.*

'Tis this that makes me preſs forward to thy Throne, and with Confidence lay hold on thy Srength, thy Wiſdom, and thy Faithfulneſs, on thy Goodneſs and tender Compaſſion; thoſe glorious Attributes for which *the Children of Men put their Truſt under the Shadow of thy Wings.* 'Tis thy Glory to be the Confidence of the Ends of the Earth, and

was

it was long ſince predicted, *That in thy Name the* Gentiles *ſhould truſt.*

Kind Guardian of the World, our heavenly Aid,
To whom the Vows of all Mankind are paid---

We pay thee the higheſt Homage, and exalt thy infinite Attributes by Faith and Confidence in thee.

I KNOW that *thou art*, and believe thee *a Rewarder of them that diligently ſeek thee.* I will never quit my Hold of thy Promiſes, there I fix my Hopes: I will not let a Tittle go, nor part with a Mite of the glorious Treaſure. I humbly hope I have a rightful Claim; thou art my God, and the God of my religious Anceſtors, the God of my Mother, the God of my pious Father: Dying and breathing out his Soul, he gave me to thy Care, he put me into thy gracious Arms, and deliver'd me up to thy Protection. He told me thou wouldſt never leave nor forſake me; he triumph'd in thy long-experienc'd Faithfulneſs and Truth, and gave his Teſtimony for thee with his lateſt Breath.

AND now, O Lord God of my Fathers, whoſe Mercy has deſcended from Age to Age, whoſe Truth has remain'd unblemiſh'd, and

inviolable, and whoſe Love remains without Decay, O Lord, the faithful God and the true, keeping Covenant and Mercy to a thouſand Generations, let me find that Protection and Bleſſing that the Prayers of my dying Father engag'd for me: Now in the Time of my Diſtreſs, be a preſent Help; and if thou wilt this once deliver me, thou alone ſhall be my future Truſt, my Counſellor, and Hope; to thee I will immediately apply myſelf, and look on the whole Force of created Nature as inſignificant. To thee I will devote all the Bleſſings thou ſhalt give me, my Time, my Life, my Whole of this World's Goods; whatever Share thou ſhalt graciouſly allot me, ſhall ſurely be the Lord's.

OH! hearken to the Vows of my Diſtreſs, and for thy own Honour deliver me from this Perplexity which thou knoweſt, and reveal to me the Abundance of Mercy and Truth.

'TWAS my Dependence on thy Promiſe and Fidelity that brought me into this Exigence; I ſtagger'd not at thy Promiſes thro' Unbelief, but boldly ventur'd on the Credit of thy Word: I took it for my Security, and can the Strength of *Iſrael* repent? Canſt thou break

break thy Covenant, and alter the thing that is gone out of thy Mouth?

O God of Abraham, *God of* Isaac, *and the God of* Jacob, *this is thy Name for ever, and this thy Memorial to all Generations*; the God before whom my Fathers walked, the God that fed me all my Life long till now, and the Angel that redeemed me from all Evil, bless me. Let the God of *Jacob* be my Help, let the Almighty bless me; let the Blessings of my Father *prevail above the Blessing of his Progenitors to the utmost Bounds of the everlasting Hills.*

BLESS me according to thy own Greatness, according to the unsearchable Riches of thy Grace in *Christ Jesus*; he is the Spring of all my Hope, in whom all the Promises of God are Yea and Amen; he is the true and faithful Witness, and has by his Death seal'd the divine Veracity, and is become Surety for the Honour and Faithfulness of the Most High God. To this also the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth bears witness.

OH! great *Jehovah*, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the Lord God Omnipotent, hear and grant my Request, for the Glory of thy mighty Name, that Name which Saints and Angels bless and love: Let thy Perfections be

manifeſt to the Children of Men; let them ſay, there is a God that judgeth in the Earth; let them confeſs thou doſt keep thy Covenant with the Seed of thy Servants, that thy Righteouſneſs is from Age to Age, and thy Salvation ſhall never be aboliſh'd; let them ſee and acknowledge, that in the Fear of the Lord is ſtrong Confidence, and his Children have a Place of Refuge,

Unſhaken as the ſacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be;
Firm as a Rock the Soul ſhall reſt
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

Memorandum.

THIS Act of Faith in God was fully anſwer'd, and I leave my Teſtimony, that *the Name of the Lord is a ſtrong Tower, and he knoweth them that put their Truſt in him.*

XXXIII. *Application to the divine Truth.*

HOwever intricate and hopeleſs my preſent Diſtreſs may be to human Views, why ſhould I limit the Almighty? or why ſhould the

the Holy One of *Iſrael* limit himſelf? Nature and Neceſſity are thine; thou ſpeakeſt the Word, and it comes to paſs; no Obſtacle can oppoſe the Omnipotence of thy Will, nor make thy Deſigns ineffectual.

Is thy Hand at all ſhorten'd ſince the glorious Period, when thy mighty Power, and thy ſtretched Arm form'd the Heavens and Earth; when theſe ſpacious Skies were ſpread at thy Command, and this heavy Globe fix'd on its airy Pillars?

The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heaven
With wondrous Skill hath made.

AND *theſe ſhall wax old as a Garment, as a Veſture ſhalt thou change them, and they ſhall be chang'd*; but ſhouldſt thou, like theſe, decay, where were the Hopes of them that confide in thee? If in all Generations thy Perfections were not the ſame, what Conſolation could the Race of Men draw from the antient Records of thy wonderful Works? Why are we told, *thou didſt divide the Sea, to make a Path for thy People thro' the mighty Waters*; that thou didſt *rain Bread from Hea-*

ven, and diſſolve the flinty Rock in chryſtal Rills to give thy choſen Nation Drink?

THOU art he that diſtinguiſhed *Noah* in the univerſal Deluge, and preſerv'd the floating Ark amidſt Winds, and Rains, and tumultuous Billows.

'TWAS thy protecting Care that led *Abraham* from his Kindred and his native Country, and brought him ſafely to the promis'd Land.

THOU didſt accompany *Jacob* in his Journey to *Padan-aran*, and give him Bread to eat, and Raiment to put on, till greatly increas'd in Subſtance: He return'd to his Father's Houſe, he wreſtled for a Bleſſing, he wreſtled with the Almighty, and prevail'd.

WITH *Joſeph* thou wenteſt down into *Egypt*, and didſt deliver him out of all his Adverſities, till he forgat his Sorrows, and all the Toil of his Father's Houſe.

THOU didſt remember thy People in the *Egyptian* Bondage, and look with pitying Eyes on their Affliction; and after four hundred and thirty Years, on the very Day thou hadſt promis'd, didſt releaſe and bring them out with Triumph and Miracles. Thy Preſence went with them in a Pillar of a Cloud by Day, and a protecting Fire by Night:

Thy

Thy conquering Hand drove out great and potent Nations, and gave them an entire Poſſeſſion of the Land promis'd to their Fathers: Nor didſt thou fail in the leaſt Circumſtance of all the good things thou hadſt promiſed.

WHAT a Cloud of Witneſſes ſtand on Record? *Joſhua* and *Gideon*, *Jeptha* and *Sampſon*, who thro' Faith obtain'd Promiſes.

THOU didſt command the Ravens to feed thy holy Prophet; and at the Word of a Prophet, didſt ſuſtain the Widow's Family with a Handful of Meal.

THOU didſt walk with the three *Hebrews* in the fiery Furnace: Thou waſt preſent with *Daniel* in the Lion's Den to deliver him, becauſe he truſted in thee.

IN what Inſtance has the Prayer of Faith been rejected? Where were the Righteous forſaken? Who can charge God without charging him fooliſhly? What Injuſtice has been found in the Judge of all the Earth? His glorious Titles have ſtood unblemiſh'd from Generation to Generation; nor can any of his Perfections decay, or rolling Years make a Change on the *Antient of Days*.

ARE not his Words clear and diſtinct, without a double Meaning, or the leaſt Deceit? Are they not ſuch as may juſtly ſecure

my Confidence? Such as would ſatisfy me from the Mouth of Man, unconſtant Man, whoſe Breath is in his Noſtrils, and his Foundation in the Duſt, unſtable as Water, and fleeting as a Shadow? And can I ſo ſlowly aſſent to the Words of the Moſt High? Shall I truſt impotent Man, that has neither Wiſdom nor Might to accompliſh his Deſigns, that cannot call the next Breath or Motion his own, nor promiſe himſelf a Moment in all Futurity? Can I reſt on theſe feeble Props, and yet tremble and deſpond when I have the Veracity of the eternal God to ſecure and ſupport me?

I KNOW he will not break his Covenant, nor ſuffer his Faithfulneſs to fail: I dare atteſt it in the Face of Earth and Hell, I dare ſtake my All for Time and Eternity on this glorious Truth; a Truth which Hell cannot blemiſh, nor all its Malice contradict.

EXERT yourſelves, ye Powers of Darkneſs, bring in your Evidence, collect your Inſtances, begin from the firſt Generations, ſince the World was peopled, and Men began to call on the Name of the Lord; when did they call in vain? When did the Holy One of *Iſrael* fail the Expectation of the humble and contrite Spirit? Point out in your blackeſt

Cha-

Characters the dismal Period, when the Name of the Lord was no more a Refuge to them that trusted in him? Let the Annals of Hell be produc'd, let them mark the dreadful Day, and distinguish it with eternal Triumphs.

IN vain you search; for neither Heaven, nor Earth, nor Hell have ever been Witness to the least Deviation from Truth or Justice: The Almighty shines with unblemish'd Glory, to the Confusion of Hell, and the Consolation of those that put their Trust in him.

ON thy eternal Truth and Honour I entirely cast myself; if I am deceiv'd, I am deceiv'd: Angels and Archangels are deluded too; they, like me, have no Dependance beyond the divine Veracity for their Blessedness and Immortality; they hang all their Hopes on his Goodness and Immutability; if that fails, the celestial Paradise vanishes, and all its Glories are extinct; the golden Palaces sink, and the seraphick Thrones must totter and fall. Where are your Crowns, ye Spirits Elect? Where are your Songs and your Triumphs, if the Truth of God can fail? A mere Possibility of that would darken the Fields of Light, and turn the Voice of Melody into Grief and Lamentation.

WHAT Pangs would riſe, even thro' all the Regions of Bleſſedneſs, what Diffidence and Fear would ſhake the Heart of every Inhabitant, what Agonies ſurprize them all, could the Word of the moſt High God be cancell'd? The Pillars of Heaven might then tremble, and the everlaſting Mountains bow, the celeſtial Foundations might be mov'd from their Place, and that nobleſt Structure of the Hands of God be *Chaos*, and eternal Emptineſs.

BUT for ever *juſt and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints*; *bleſſed are all they that put their Truſt in thee*; for thou art a certain Refuge in the Day of Diſtreſs, and under the Shadow of thy Wings I will rejoice. *My Soul ſhall make her boaſt in the Lord, and triumph in his Salvation: I call'd on him in my Diſtreſs, and he has deliver'd me from all my Fears.*----Hallelujah.

Here I diſmiſs my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recall;
I give my mortal Intereſts up,
And make my God my All.

XXXIV.

XXXIV. *Glory to* GOD *for Salvation by* JESUS, *and his Blood.*

LET me give Glory to God before I die, and take Shame and Confusion to myself. I ascribe my Salvation to the free and absolute Goodness of God. Not by the Strength of Reason, or any natural Inclination to Virtue, but *by the Grace of God I am what I am.* O my Redeemer, be the Victory, be the Glory thine. I expect eternal Life and Happiness from thee, not as a Debt, but a free Gift, a promised Act of Bounty. How poor would my Expectations be, if I only looked to be rewarded according to those Works which my own Vanity, or the Partiality of others, have called *Good*, and which, if examin'd by the divine Purity, would prove but specious Sins? As such I renounce them: Pardon them, gracious Lord, and I ask no more; nor can hope for that, but thro' the Satisfaction which hath been made to divine Justice for the Sins of the World.

O JESUS, my Saviour, what Harmony dwells in thy Name! celestial Joy, immortal Life is in the Sound.

Sweet

Sweet Name! in thy each Syllable
A thouſand bleſs'd Arabia's *dwell;*
Mountains of Myrrh, and Beds of Spices,
And ten thouſand Paradiſes.

LET Angels ſet this Name to their golden Harps; let the Redeemed of the Lord for ever magnify it.

O MY propitious Saviour, where were my Hopes but for thee; How deſperate, how undone were my Circumſtances? I look on myſelf in every View I can take with Horror, and Contempt. I was born in a State of Miſery and Sin, and in my beſt Eſtate am altogether Vanity. With the utmoſt Advantages I can boaſt, I ſhrink back, I tremble to appear before unblemiſh'd Majeſty. O thou in whoſe Name the *Gentiles* truſt, be my Refuge in that awful Hour. To thee I come, my only Confidence and Hope. Let the Blood of ſprinkling, let the Seal of the Covenant be on me. Cleanſe me from my original Stain, and my contracted Impurity, and adorn me with the Robes of thy Righteouſneſs, by which alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite Juſtice and Purity.

O ENTER

O ENTER not into Judgment with me, for the beſt Actions of my Life cannot bear thy Scrutiny; ſome ſecret Blemiſh has ſtain'd all my Glory. My Devotion to God has been mingled with Levity and Irreverence; my Charity to Man with Pride and Oſtentation. Some latent Defect has attended my beſt Actions, and thoſe very Things which perhaps have been highly eſteem'd by Men, have deſerv'd Contempt in the Sight of God.

" *When I ſurvey the wond'rous Croſs*
" *On which the Prince of Glory dy'd;*
" *My richeſt Gain I count my Loſs,*
" *And pour Contempt on all my Pride.*

" *Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,*
" *Save in the Croſs of* CHRIST, *my God:*
" *All the vain things that charm me moſt*
" *I ſacrifice them to thy Blood.*"

April. 30. 1735.

XXXV. *A Review of divine Mercy and Faithfulneſs.*

I Am now ſetting to my Seal that God is true, and leaving this as my laſt Teſtimony

mony to the divine Veracity. I can from numerous Experiences aſſert his Faithfulneſs, and witneſs to the Certainty of his Promiſes. *The Word of the Lord is try'd, and he is a Buckler to all thoſe that put their Truſt in him.*

O come, all you that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my Soul; I will aſcribe Righteouſneſs to my Maker, and leave my Record for a People yet unborn, that the Generation to come may riſe up and praiſe him.

INTO whatever Diſtreſs his wiſe Providence has brought me, I have called on the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my Fears; I truſted in God, and he ſaved me. Oh! let my Experience ſtand a Witneſs to them that hope in his Mercy; let it be to the Lord for a Praiſe and a Glory.

I KNOW not where to begin the Recital of thy numerous Favours. Thou haſt hid me in the Secret of thy Pavilion, from the Pride of Man, and from the Strife of Tongues, when by a thouſand Follies I have merited Reproach: Thou haſt graciouſly protected me, when the Vanity of my Friends, or the Malice of my Enemies might have ſtain'd my Reputation: Thou haſt covered me with thy

Feathers,

Feathers, and under thy Wings have I truſted: Thy Truth has been my Shield and my Buckler; to thee I owe the Bleſſing of a clear and unblemiſh'd Name, and not to my own Conduct, nor the Partiality of my Friends.—Glory be to thee, O Lord.

THOU haſt led me thro' a thouſand Labyrinths, and enlighten'd my Darkneſs. When Shades and Perplexity ſurrounded me, my Light has broke forth out of Obſcurity, and my Darkneſs been turn'd into Noon-day. Thou haſt been a Guide and a Father to me. When I knew not where to aſk Advice, thou haſt given me unerring Counſel: *The Secret of the Lord has been with* me, and he *has ſhewn me his Covenant.*

IN how many ſeen and unſeen Dangers haſt thou deliver'd me? How narrow my Gratitude? How wide thy Mercy? How innumerable are thy Thoughts of Love? How infinite the Inſtances of thy Goodneſs? How high above the Ways and Thoughts of Man?

How often haſt thou ſupply'd my Wants, and by thy Bounty confounded my Unbelief? Thy Benefits have ſurpriz'd and juſtly reproach my Diffidence; my Faith has often fail'd, but thy Goodneſs has never fail'd. The World and all its Flatteries have fail'd, my

own

own Heart and Hopes have fail'd, but thy Mercy endures for ever, thy Faithfulneſs has never fail'd.

THE Strength of *Iſrael* has never deceiv'd me, nor made me aſham'd of my Confidence. Thou haſt never been as a deceitful Brook, or as Waters that fail to my Soul.

IN Loving-kindneſs, in Truth, and in very Faithfulneſs, thou haſt afflicted me: Oh! how unwillingly haſt thou ſeem'd to grieve me? With how much Indulgence has the Puniſhment been mix'd? Love has appear'd thro' the Diſguiſe of every Frown: its Beams have glimmer'd thro' the darkeſt Night; by every Affliction thou haſt been ſtill drawing me nearer to thy ſelf, and removing my carnal Props, that I may lean with more Aſſurance on the eternal Rock.

THY Love has been my leading Glory from the firſt intricate Steps of Life: The firſt undeſigning Paths I trod were mark'd and guarded by the Vigilance of thy Love; oh! whither elſe had my Sin and Folly led me?

HOW often have I try'd and experienc'd thy Clemency, and found an immediate Anſwer to my Prayers? Thou haſt often literally fulfilled thy Word: I have a freſh Inſtance of thy Faithfulneſs again: Thou haſt made

made me triumph in thy Goodneſs, and given a new Teſtimony to the Veracity of thy Promiſes.

AND after all, what Ingratitude, what Inſenſibility reigns in my Heart? Oh! cancel it by the Blood of the Covenant: Root out this monſtrous Infidelity that ſtill returns after the fulleſt Evidence of thy Truth. Thou haſt graciouſly condeſcended to anſwer me in my own Time and Way, and yet I am again doubting thy Faithfulneſs and Care. *Lord*, pity me, *I believe, O help my Unbelief.* Go on to ſuccour, go on to pardon, and at laſt conquer my Diffidence. Let me hope againſt Hope, and in the greateſt Perplexity give Glory to God by believing what my own Experience has ſo often found—*That the Strength of* Iſrael *will not lie; nor is he as Man, that he ſhould repent.*

WHILE I have Memory and Thought let his Goodneſs dwell on my Soul. Let me not forget the Depth of my Diſtreſs, the Anguiſh and Importunity of my Vows: When every human Help fail'd, and all was Darkneſs and Perplexity, then God was all my Stay. Then I knew no Name but his, and he alone knew my Soul in Adverſity. Bleſs the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits.

" *Long as I live I'll bleſs thy Name,*
" *My King, and God of Love;*
" *My Work and Joy ſhall be the ſame*
" *In the bright Worlds above.*

I HAVE yet a thouſand, and ten thouſand Deliverances to recount, ten thouſand unaſk'd-for Mercies to recal: no Moment of my Life has been deſtitute of thy Care; no Accident has found me unguarded by thy watchful Eye, or neglected by thy Providence. Thou haſt been often found, unſought by my ungrateful Heart, and thy Favours have ſurprized me with great and unexpected Advantages: Thou haſt compell'd me to receive the Bleſſings my fooliſh Humour deſpiſed, and my corrupt Will would fain have rejected. Thou haſt ſtopp'd thy Ears to the Deſires which would have ruined and undone me, when I might juſtly have been left to my own Choice, for the Puniſhment of my many Sins and Follies. How great my Guilt! how infinite thy Mercy!

HITHERTO God has help'd, and here I ſet up a Memorial to that Goodneſs which has never abandon'd me to the Malice and Stratagems of my infernal Foes, nor left me a Prey to human Craft or Violence. The Glory of his Providence has often ſurpriz'd me,

me, when groping in thick Darkneſs. With a potent Voice he has ſaid, *Let there be Light, and there was Light.* He has made his Goodneſs paſs before me, and loudly proclaimed his Name, *the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious,* To him be Glory for ever. *Amen.*

XXXVI. *Some daily Experiences of the gracious Methods of divine Providence, to me the leaſt and moſt unworthy of all the Servants of my Lord.*

FIRST WEEK*.

I.

EVery Day's Experience reproaches my Unbelief, and brings me ſome new Evidence of thy Faithfulneſs. Thou haſt diſpell'd my Fears, and, to the Confuſion of my ſpiritual Foes, thou haſt heard the Voice of my Diſtreſs. But a few Hours ago I was trem-

* *Note,* The Diviſion of theſe Meditations into ſevens by the pious Writer ſeems to tell us, that theſe were the devout Thoughts of ſix Weeks of her Life.

bling and doubting, if thou waſt indeed a God hearing Prayer; and now I have a freſh Inſtance of thy Goodneſs, which with a grateful Heart I here record. May the Senſe of thy Benefits dwell for ever on my Soul.

II.

THY Mercies are new every Morning; again thou haſt given me an Inſtance of thy Truth; *I truſted in God, and he has deliver'd me; I will love the Lord, becauſe he has heard the Voice of my Supplication; therefore will I call on him as long as I live.*

III.

As for God, his Way is perfect; the Word of the Lord is try'd: He is a Buckler to all that put their Truſt in him. He has punctually fulfilled the Word on which I relied: Bleſs the Lord, O my Soul.

IV.

THY Bounty follows me with an unwearied Courſe; Language is too faint to expreſs thy Praiſe: No Eloquence can reach the Subject. My Heart is warm with the pious Reflection; I look upward, and ſilently breathe out the unutterable Gratitude that melts and rejoices my Soul: I ſtagger'd at thy Promiſe thro' Unbelief, and yet thou haſt graciouſly perform'd thy Words. If we ſometimes

times doubt or faulter in our Faith, yet he abideth faithful who has promiſed.

V.

WITH the Morning-light my Health and Peace are renew'd: The chearing Influence of the Sun, and the ſweeter Beams of the divine Favour ſhine on my Tabernacle.—— Lord, why me? why am I a ranſom'd pardon'd Sinner? --- why am I rejoicing among the Inſtances of ſovereign Grace, and unlimited Clemency?

VI.

I BOASTED in thy Truth, and thou haſt not made me aſham'd: My infernal Foes are confounded, while my Faith is crown'd with Succeſs.

Oh! who hath taſted of thy Clemency
In greater Meaſure and more oft than I?

VII.

As the Week begun, ſo it ends with a Series of Mercy: Language and Numbers fail to reckon thy Favours, but this ſhall be my eternal Employment.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever thankful Soul, O Lord,
Thy Goodneſs ſhall adore.

SECOND WEEK.

I.

I *Have ſeen the Goings of God my King in his Sanctuary:* But O, how tranſient the View! my ſins turn'd back thy Clemency, and yet I can celebrate the Wonders of forgiving Grace.

II.

WHAT do I owe thee, O thou great Preſerver of Men, for eaſy and peaceful Sleep, for Nights unmoleſted with Pain and Anxiety.

Thou round my Bed a Guard doſt keep:
Thine Eyes are open while mine ſleep,

NOT a Moment ſlides in which I am unguarded by thy gracious Protection.

III.

THANKS be to God, who haſt given me the Victory thro' the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt.* Thou haſt delivered me from the Snare of the Fowler, the Craft and Malice of Hell, and kept me back from ſinning againſt thee: Be thine the Victory and Praiſe. *Hallelujah.*

IV.

O LORD God of *Iſrael, happy is the Man that putteth his Truſt in thee.* I left my Burden at thy Feet, and thou haſt ſuſtain'd me; my Cares are diſſipated, my Deſires anſwer'd.

O who

O who is a God like unto thee, near unto all that call unto thee?

V.

THY Strength is manifeſt in Weakneſs: *Not unto me, O Lord, but to thee be all the Glory.*

For ever thy dear charming Name,
Shall dwell upon my Tongue,
And JESUS *and Salvation be*
The Theme of every Song.

THIS ſhall be my Employment thro' an eternal Duration: 'Tis that alone can meaſure my Gratitude. The Lord *Jehovah* is my Strength and Salvation, he alſo ſhall be my Song.

VI.

EVERY Day's Experience confirms my Faith, and brings a freſh Evidence of thy Goodneſs. Thou haſt diſpell'd my Fears, and, to the Confuſion of my ſpiritual Foes, hearken'd to the Voice of my Diſtreſs.

VII.

I WILL love the Lord, who has heard my Supplications. I made my boaſt in his Faithfulneſs, and he has anſwer'd all my Expectation.

THIRD WEEK.

I.

MY laſt Exigence will be the cloſing Part of Life. Oh! remember me then, my God. Thou who haſt led me hitherto, forſake me not at laſt. Be my Strength when Nature fails, and the Flame of Life is juſt expiring; let thy Smiles chear that gloomy Hour: Oh! then let thy gentle Voice whiſper Peace and ineffable Conſolation to my Soul.

II.

In ſix and in ſeven Troubles thou haſt deliver'd me, and *been a Covert from the Tempeſt, a Hiding-place from the Wind:* Hitherto God has help'd, and I have dwelt ſecure; and here I leave a Memorial to thy Praiſe, a Witneſs againſt all my future Diſtruſt of thy Faithfulneſs and Truth.

III.

EVERY Day of my Life encreaſes the Sum of thy Mercies: The riſing and the ſetting Sun, in its conſtant Revolution, can witneſs the Renewal of thy Favours: Thou waſt graciouſly preſent in an imminent Danger; by thee my Bones have been kept intire, and thou haſt not ſuffer'd me to daſh my Foot againſt a Stone.

IV.

IV.

Bleſs the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me, bleſs his holy Name. Bleſs the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits; who heals thy Diſeaſes, and pardons all thy Sins. O thou the great Phyſician of my Body, as well as of my diſtemper'd Soul, thou haſt reſtor'd and ſaved me from death and Hell. Bleſſed *Jeſus*, thou haſt *taken my Infirmities, and born my Sickneſs; the Chaſtiſement of my Peace was on thee, and by thy Stripes I am healed.*

V.

I SUBSCRIBE to thy Truth; O Lord; I atteſt it in Contradiction to infernal Malice, to all the helliſh Suggeſtions that would tempt my Heart to Diffidence and Unbelief, even againſt repeated Experience, againſt the fulleſt Evidence of the divine Veracity.

VI.

OH! thou, who never ſlumbereſt nor ſleepeſt, this Night thy watchful Care has kept me from a threatning Danger: Thy Eyes were open, while I was ſleeping, ſecure beneath the Covert of thy Wings.

VII.

ANOTHER, and a greater Deliverance has crown'd the Day: I have found thy Grace ſufficient in an Hour of Temptation, thy Strength has

has been manifeſt in my Weakneſs. Thine was the Conqueſt; be the Crown and the Glory thine for ever. By thee I have triumph'd over the Stratagems of Hell; *not unto me, but to thy Name, be the Praiſe, O Lord.*

FOURTH WEEK.

I.

'TIS not one of a thouſand of thy Favours I can record; but Eternity is before me, and that unlimited Duration ſhall be employ'd to rehearſe the Wonders of thy Grace. Then in the great Aſſembly I will praiſe thee, I will declare thy Faithfulneſs, and tell to liſt'ning Angels what thou haſt done for my Soul, even for me, the leaſt in thy Family, unworthy to wipe the Feet of the meaneſt of the Servants of my Lord.

II.

How numberleſs are thy Thoughts of Love to my Soul! If I ſhould count them, they are more than the Sand on the Shore: Thou haſt again reprov'd my Unbelief, and given me a new conviction that my whole dependence is on thee: that ſecond cauſes are nothing, but as thou doſt give them Efficacy: All Nature obeys thee, and is govern'd at thy Command.

III.

III.

O MY God, I am again ready to diſtruſt thee, and call in queſtion thy Faithfulneſs: Oh! how deep has this curſed Weed of Infidelity rooted itſelf in my Nature, but thou canſt root it out.

IV.

AGAIN I muſt begin the Rehearſal of thy Mercies, which will never have an End; for thou doſt renew the Inſtances of thy Goodneſs to a poor ungrateful Sinner. Thou haſt punctually fulfill'd the Promiſe on which I depended: Thou haſt granted the Requeſt of my Lips, and led me in a plain Way that I have not ſtumbled.

V.

THIS Day I have received an unexpected Favour: I doubted the Succeſs indeed, but thou haſt gently rebuk'd my Unbelief, and convinc'd me that all things are poſſible with thee, and that the Hearts of the Children of Men are in thy Hands.

VI.

WHETHER thou doſt favour or afflict me, I rejoice in the Glory of thy Attributes in whatever Inſtance they are diſplay'd. Be thy Honour advanc'd, whether in Mercy or Juſtice: I muſt ſtill aſſert the Equity of thy Ways, and aſcribe Righteouſneſs to my Maker

Maker. Yet let me plead with thee, O my God, ſince Mercy is thy darling Attribute, Oh! let it now be exalted: Deal not with me in Severity, but Indulgence; for if thou ſhouldſt mark what is amiſs, who can ſtand before thee?

VII.

THOU doſt heal my Diſeaſes, and renew my Life; thou art the Guardian of my ſleeping and my waking Hours. Glory to my God, whoſe Eyes never ſlumber.

FIFTH WEEK.

I.

THOU knoweſt my ſecret Grief, where my Pain lies, and what are my Doubts and Difficulties. In thy wonted Clemency, O Lord, diſpel my Darkneſs; leave me not to any fatal Deluſion in an Affair of everlaſting Moment. This is my Hour of Information and Practice; beyond the Grave no Miſtake can be rectify'd; as the Tree falls, ſo it muſt for ever lie.

II.

THY Goodneſs ſtill purſues me, O heavenly Father, with an unwearied Courſe; new Inſtances of thy Faithfulneſs reproach my Unbelief. I ſent up my Petition with a doubting Heart, and yet thou haſt graciouſly deign'd to encourage my weak and ſtaggering faith, which has often waver'd and fail'd, even in the View of the brighteſt Evidence of thy Power and Truth.

III.

III.

THOU doſt ſeem reſolv'd to leave my Unbelief without Excuſe, by renewing the glorious Conviction of thy Clemency and Truth. O let not the Unworthineſs of the Object turn back thy Benignity from its natural Courſe.

How many unrecorded Mercies have glided along with my fleeting Moments into thoughtleſs Silence, and long Oblivion? How prone is my ungrateful Heart to forget thy Benefits, or (oh! amazing Guilt) to make an ungrateful Return?

V.

OH! never let my falſe Heart relapſe into Diſtruſt and Unbelief again; thou haſt rebuk'd my Folly, and put a new Song of Praiſe into my Mouth: Let thoſe infernal Suggeſtions vaniſh, that would once object againſt thy oft-experienc'd Truth. In this I would ſtill triumph, and inſult all the Malice of Hell. A Time will come when thou ſhalt be glorify'd in thy Saints, when thy Truth and Faithfulneſs ſhall appear in full Splendour, when the Beauty of thy Attributes ſhall be conſpicuous, and clear from every Blemiſh that the Impiety of Men, or the Malice of Devils has charg'd on thy moſt righteous Providence.

VI.

LET me ſtill aſſert, that the Ways of God are perfect Juſtice and Truth: I have a freſh Inſtance of thy Goodneſs to boaſt, and yet my ungrateful Heart is even now ready to diſtruſt. The Lord encreaſe my Faith: Let thy renewed Favours ſilence my Unbelief, *to ſhew that the Lord is upright; he is my Rock, and there is no Unrighteouſneſs in him.*

VII.

TEACH me your Language, ye Miniſters of Light, that I may expreſs my Wonder and Gratitude. O thou, who canſt explain the ſecret Meaning of my Soul, take the Praiſe that human Words cannot expreſs; accept theſe unutterable Attempts to praiſe thee.

SIXTH WEEK.

I.

LET me go on, O Moſt Holy, to record thy Faithfulneſs and Truth; let it be engraven in the Rock for ever; let it be impreſs'd on my Soul, and impoſſible to be effaced.----What Artifice of Hell is it that ſo often tempts me to diſtruſt thee, and joins with my native Depravity to queſtion thy Truth?

II.

OH! may I never forget this remarkable Preſervation: thy gentle Hand ſupported me,

and

and underneath were the everlasting Arms. *Thou hast kept all my Bones, not one of them is broken:* Thy Mercy upheld me even when it foresaw my Insensibility and Ingratitude. How does my Guilt heighten thy Clemency? How wondrous is thy Patience, O Lord, and thy rich Grace, that only gently rebuked me when thou mightest have taken severe Vengeance of my Sins?

III.

I MUST again begin the Rehearsal of thy Love. Thou hast eas'd my Pain, scatter'd my Fears, and lengthen'd out my Days. Oh! may my Being be devoted to thee: let it be for some remarkable Service that I am restor'd to Health again.

IV.

I FIND thy Mercies renew'd with my fleeting Days, and to rehearse them shall be my glad Employment. I trusted thee with my little Affairs, and thou hast condescended to give me Success. Lord, what is Man, that thou dost thus graciously regard him? Even my Sins, my hourly Provocations, cannot put a Check to the Course of thy Beneficence; it keeps on its conquering Way against all the Opposition of my Ingratitude and Unbelief; and hast thou not promis'd, O Lord, it shall run parallel with my Life, and measure out my Days?

V.

V.

JESUS, my never-failing Truſt, I call'd on thy Name, and thou haſt fully anſwered my Hopes: Let thy Praiſes dwell on my Tongue, let me breathe thy Name to the laſt Spark of Life. Thou haſt ſcatter'd my Fears, and been gracious beyond all my Hopes: My faint and doubting Prayers have not been rejected; but oh! how ſlow are my Returns of Praiſe, how backward my Acknowledgments.

VI.

NEVER have I truſted thee in vain; Lord, increaſe my Faith; confirm it by a continued Series of thy Bounty: add this Favour to the reſt, for Faith is the Gift of God, an Attainment above Reaſon or Nature. I am now waiting for the Accompliſhment of a Promiſe! Oh! ſhew me thy Mercy and Truth; add this one Inſtance to the reſt, and for ever ſilence the Suggeſtions of Hell, and my own Infidelity.

VII.

How rooted is this curſed Principle of Unbelief, that can yet diſtruſt thee after ſo many recorded Inſtances of thy Love? How long will it be e're my wavering Soul ſhall entirely confide in thy Salvation? Oh! my God, pity my Weakneſs, give new Vigour to my Faith, and let me take up my Reſt in thee for ever.

The E N D.